







2 vols.

- 911 / NA

Vols I + II

Feb 1895 — Oct 1895)

(published Feb. 1895 — March 1896)







JULY 15, 1895

466

# THE ALBUM

A JOURNAL OF PHOTOGRAPHS  
OF MEN, WOMEN, AND EVENTS  
OF THE DAY

## VOLUME I.

From February 4 to June 24, 1895

PUBLISHED BY  
INGRAM BROTHERS  
198, STRAND, LONDON







# INDEX TO VOLUME I.

*From February 4 to June 24, 1895.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Adoration of the Shepherds (The) by Bellini, 267  
 "Alcestis," Scenes from, 541  
 Alexandria, 283  
 Alligator, 237  
 Armenian Peasants, 315  
 Arthur, The Passing of, 229  
 Arthur Wounded to the Death by Mordred, 229  
 Axis Deer, 421  
 Bacchante (A), by Louis Gallait, 185  
 Bacchante (A), by Sir F. Leighton, 225  
 Baiting the Hook, 91  
 Baltic Canal, The, 493, 497  
 Bank of England, The, 165  
 Beatrice, 149  
 Beauty and the Beast, 512  
 Bedgebury Lion, Old English Bull Dog, 191  
 Bentley Priory, 550, 551  
 Blackfriars Bridge, 275  
 Borzois, Russian Wolfhounds, 297  
 Boulevard de la Croisette, Cannes, 105  
 Cabinet, The British, Feb. 11  
 Cabinet Ministers, Conservative, Feb. 18  
 Cambridge Crew (The) in Front of the "Varsity Boat-House, 151  
 Carqueiranne, 247  
 Chitral, 463  
 Cluster Narcissus, The, 291  
 Coins from the Ashburnham Collection, 429  
 Coming Events, 443  
 Comrades in Arms, 95  
 Conservative Cabinet Ministers, Feb. 18  
 Cormorant (Mr.) and Master Penguin, 451  
 Course (The) at Cannes, 187  
 Crossing the Bar, 480  
 Crown Jewels in the Tower of London, 347  
 Daughter of Herodias, The, 79  
 Deep-Sea Fishing, 179  
 Dulcine, 453  
 Elephant at Work, 367  
 Elsa's Champion, 395  
 Evenson, 201  
 Falls of Niagara (The) in Winter, 213  
 Fashions, 310, 354, 388, 426, 438, 470, 502, 536  
 Firefly, 416  
 First Sitting, A, 223  
 Fisher-Maidens, 369  
 Fishing on the Dee, 257  
 Fish-Sellers at Cannes, 259  
 Florence (Scenes Near) After the Earthquake, 517  
 Frigidarium, The, 199  
 Giraffe, 120  
 Gladys, 303  
 Golfing at Cannes, 73  
 Great Auk, The, 323  
 Grey-Breasted Parakeets, 393  
 Guildhall, The, 467  
 "Harold," Scene from, 535  
 Helen of Troy, by Sir F. Leighton, 224  
 Henry the Seventh's Chapel, Westminster Hall, 523  
 His Royal Highness, 231  
 Iris Germanica, The, 409  
 "I see Ready, Daddy," 87  
 King Carnival at Nice, 139  
 Kiwi, The, 147  
 Kootab Minar, Delhi, 475

Kurdish Chieftain, A, 314  
 Last Load, The, 201  
 Llama, The, 485  
 London Bridge, 75  
 Lord of the Downs, The, 385  
 Lords, The House of, Feb. 25  
 Love Me, Love My Dog, 559  
 Ludgate Hill, 217  
 Madeleine, 515  
 Madeleine (The), Paris, 125  
 Martial Hawk Eagle, 83  
 May, Baby, 271  
 Meditation, 401  
 Monica, Baby, 493  
 Moonbeams, 155  
 Old Cronies, 519  
 Old Schoollfellows, 449  
 Olivia, 265  
 Onagers, Asiatic Wild Asses, 547  
 Once Upon a Time, 203  
 Page from Mr. Walter Crane's "Faerie Queene," 239  
 Palace of Westminster, The Old, 62  
 Paris, General View of, 403  
 Parliament, The Houses of, 3, 4, 10, 14, 16, 49, 50, 52, 55, 58, 60, 64  
 Parliament, The Opening of, Feb. 4  
 Penha Castle, Cintra, 443  
 Piccadilly Circus, 205  
 Pick-a-Back, 137  
 Polo in Paris, 339  
 Portland Vase (The) in the British Museum, 479  
 Queen of Hearts, A, 399  
 Rival, The, 500  
 Rockingham Castle, 169  
 Rosalind, 148  
 Royal Exchange, The, 143  
 Sacrifice of Iphigenia, The, 417  
 St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, 415  
 St. Paul's Cathedral, 117  
 Scared by the Hoodies, 354  
 Scots Greys Advancing, 361  
 Scots Greys in Camp, 361  
 Scottish Champions, 385  
 Sea (The) Will Ebb and Flow, 507  
 Seville: The Cathedral and Tower of Gold, 417  
 General View, 518  
 "Ship Ahoy!" 335  
 Snowdrop, 265  
 Somalis at the Crystal Palace, 435  
 "Speak! Speak!" 455  
 Spring, 135  
 Summertime, Int. 495  
 Taffee, Baby, 103  
 Tempting Offer, A, 338  
 Thames Embankment and Cleopatra's Needle, 243  
 Tobogganing at St. Moritz—Straight, The, 175  
 Stream Corner, 175  
 Tower of London, The, 307  
 Trafalgar Square, 101  
 Trooper and Trumpeter, 528  
 Trooping of the Colour at Windsor Castle, 480  
 Tag of War, 223  
 Upper Fall of the River Yore, 359  
 Urus, The, 263  
 Villa Medici (The), Rome, 169  
 Virgin (The) and Child, and Four Saints, by Bellini, 99  
 Wales (The Prince of) Addressing the Master and Twelve Brethren of the Earl of Leicester's Hospital at Warwick, 459  
 Wales (The Prince of), with Stag Shot in the Forest of Mar, 211

Wales (The Princess of) and Princess Victoria in Angling Costume, 115  
 Westminster Hall, Old, 6  
 "Where Are You Going to, My Pretty Maid?" 425  
 Wilton House, 381  
 Windsor Castle, 373  
 Windsor Castle from the Forest, 431  
 Winter's Victim, 384  
 Young Ireland, 65

## PORTRAITS.

Aberdeen, The Countess of, 157  
 Acland, The Right Hon. A. H. D., 31  
 Albany, Madame, May 20  
 Albany, The Duke of, May 27  
 Albers, M. Henri, May 20  
 Alexander, Mr. George, March 18  
 Allen, Mr. Grant, Feb. 25  
 Alma-Tadema, Mr. L., April 29  
 Alvarez, M., May 20  
 Ancaster, The Earl of, 53  
 Annesley, The Countess of, 441  
 Arbos, Señor Fernandez, June 10  
 Argyll, The Duke of, 57  
 Ashbourne, Lord, 40  
 Asquith, The Right Hon. H. H., 27  
 Baird, Miss Dorothea, 345  
 Balfour, The Right Hon. A. J., 1, 41  
 Bannerman, The Right Hon. H. Campbell, 23  
 Baring-Gould, The Rev. S., Feb. 25  
 Barrett, Mr. Wilson, March 18  
 Barrie, Mr. J. M., Feb. 25  
 Barrington, Mr. Rutland, March 18  
 Barron, Miss, 89  
 Bashford, Miss Evelyn, May 13  
 Battenberg, Prince Henry of, 313  
 Battye, The late Lieutenant-Colonel F. D., 285  
 Beach, The Right Hon. Sir M. E. Hicks, 45  
 Beresford, Miss, 161  
 Berkeley, Baroness, 59  
 Bernhardt, Madame Sarah, 411, 433  
 Besant, Mr. Walter, Feb. 25  
 Bethell, The Hon. S., 63  
 Betjemann, Mr. G. H., June 10  
 Bird, Mr. Henry R., April 8  
 Blackie, The late John Stuart, 127  
 Black, Mr. William, Feb. 25  
 Borwick, Mr. Leonard, April 8  
 Bromley-Davenport, Mr. H. R., 413  
 Brooke, Miss Cynthia, 521  
 Brough, Miss Fanny, 167  
 Brozel, M. Philip, May 20  
 Bryce, The Right Hon. J., 26  
 Bull, Mr. J. B., 5  
 Burmester, Herr Willy, June 10  
 Butler, Captain T. D., 53  
 Cadogan, Earl, 36  
 Cadogan, Countess, 215  
 Caine, Mr. Hall, 123  
 Campbell, Mrs. Patrick, 249  
 Campbell - Bannerman, The Right Hon. H., 23  
 Carew, Lady, 473  
 Carodrus, Mr. J. T., June 10  
 Chaplin, The Right Hon. H., 48  
 Chichester, The Bishop of, 61  
 Churchill, Lord R., 8  
 Clarence, The late Duke of, 553  
 Clifford, Baron de, May 27  
 Coffin, Mr. Hayden, March 18, 309  
 Coppée, M. François, 387  
 Corsi, Signor Antonio Pini, May 20  
 Couch, Mr. A. T. Quiller, 107  
 Cranbrook, The Earl of, 34  
 Crawford, Mr. F. Marion, 457  
 Crockett, Mr. S. R., Feb. 25  
 Cross, Viscount, 46  
 Currie, Sir Donald, 501  
 Darley, Miss N., 491  
 Davenport, Mr. H. R. Bromley, 413  
 Davies, Miss Fanny, April 8  
 Davies, Mr. Ben, 341  
 Dawson, Mr. Frederick, April 8  
 Denman, Baron, May 27  
 Devonshire, The Duke of, 56  
 Dolmetsch, Mr. Arnold, 509  
 Douste, Mdle. Jeanne, 273  
 Dowden, Professor Edward, 477  
 Doyle, Dr. Conan, Feb. 25  
 Drummond, Admiral Sir J. R., 53  
 Dumas, M. Alexandre, 447  
 Duse, Signora Eleonora, 465  
 Eden, Lady, 209  
 Eissler, Mdle. Marianne, June 10  
 Emery, Miss Winifred, 81  
 Engle, Miss Marie, May 20  
 Erskine, Mr. H. D., 13  
 Farrar, The Ven. Archdeacon, 5  
 Ferguson, Mrs. Johnson, May 13  
 Fife, The Duchess of, 553  
 Forbes-Robertson, Mr. J., March 18, 251  
 Fortescue, Miss, 305  
 Fowler, The Right Hon. H. H., 29  
 Gardiner, Dr. S. R., 349  
 Gerard, Lady, 505  
 Germany, The Emperor of, 497  
 Gissing, Mr. George, Feb. 25  
 Gladstone, The Right Hon. W. E., 9  
 Goschen, The Right Hon. G. J., 38  
 Gould, The Rev. S. Baring, Feb. 25  
 Graham, Mr. H. J. L., 54  
 Grain, The late Richard Corney, 173  
 Granard, The Earl of, May 27  
 Greenwood, Mr. Frederick, 71  
 Greenham (Mrs.) and Daughter, May 6  
 Grossmith, Mr. George, March 18  
 Guilford, The Earl of, May 27  
 Haas, Madame Alma, April 8  
 Haggard, Mr. H. Rider, Feb. 25  
 Hallé, Sir Charles, April 8  
 Hallé, Lady, June 10  
 Halsbury, Lord, 35  
 Hambledon, Viscountess, 59  
 Hamilton, Lord G. F., 43  
 Hamilton (Mrs.) of Pencaitland, 121  
 Harcourt, The Right Hon. Sir W., 20  
 Hardy, Mr. Thomas, Feb. 25  
 Hare, Mr. John, March 18  
 Harris, Sir Augustus, 469  
 Hart, Lady, 177  
 Headfort, The Marquis of, May 27  
 Heaton, Mr. J. Henniker, 357  
 Herschell, Lord, 18  
 Hess, Mr. Willy, June 10  
 Hicks-Beach, The Right Hon. Sir M. E., 45  
 Hobson, Miss Maud, 227  
 Hofmann, M. Josef, April 8  
 Hope, Mr. Anthony, 153  
 Hopetoun, The Earl of, 377  
 Hopetoun, The Countess of, 377  
 Horsley, Chief Inspector, 7  
 Humperdick, Herr, 405  
 Ingram, Miss Lucy, May 6  
 Irving, Mr. Henry, March 18  
 Jackson, The Right Hon. W. L., 44  
 James, Mrs. Andrew, 113  
 James, Mrs. Arthur, May 13  
 Janotha, Mdle. Natalie, April 8  
 Janville, Madame la Comtesse de Martel de, 261  
 Jerome, Mr. Jerome K., 163  
 Jeune, Lady, 69



Joachim, Herr, June 10  
Johnson-Ferguson, Mrs., May 13  
Kally, Colonel J. E., 462  
Kimberley, The Earl of, 32  
Kinahan, Miss L. E., 491  
Kipling, Mr. Rudyard, Feb. 25  
Kleeborg, Mdlle. Clotilde, April 8  
Knutsford, Lord, 39  
Lady (A), by Lorenzo Lotto, 145  
Lady (A), by Morphee, 333  
Lamb, Miss Beatrice, 293  
Langtry, Mrs., 483  
Lecky, Mr. W. E. H., 180  
Lefevre, The Right Hon. G. Shaw, 22  
Leighton, Sir Frederick, April 29  
Leinster, The Duke of, May 27  
Leitrim, The Earl of, May 27  
Linton, Sir J. D., April 29  
Lofus, Miss Cissie, 445  
Londonderry, The Marchioness of, 197  
Lonsdale, The Earl of, 67  
Lucas, Mr. R. S., 413  
Lucia, Signor Fernando de, May 20  
Lytton, The Earl of, May 27  
Macdonald, Dr. George, Feb. 25  
Macintyre, Miss Marguerite, 545  
Maguire, Mrs. Rochfort, 289, 361  
Manchester, The Duke of, May 27  
Marks, Mr. H. S., April 29  
Matthews, The Right Hon. H., 42  
Maude, Mr. Cyril, March 18  
Meisslinger, Mdlle. Louise, May 20  
Melba, Madame, May 20  
Mellor, The Right Hon. J. W., 11  
Menter, Madame Sophie, April 8  
Meredith, Mr. George, Feb. 25  
Millais, Sir J. E., April 29  
Millard, Miss Evelyn, 93  
Montagu, The Ladies Mary and Alice, 219  
Moore, Miss Mary, 233  
Moore, Mr. F. Frankfort, 277  
Morley, The Earl of, 51  
Morley, The Right Hon. A., 28  
Morley, The Right Hon. J., 24  
Müller, Professor Max, 371  
Naché, M. Tivadar, June 10  
Neilson, Miss Julia, 317  
Nesville, Miss Juliette, 375  
Noble (A), by Marco Basaiti, 207  
Norfolk, The Duke of, 53  
Novikoff, Madame Olga, 327  
O'Hagan, Baron, May 27

Orchardson, Mr. W. O., April 29  
Ormonde, The Marchioness of, 353  
Ourosoff, Prince, 73  
Oxford Boat-Race Crew, 171  
Palmy, Fräulein Ilka von, 529  
Pachmann, M. Vladimir de, April 8  
Paderewski, M. I. J., April 8  
Pain, Mr. Barry, 543  
Palgrave, Sir R. F. D., 5  
Palmer, Miss Gladys, May 13  
Parker, Mr. Gilbert, 245  
Patti, Madame Adelina, 241, 391, May 20  
Payn, Mr. James, Feb. 25  
Peel, The Right Hon. A. W., 2, 361  
Pemberton, Mr. Max, 419  
Pembroke, The late Earl of, 380  
Pessina, Signor, May 20  
Pini-Corsi, Signor Antonio, May 20  
Plançon, Signor, May 20  
Ponsonby, Mr. E., 5  
Quiller-Couch, Mr. A. T., 107  
Ravogli, Mdlle. Julia, May 20  
Ravogli, Mdlle. Sofia, May 20  
Reszke, M. Edouard de, May 20  
Reszke, M. Jean de, May 20  
Ries, Herr Louis, June 10  
Ripon, The Marquis of, 19  
Ritchie, The Right Hon. C. T., 47  
Riviere, Mr. Briton, April 29  
Roberts, Mr. Arthur, March 18  
Robertson, Mr. J. Forbes, March 18, 251  
Robinson, Mrs., 491  
Rosebery, The Earl of, 17  
Rossmore, Lady, 379  
Ross-Schwicke, Miss, 557  
Rothes, The Earl of, May 27  
Russia, Grand Duke Michael of, 73  
Russia, Grand Duchess Michael of, 73  
Rutland, The Duke of, 37  
St. Clair of Roslin, 77  
Salisbury, The Marquis of, 33  
Sapelnikoff, M., April 8  
Sarasate, Señor, June 10  
Sauer, M. Emil, April 8  
Saunders, Mr. W. C., 15  
Schumann, Madame, April 8  
Scotta, Mdlle. Frida, June 10  
Seafield, The Earl of, May 27  
Selwick, Miss Ross, 557  
Serjeantson, Miss Kate, 513

Shaw-Lefevre, The Right Hon. G. J., 22  
Simonds, Captain J. S., 533  
Southampton, Lady, 255  
Spencer, Earl, 30  
Spencer, Countess, 431  
Stafford, The Marquis of, 331  
Stephen, Mr. Leslie, 325  
Stewart, Miss Nellie, 221  
Stone, Mr. Marcus, April 29  
Sutherland, The Duchess of, 97  
Tadema, Mr. L. Alma, April 29  
Talbot, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. W. P. M. C., 63  
Tamagno, Signor, 437  
Terriss, Mr. William, March 18  
Terry, Miss Ellen, 141  
Terry, Mr. Edward, March 18  
Thompson, Mrs. Norman, 491  
Toole, Mr. J. L., March 18  
Torby, The Countess of, 73  
Torrington, Viscount, May 27  
Trafford, Lady de, 279  
Tree, Mr. H. Beerbohm, March 18  
Trevelyan, The Right Hon. Sir G., 25  
Tweedmouth, Lord, 21  
Vanbrugh, Miss Irene, 193  
Vanbrugh, Miss Violet, 131  
Vere (Mrs.) of Stonebyres, 183  
Villiers, The Right Hon. C. P., 3  
Wales, The Prince of, 211  
Wales, The Princess of, 115, 539  
Wales, Princess Victoria of, 115  
Warwick, The Countess of, 119  
Watson, Mr. William, 525  
Weyman, Mr. Stanley J., Feb. 25  
Wicklow, The Earl of, May 27  
Wietrowetz, Fräulein Gabriele, June 10  
Wilhelm, Herr Auguste, June 10  
Willard, Mr. E. S., March 18  
Wolff, M. Johannes, June 10  
Wyndham, Mr. Charles, March 18  
York, The Duke of, 553  
Ysaye, M. Eugène, June 10  
Zangwill, Mr. I., Feb. 25  
Zetland, The Marchioness of, 321  
Zimmermann, Miss Agnes, April 8

SHIPS.

Ailsa, Yacht, 195  
Baden, German Battle-Ship, June 17  
Bellona, H.M.S., June 17  
Blenheim, H.M.S., June 17

Blitz, German Dispatch-Boat, June 17  
Columbia, United States Cruiser, June 17  
Dupuy-de-Lôme, French Cruiser, June 17  
Hoche, French Battle-Ship, June 17  
Hohenzollern, German Royal Yacht, June 17  
Infanta Maria Teresa, Spanish Cruiser, June 17  
New York, United States Cruiser, June 17  
Partenope, Italian Torpedo-Vessel, June 17  
Repulse, H.M.S., June 17  
Resolution, H.M.S., June 17  
Royal Arthur, H.M.S., 351  
Royal Sovereign, H.M.S., June 17  
Ruggieri di Lauria, Italian Battle-Ship, June 17  
San Francisco, United States Cruiser, June 17  
Stein, German Training-Ship, June 17  
Stromboli, Italian Cruiser, June 17  
Surcouf, French Cruiser, June 17  
Tantallon Castle, The, 531

SUPPLEMENTS.

Academy (Royal) Pictures, May 6, May 13  
Actors of the English Stage, March 18  
Animal Life, Studies in, Feb. 11, April 1  
Artists, Some Leading British, April 29  
Baltic Canal, Opening of the, June 17  
Beautiful Children, Feb. 4  
Bournemouth, Views of, April 15  
Hastings and Neighbourhood, June 3  
Kings and Queens of the Keyboard, April 8  
Novelists (British) of the Day, Feb. 25  
Oxford and Her Colleges, June 24  
Peers Who Are Minors, May 27  
Reynolds (Sir Joshua), Pictures by, March 11  
Riviera, On the, Feb. 18, March 25  
Singers of the Opera Season, May 20  
Torquay and Neighbourhood, March 4  
Turner, Pictures by, April 22  
Violinists, Famous, June 10

LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

ART SUPPLEMENTS.

Actors of the Day, 136  
Artists at Home, 304  
Bournemouth, 240  
Hastings, 464  
Kings and Queens of the Keyboard, 209  
Oxford and Her Colleges, 544  
Peers Who Are Minors, 432  
Pictures, Pictures, Everywhere, 336  
Pictures of the Year, More, 368  
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 112  
Riviera, The, 160  
Singers of the Opera Season, 390  
Torquay, 88  
Turner, A Note About, 272  
Violinists, Famous, 496  
Zoological Portrait Gallery, A, 184

INTERVIEWS.

Alma-Tadema, Mr. L., April 29  
Coppée, M. François, 386  
Currie, Sir Donald, 500  
Dumas, M. Alexandre, 446  
"Gyp," 260  
Heaton, Mr. J. Henniker, 356  
Harris, Sir Augustus, 468  
Leighton, Sir F., April 29  
Linton, Sir J. D., April 29  
Mr ks, Mr. H. S., April 29  
Millais, Sir J., April 29  
Novikoff, Madame Olga, 326

Orchardson, Mr. W. O., April 29  
Riviere, Mr. Briton, April 29  
Simonds, Captain, 532  
Stone, Mr. M., April 29

LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

Alexandria of To-Day, 282  
Chat with an Armenian, 314  
Cintra, 442  
Delhi of To-Day, 474  
Golden Isles, The, 246  
Golf at Cannes, 72  
Gossip from Cannes, 186  
Hopetoun, Lord, 377  
King Carnival, 138  
Madeleine (The), Paris, 124  
"Monsieur le Directeur" at the Vaudeville, Paris, 402  
Paris of To-Day, 338  
Seville, 510  
Sunshine at Cannes, 104  
Tobogganing at St. Moritz, 174

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Alcestis" of Euripides (The) at Bradfield College, 540  
Animal Life, 82, 94, 128, 146, 190, 236, 262, 296, 322, 366, 420, 484, 546  
Artistic Home, The, 252, 286, 318, 342, 382, 406, 460, 470, 486, 526, 554

Art, The World of, 78, 98, 144, 163, 206, 230, 428, 454, 478, 552  
Bookland, In, 70, 106, 122, 152, 162, 188, 238, 244, 276, 324, 348, 370, 418, 456, 476, 524, 542  
Childhood, The Life of, 86, 102, 134, 154, 178, 202, 218, 270, 302, 334, 364, 398, 424, 452, 492, 514, 558  
Chitral Campaign, The, 462  
English Cricketer (The) Abroad, 413  
Games, 76, 108, 120, 150, 170, 232, 250, 281, 312, 350, 376, 412, 458, 494, 506, 530  
Garden, The—  
Iris, The, 408  
Narcissus, Of the Tribe of, 290  
In Memoriam—  
Battye, Lieut.-Colonel F. D., 284  
Blackie, John Stuart, 126  
Grain, Richard Comey, 172  
Pembroke, The Earl of, 380  
London Letter, A, 74, 100, 116, 142, 164, 204, 216, 242, 274, 306, 346, 372, 414, 434, 466, 522  
Music, 308, 340, 404, 436, 508, 534  
Niagara in Winter, 212  
North Sea and Baltic Canal, 498  
Opening, June 17  
Parliament: The House of Commons, 3, 7, 11, 12, 15  
Lords, The House of, 50, 54, 59, 61, 63, 64  
Patti, Madame Adelina, 391

Picturesque England: Bentley Priory, 550  
Sporting World, The, 66, 90, 114, 194, 210, 256, 295, 358, 400  
Stageland, In, 80, 92, 130, 140, 166, 192, 220, 248, 292, 316, 344, 374, 410, 444, 482, 520, 556  
Well-Dressed Woman, The, 226, 258, 288, 310, 354, 388, 426, 438, 470, 502, 536  
Woman's World, The, 68, 96, 118, 156, 176, 196, 214, 254, 278, 320, 352, 378, 430, 440, 472, 504, 538

STORIES.

Baumont and Fletcher, 158  
Dead Hero, A, 392  
In the Azalea Garden at Kew, 516  
L'Homme Propose, 198  
McIntyre's Pouch, 132  
Old-Fashioned Marriage, An, 264  
Penny Tragedy, A, 109  
Polly and the Other, 488  
Red Hake, 298  
Romances of Electra, The, 180  
Slight Error, A, 234  
Slight Mistake, A, 84  
Stroke of Luck, A, 422  
That Beast Collins, 360  
They Twain, 328  
Waiting Game, A, 548  
What the Oak-Tree Knew, 450



# The Album

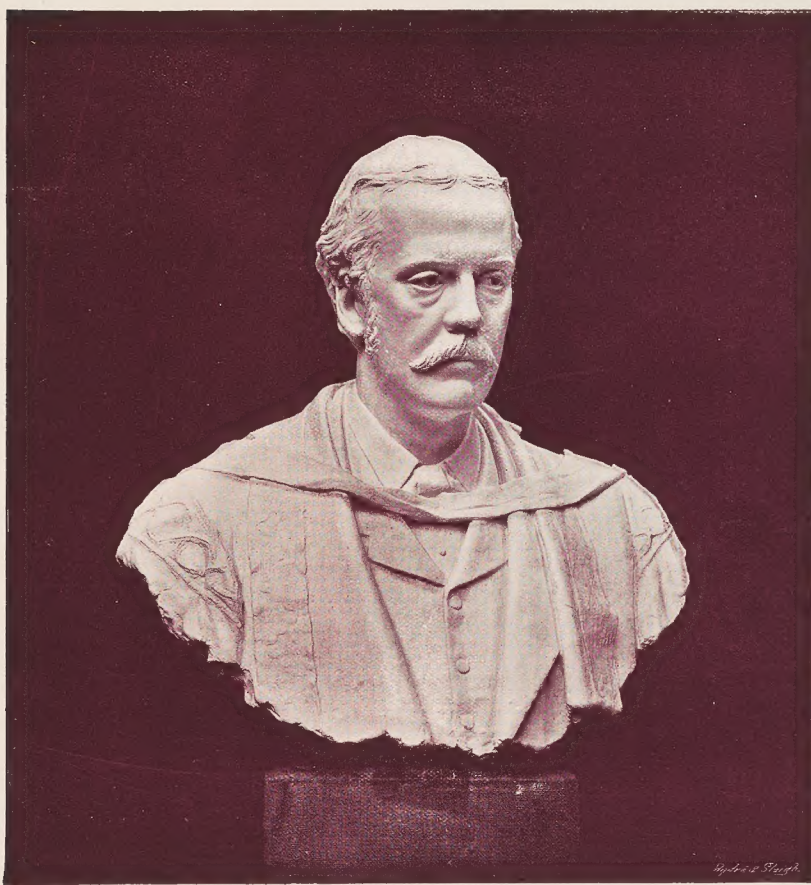
*A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.*

No. 1.

FEBRUARY 4, 1895.

SIXPENCE.

## The Opening of Parliament.



THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR,  
LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION.  
FROM THE BUST BY E. ONSLOW  
FORD, A.R.A.





*Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.*

THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR  
WELLESLEY PEEL, M.P.,  
SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE  
OF COMMONS.



# INSIDE THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. BY A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

—♦♦♦—

WHAT is the inner life of the House of Commons? A series of pleasant illusions and shams. From the gingerbread Gothic of her pretentious buildings to her ponderous procedure, the "Mother of Parliaments" is a venerable yet delightful old humbug. We

are no worse than other men, we unfortunate M.P.'s. Bynature we are not more deceitful than the rest of humanity, but from the moment we sign the Roll at the commencement of a new Parliament—often a rowdy "scrummage," which recalls our most festive recollections of the Rugby game—we are doomed to live in an atmosphere of deception. It is not our fault. Tradition alone is to blame. Circumstances and times have changed, but tradition at Westminster compels us to make believe that everything is just as it was a hundred years

ago. A habit of make-believe is thus engendered, and so with naïve duplicity we play at taking in ourselves, each other, and especially the outside public. Formerly an M.P. was a great man; now he is a very unimportant little social unit. Do we admit this? Heaven forbid! We do our utmost to keep up the illusion. I should be afraid to say how many policemen there are within the precincts—you meet one at every few yards. But they are carefully drilled to cast down their eyes and raise their hands in salute when a member passes, with an air of such abject humility that before a new M.P. has recorded his first vote he has of necessity persuaded himself that he is a very great personage indeed. Illusion number one. This illusion is further fostered by an old tradition that all the approaches to the palace must be cleared to make way for an M.P. The result is that when a newly created member is humbly trying to cross, say Westminster Bridge, he is startled by seeing a phalanx of stalwart policemen dart into the roadway and perform a series of semaphoric exercises

with their arms, and immediately the pressing throng of carts and carriages and omnibuses and cabs comes to an instantaneous halt. You wonder at first what it is all about, and it takes you some time to realise that you are the cause of all this commotion, and that the traffic is stopped in order that your humble self may cross the road in due dignity and safety. So the deception grows, and it is not long before you have deluded yourself into thinking you are a mighty fine fellow; and thus you begin to play your part.

At an early date you see that another fiction has to be supported with infinite pains, and that is that an M.P. is very "hard worked." This illusion must be kept up at all costs. It is only, perhaps, at the very beginning of your career that you think it necessary to rise ostentatiously in the middle of a pleasant dinner party and insinuate in an audible *sotto voce* to your host that your presence is urgently required at the "House." You do not say so, of course, but you imply that the affairs of the nation would be dislocated if you waited to join the ladies in the drawing-room. Such vagaries may be reserved for the very youthful M.P., but the oldest stager recklessly violates every law of truth in order to keep up the fiction that a Member of Parliament is a terribly hard-worked individual, who devotes his days and nights to unremitting toil for the benefit of his country. Much zest is added to this deception by the fact that it is in all respects as far as possible removed from the truth. In the first place, most men stand for Parliament for their own

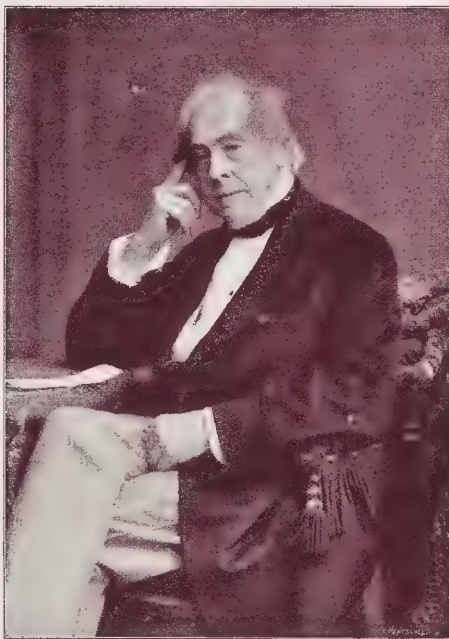


Photo by Rees and Sons.

"THE FATHER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS":  
THE RIGHT HON. C. P. VILLIERS,  
M.P. FOR WOLVERHAMPTON SINCE 1835.



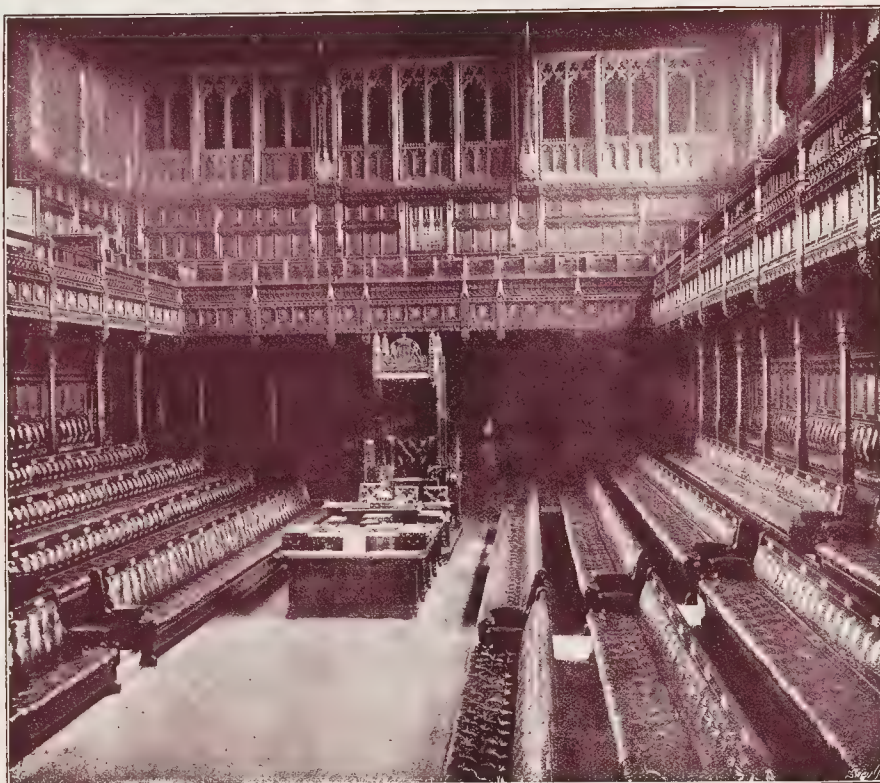


Photo by Frith, Reigate.

THE INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE.

good rather than their country's: and secondly, when they get there they never do any work. Hard worked, indeed! Why, what is the ordinary routine of an average M.P.? On four days of the week—four days out of seven, remember—he strolls down to the House after luncheon in time for questions. The Chamber is better filled at question-time than at any period of the day, because it requires no sustained mental effort to listen to a series of questions and answers. Further, it is always a pure pleasure to hear a Minister "bullyragged," just as it used to be a joy to our ancestors to witness a bull baited; and then there is always a chance of an angry personal controversy, which an Englishman, and especially a politician, dearly loves. Well, questions over, your "hard-worked" M.P. very often "pairs" for the rest of the day, especially if he is in Opposition; or, at all events, till 10.30 p.m. But if the Whips won't let him pair, he spends nine-tenths of his time either in the smoking-room or on the Terrace, gossiping or reading the papers in a desultory sort of fashion. Then to dinner, coffee and a smoke, and about ten he will drop into the Chamber for an hour if some full-dress debate is on, and so to bed. Not a very hard-working day! Of course there are

scores of industrious legislators who doze over Blue Books in the Library, or mark the periods of their fellow-legislators' oratory by starts and snores and sleep-laden nods. Far be it from me to decry their energy.

Many pages might be devoted to the most gigantic of all the House of Commons' shams—the sham of its procedure; but this is not the place for such a treatise. I turn to a few minor illusions. There is the House of Commons' "dinner." I do not refer to the ill-assorted and worse-cooked mass of food with which we members are compelled to stay our hunger, but to the hospitable banquets with which we entertain our female friends. These repasts have become fashionable of late years, and a tradition already surrounds them. They are reputed to be one of the most delightful ways of spending part of the evening during the season. The feminine imagination is fired at the prospect of an invitation. Her ardent fancy depicts the joy of sipping champagne and eating oysters surrounded by a galaxy of brilliant statesmen. Contrast and incongruity among the men is supposed to be the right thing at these repasts. You should ask, for instance, Mr. Arthur Balfour to meet Mr. Tim Healy, and place Mr. Goschen next the Chancellor of the Exchequer.



Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

THE VEN. ARCHDEACON FARRAR,  
CHAPLAIN TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



Photo by Byrne, Richmond.

MR. JAMES B. BULL,  
CLERK OF THE JOURNALS, HOUSE OF COMMONS.



Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

MR. EDWARD PONSONBY,  
SECRETARY TO THE SPEAKER.



Photo by Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street.

SIR REGINALD F. D. PALGRAVE, K.C.B.,  
CLERK OF THE HOUSE.



Throw in a smart lordling or two, with an infusion of clever literary men, flavour freely with a number of pretty women, and your recipe is perfect. The thing is excellent in theory, but more often than not as dull as ditchwater in practice. The men do not really know one another well enough to mix properly, and, in consequence, the conversation, after a few shoppy jokes, becomes flat and stupid. Even the ringing of the division-bell, which at first seemed so exciting, becomes in the end an unmitigated nuisance, as it means that the men have to rush away and leave their dinners to get cold, while the women are deserted and

that case the Terrace is sure to be so crowded that you cannot get a seat or a table for bribes or oaths, and the host is obliged to drag his hot, thirsty, and weary guests up and down the never-ending promenade till entertainer and entertained wish each other safely at the muddy bottom of the Thames which oozes by at their feet. So much for our entertainments.

There remains the smoking-room, and around this shrine a double dose of illusion has spread abroad; for it is the one spot in the House which the foot of a stranger is never allowed to profane. Here are supposed



Photo by Frith, Reigate.

OLD WESTMINSTER HALL.

lonely. The food is inferior, and the unending subterranean galleries which lead to the ladies' dining-rooms are damp, gloomy, and dispiriting.

Then there is the Terrace tea. This is a disappointing entertainment. In all probability on the afternoon when you have bidden your guests the rain descends in torrents and the wind blows cold and dank from the river. Recourse then has to be had to the small cabins, dignified by the title of rooms, which look out on the Terrace. With the rain streaming down the window-panes, and the conversation of the men whom you have asked to amuse your guests about as watery and uninspiring, it is no wonder that it is difficult to get through the afternoon. But perhaps the weather is fine, and the sun is shining. In

to be hatched the deadliest cabals, here the wittiest jokes and the most *risqué* stories are said to sparkle and crackle. Another fond theory. It is the dullest, dingiest room in the House, the walls of which are hung with perhaps the worst pictures in Europe, and the company is usually as uninteresting as its surroundings. Yet, with all our insincerities and dullness and deceptions, we are kept alive and fresh by one marked characteristic. We all shed some twenty years off our age when we enter political life, and in many respects the House of Commons is no better than a pack of schoolboys. This is probably due to the fact that no female presence compels us to support our dignity as men: when the "new woman" intrudes herself into our midst another illusion will disappear.

## THE LOBBY OF THE HOUSE.

Not the central lobby, where unsophisticated strangers stand agape, happy if they can but catch a glimpse of the coat-tail of eminence, and be translated to the seventh heaven by an order of admission to the Gallery. The pre-eminent Lobby of the House, which the stranger approaches along the corridor decorated with trophies of untamed British art, is in some respects like a circle of the "Inferno." I have often thought, as my eye lighted on a newcomer piloted by some hoary M.P., that he was like Dante personally conducted by Virgil to view the sufferings of the journalists rooted to the red-hot tessellated pavement on a blazing summer afternoon. It is one of the immutable principles of the Constitution that nobody sits down in the Lobby save the messengers, who are jammed together like turtledoves on a scanty bench. Not only are you forbidden to sit, but it is penal to lean gracefully against a pillar. I remember an occasion, many years ago, when I sustained a collapsing back against the edge of the refreshment-counter. Straightway to me entered a policeman, who intimated that this was unlawful. Exasperation got the better of judgment and patriotism, and I defied the lightnings of official wrath. Ajax was promptly summoned into the presence of the Serjeant-at-Arms and informed that any repetition of the attempt to prop up an exhausted vertebral column with the aid of any abutment in the Lobby would be punished by instant expulsion. What could Ajax do except bow to tyranny, and nurse the hope that a day would come when the People would rise in their might and lean against anything for which they had a mind?

In the Lobby you see the affability of the Member in its most radiant bloom. Watch him as he stands in the centre of the hall, with Dante's card in his hand, and a smile of consummate artifice, preparing to greet the visitor as the latter appears through the glass door from the corridor. It is plain that Dante is a Constituent, for when he enters he looks about him with an air of mingled awe and proprietorship, as who should say, "This is where my Member has to meet Me. He'd better not keep Me waiting, or there'll be trouble down our way. I'm not allowed to sell my vote, but if he don't treat me handsome while I'm in London let him look out for—." This meditation is interrupted by the Member, who grasps the Constituent by the hand, exclaiming, "My dear Mr. Dante, how well you are looking! What a pity you have not brought Mrs. Dante with you! She would have enjoyed the Ladies' Gallery, though we couldn't see her up there, you know. Such fascinations would be very distracting to legislators if there were no lattice—ha! ha!" The truth is that Horace Virgil, M.P., has never set eyes on Mrs. Dante in his life, but he knows that Mr. D. is an ironmonger with great influence in a doubtful district of the constituency. So his tongue flows with milk and honey till the gratified Constituent is safely lodged in the Gallery, and then the Member is seen with furrowed brow, evidently wondering whether he can get an opportunity in the course of the debate of completing the conquest of the ironmonger by putting in that convincing little speech on bimetalism which has been conned so often.

If the Constituent is an observant person, and listens to any talk in the Lobby, he will be struck by the pervading geniality and the absence of party spirit. He has come to town, it may be, consumed with zeal for "the cause," but he finds that at the House "the cause" is taken very lightly. Nobody discusses it with any particular animation. Gentlemen, he will notice, who have been pounding one

another on the platform, and calling heaven and earth to witness the depravity which is ruining the country, are on excellent terms in the Lobby, and extremely eager to tell or to hear the last good story. The Constituent who expects to find the Lobby seething with political excitement finds it distinctly bored by the affairs of the Empire, but very partial to anecdote. The Tory Whips, who ought to be glaring at the Liberal Whips, are seen regaling those officials in a corner with some information which causes Mr. William McArthur to hold both his sides. Anecdote in the Lobby is, indeed, like a dram to the confirmed tippler. The Constituent imagines, good easy man, that the machinery of the Constitution is kept going by the fires of patriotism and the lubricating oil of statesmanship. My belief is that if the manufacture of good stories were not conducted with exemplary diligence by certain gay spirits, Parliament



CHIEF-INSPECTOR HORSLEY.

would come to a dead stand. The statesman emerges from the House flushed with anger at the infamous tactics of his opponents, and he is promptly soothed by a jocular fable, which he swallows as if it were a restorative, and returns to his place to confront an unscrupulous enemy with adamant calm. The unscrupulous enemy comes out, is similarly refreshed, and goes back to exhibit a reckless disregard of the finest traditions of public life. The Serjeant-at-Arms, I believe, keeps a collection of stories in his private room, and Inspector Horsley, who is stout and well-favoured, is a living proof of the efficacy of this diet. As for the journalist who haunts the Lobby for hours, he would die if he were not able to sandwich a little caviare of piquant legend between two slices of Blue Book. And when the simple and confiding reader of newspapers marvels, as no doubt he often does, at the easy grace with which the facts about the political situation are served up in his favourite journal, he does not know that caviare is one of the secrets of the Parliamentary cuisine.

L. F. A.



TWO MEMBERS WH



*Photo by Frank Davey, San Francisco.*

THE RIGHT HON. LORD RANDOLPH  
HENRY SPENCER CHURCHILL.

HO WILL BE MISSED.



*Photo by Valentine and Sons, Dundee.*

*THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.*





Photo by Fritsch, Reigate.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS FROM THE PRESS GALLERY.

Life in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons at the present moment is a very different thing from the time when the summary-writer of the biggest London paper had to curl himself up in a corner and take notes on slips of paper, with a permanent liability to having his pencil knocked out of his hand by a passing member of the House. In the great war between the Press and the House of Commons which has been raging for the last century and a half, the Press has scored most of the points. We seem to have "moved" since a publisher could be summoned to the Bar of the House for printing reports of debates, or even since reporters were subject to summary ejection on the cry of "I spy strangers" from the floor of the House. There is no reason now why the imagination of a Johnson should come between us and the House of Commons, which is perhaps all the more thankworthy since, *pace* Fleet Street, we are not all Johnsons.

But if the question were put to me "Is the life of a Pressman in the Commons Gallery a happy one?" it would be difficult to give an enthusiastic affirmative. The fact is, "we," like all other British institutions, are a compromise. What is granted to us in the shape of freedom is taken out in the form of comfort. The House of Commons cannot prevent us from reporting their debates, or from sketching their proceedings, but it is determined that we shall perform these functions under the least agreeable conditions possible. If a clause had been introduced into any of the Factory Acts extending their provisions to the Gallery of the House, it would have been long ago condemned as unsanitary and overcrowded. In the course of three years' experience in the Gallery I have seen health ruined and lives lost through the pestilential condition under which work has to be done.

Relations exist between many of the more genial members of the House on both sides and the Press frequenters of the inner Lobby. Of course, a journalist has to tread very warily, and he has only himself to blame if he loses ground from unscrupulous or inaccurate use of information intended for his own ears only. In work that depends on personal relationship as much as Lobby work, the most successful man in the end is also the most honourable. The members who really give you information in times of political crises are not mere nodding acquaintances who avoid you at other times, but personal friends.

On the other hand, there are a considerable number of members of Parliament of whose friendship a good Lobbyist will be not unreasonably suspicious. There are

the flatterers and self-advertisers, whose fame rises on a pile of puff paragraphs distributed throughout the length and breadth of England, and published by weary journalists who find themselves at the eleventh hour still short of their day's measure. Then there are the inaccurate gossips, whose professions of intimate acquaintance with Cabinet secrets frequently deceive the unwary. The plain fact is that, except for a very small number of individuals, the Press Gallery is far better informed on most matters than the House of Commons. This has led many, after sad experience, to regard Lobbying as a dismal waste of time, whereas if it is well and wisely used, with due discrimination between well and ill informed members, it is a very useful branch of journalism. But the stones in the Lobby are very hard.

The worry of it is that a member of the House of Commons seems to have a thinner skin than almost any

other Britisher, and thus a party journalist often finds his Lobby work sadly interfered with by the comments which he is forced to make in writing leaders or notes. This is especially the case in one who, like myself, has to perform the invidious task of personal comment in writing daily Parliamentary sketches. One often finds that the most unlikely people are surprised to learn—from your lips—that they are not gifted with the oratory of a Cicero or the wisdom of a Burke; and it is really remarkable how often one finds on visiting the Lobby next afternoon that one has omitted to mention the most important speech of the evening. These speeches, you know, always take place during the dinner-hour.

But here, again, much unpleasantness may be removed by a wise give-and-take on both sides, and the careful avoidance of those small, scarcely noticed epithets which offend personal feeling more than all the political

comments in the world. In this, as in other matters, Westminster is like a great public school, where one lives and learns, through many faults and blunders, a sort of *modus vivendi*.

Altogether, it is a life which we find very much as we make it. A man with many-sided sympathies and strong social gifts will find in the Lobby of the House of Commons an opportunity for meeting much that is most gifted and brilliant in English life, while the incessant stir and fret of politics will satisfy the most insatiable craving for adventure and excitement. The man who performs his daily task without imagination or sympathy, and can see the great roar of life rush past him with no other thought except that Providence intended him to make "copy" of it, had better stick at home in his office and avoid exposing himself to all the dangers of insanitation, overcrowding, and over-excitement to which House of Commons' work is liable.

H. S.



Photo by Vandyk, Gloucester Road

THE RIGHT HON. J. W. MELLOR, M.P.,  
CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES.



## THE SERJEANT-AT-ARMS AND HIS OFFICE.

What the House of Commons would be without the Serjeant-at-Arms, an officer as familiar to us all as the Speaker himself, it is difficult to imagine. If Mr. H. D. Erskine and his Deputy-Serjeant and his Assistant-Serjeant were to throw up their heels in revolt one fine night, how strange would be the predicament of the Commons! Having suggested such a crisis, I am glad to be able to say that neither the Serjeant-at-Arms nor his assistants, who hold office through him, in the least contemplate such a thing.

You see, the Serjeant-at-Arms stands for a great deal in the machinery of the House. He is a factor affecting it at ever so many points, and yet the curious thing is he does not belong to it. He is an officer of the Royal Household, is appointed by the Queen, and is lent by her to the House of Commons, just as another Serjeant-at-Arms is lent to the House of Lords. There are still other Serjeants-at-Arms in connection with the Royal Household, but we don't know them as we do him of the House of Commons. In the quaint wording of the patent under which he holds his office, he is to "attend upon our Royal Person when there is no Parliament, and at the time of every Parliament to attend upon the Speaker of the House of Commons." He may, therefore, be described as strictly something of a link between Sovereign and Parliament. Needless to say, the Serjeant-at-Arms, especially as he is also housekeeper to the House of Commons, lives and moves and has his being, in these modern times, all the year round at Westminster.

Still, the basis of the office, as I had it in my mind, emphasises the fanciful pickle which I mentioned some lines back. Obstruction in its palmiest days would be nothing to it; and having said that, I am prompted to add, what an authority the Serjeant-at-Arms, sitting day after day in his place under the Bar, must become on all the arts and strategy of political warfare! If he were only to lay aside his sword and put off his uniform, and be returned by a constituency, surely he could come to the fray with a ripe supply of generalship. Here I am speaking of the Serjeant-at-Arms impersonally, for Mr. Erskine is so popular among all the members that even if he did put off his uniform and his sword, and move from his familiar seat to one of the benches, they would unanimously refuse to do battle with him.

There is in existence a curious manuscript volume, which I have seen, dealing with the Serjeantship-at-Arms of the House of Commons. The authorship of it is fairly certain, and the intention of it was evidently to be a full record of the office, its duties and occupants. As it stands, the book can hardly be called a complete history; but it contains much that is interesting, and the penmanship is delightfully clear. Apparently a condition of the Serjeantship has always been that it should be held "during good behaviour," as witness the following exact extract concerning some holders of it, the list of these alone being valuable—

- "Will. III.—Samuel Powell, Esqr., appointed during good behaviour.
- Anne.—Thomas Wyberg, Esqr., appointed during good behaviour.
- Geo. I.—Thomas Spence, Esqr., appointed during good behaviour.
- Geo. II.—Wentworth Odiarne, Esqr., appointed during good behaviour.
- Geo. III.—Nicholas Bonfoy, Esqr., appointed during good behaviour.
- Geo. III.—Edward Colman, Esqr., appointed during good behaviour."

There is, I believe, the same stipulation in the patent of the Serjeant-at-Arms to-day, so it is only natural that one attribute of the post should be the maintenance of good behaviour among other people. The Serjeant-at-Arms guards the House from disturbance and intrusion, and if it is a member who offends, he has to attend to his safe disposal. No doubt the most difficult duties which the present Serjeant-at-Arms has had to discharge were those pertaining to the Bradlaugh incidents in Parliament. He was then Deputy-Serjeant, and succeeded Sir Ralph Gosset in the higher office when Parliament met at the beginning of 1886. He belongs to an old Scottish family, the Erskines of Cardross—of course, we shall find a Scotsman at the North Pole when it is discovered—was a Captain in the Scots Guards, and held several Court appointments in succession before becoming Deputy-Serjeant. His residence is next door to the House—indeed, the Clock Tower, at the top of which Big Ben thunders out the hours, is part of it. By the way, has there ever been a case of a Serjeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons who subsequently became a member?

There is no public office, perhaps, which has a greater variety of duties, and these less defined, than the Serjeantship-at-Arms. The one guide to these is, I imagine, the manuscript book to which I have referred—if it can be called such—and anyhow it very likely does not cover them all. Certainly it alludes to some which the Serjeant-at-Arms is not now called upon to regard as within his province. In the olden times, as we are taught, the Serjeant-at-Arms, when it was necessary, had to go out into the highways and byways and bring in members to make a "House." How he wheedled or compelled stragglers to follow his nod it would be most instructing to know, if only as an assistance to the Whips of whatever Government may be in power, who now have to see to the keeping of a "House." It must be a long time, too, since the Serjeant-at-Arms sallied forth with the warrant of Mr. Speaker to lay anybody who had incurred the displeasure of the Commons by the heels. By that I mean the forcible and physical capture of a delinquent, because the appearance at the Bar of offenders against the dignity and majesty of the House is not by any means unknown. Indeed, if that never happened the serious and demure Commoners would lose one of those little treats which they hold as dearly as schoolchildren do holidays. The Deputy-Serjeant is Mr. F. R. Gosset, whose name pleasantly recalls one whose memory is held in reverence by old members of the House. The Assistant-Serjeant is Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. E. H. Legge.

Ever so much might be written about the Serjeant-at-Arms; as, for instance, that he is first expressed in an Act of Parliament in the time of George II. Again, the forms which long ago attended his admission to office by the Sovereign might be set out, and, as a picture of the past, might merit it. Or an attempt might even be made to trace the history of the Serjeant-at-Arms as an institution—a bodyguard originally—back to the era of Romulus; but that is not an undertaking for me. Stress hardly needs to be laid, either, on the measure of picturesqueness which the Serjeant-at-Arms, in the discharge of his duties, makes in the House of Commons. A member of Parliament will submit to most things, even to going to the Clock Tower—which is a dainty and comfortable refuge, let it be said in a whisper—should the occasion, his principles, and the interests of his constituents demand it. But when you speak any word that may ever so gently come between him and the picturesque ceremonies and traditions of the House—why, then it is your carcass that is in danger of being confided to the Clock Tower. Of these ceremonies and traditions the Serjeant-at-Arms is an integral part, and whatever may come and go, he is likely to endure.

J. M.



*Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.*

MR. H. D. ERSKINE,  
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS.





Photo by Frith, Reigate.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT,  
FROM WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

## HOW THE HOUSE IS DINED.

A TALK WITH MR. CRICHTON SAUNDERS.

No doubt much is expected of the man who has a seat in the House of Commons, but it has not been suggested so far that he should go without his dinner. The other forenoon I went to the House and got Mr. W. Crichton Saunders to tell me all about how its members are dined. He, of course, is the man who manages the refreshment department, and still has the hearty goodwill of everybody, which is eloquent eulogy.

"To begin with, there's the Kitchen Committee, is there not—the upper millstone, so to speak of the dining machine?"

"The Kitchen Committee," he answered me, "consists of fifteen members representing the different parties in the House, and the Hon. Sidney Herbert is chairman. It has charge of all the arrangements in connection with the supply of refreshment, and I am its executive officer, and we have from eighty to a hundred and twenty employes at work every day the House is sitting."

"Then the nether mill—the kitchen accommodation, and so on?"

"As a result of large alterations, that will be better this session than it has ever been before, and the improvements have extended to the dining-rooms as well. The changes will I think, give very good results indeed; but you know it is best in all things not to be too sanguine. However, come and have a look at the alterations"; and I said I would with pleasure.

To describe a series of structural alterations so that others may understand them is oftener than not a bootless business, and therefore I content myself with a statement of the general impression which our tour left on my mind. There will henceforward be more working room for everybody concerned in and about the kitchen. The instruments for cooking will be on a larger scale and more complete, and the line of communication between the kitchen and the dining-rooms will be much more rapid. Personally, I'm looking forward with much zest to being invited to dine on the improvements—and something else—by some kind-hearted and thoughtful member of Parliament, and of that sort, as I've always understood, there are many.

"Catering for an assembly like the House of Commons is necessarily"—I resumed my questions to Mr. Crichton Saunders—"subject to peculiar difficulties?"

"Yes, since it must be a matter of uncertainty how many members may dine in the House of an evening; the number may be comparatively small, or it may run to two hundred and fifty or three hundred, or even more. That situation will always be present, and we can only endeavour to be ready for what demand there may

be, without having undue waste should it prove much less than the anticipation. Preparations take a little time to make, and it's exceedingly hard to tell what may not happen between the making of them and dinner-time."

"You may prepare dinner in anticipation of a busy night, and something may happen in the House to send the members all home to dinner?"

"I recollect that one night, some years ago now, we made preparations for having three hundred or thereabout at table. Well, things didn't go in the House at all as had been expected; Mr. Gladstone got up and made some intimation which altered the whole aspect of affairs; there was a count-out, and, as a result, three hundred vacant places. The position was not quite as bad as if three hundred had come to dine and there had been nothing for them to eat, but it was a little bit perturbing."

"What about wines—for I take it they form no inconsiderable part in the economy of dining?"

"We have about a hundred and seventy brands of wine, and including spirits and non-alcoholic drinks, the average stock in the cellars would run to the value of between £5000 and £6000. It may interest you to know that the wines are carefully selected by a sub-committee of the Kitchen Committee, and that the test is a blind one. That is to say, the sample bottles to be tested are each covered with a cloth, and marked A, B, and C; so the selection takes place solely on the individual merits of the wine."

"No doubt in the House of Commons, as elsewhere, Scotch whisky, among spirits, is most largely consumed?"

"I should think we use five times as much Scotch whisky as we use of Irish whisky—something like that, anyhow. The Scotch whisky is known appropriately as 'Big Ben,' and as to the Irish whisky, it is all from one well-known distillery. Mineral waters, I might mention, are largely used, and their popularity at dinner seems to be growing."

"Taking your experience of thirteen or fourteen years here, I suppose the dining arrangements of the House have been continually on the up-grade, getting better and better?"

"Oh, certainly; and not only that, but the cost to the members has become much less than it was at one time."

"Can you give me by your kitchen horoscope any idea as to what the session is to be—brisk, dull, what?"

"No, I'm afraid my horoscope does not extend to that."

So we ended our chat, which, briefly, is an answer to the philosopher's cry: "Tell me how your governing body dines and I will tell you how it legislates."

This session the member of Parliament will not only be able to dine in an improved way at St. Stephen's, but he will be able also to get a bath or a shave on the premises. Only that is another story.

M.



Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

MR. W. CRICHTON SAUNDERS.





Photo by Frith, Reigate.

London: Printed and Published at the Office, 198 Strand in the Parish of St Clement Danes, in the County of London, by Ingram Brothers, 198, Strand, aforesaid. -Monday February 4, 1895.

ST. STEPHEN'S HALL.

## Our Beautiful Children.



*Photo by Bassano.*

"Thine eyes are like the deep, blue, boundless heaven,  
Contracted to two circles underneath  
Their long fine lashes; dark, far, measureless,  
Orb within orb, and line through line inwoven."—SHELLEY.

GLADYS





*Photo by Lassano.*

"Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen."—SHERIDAN.



Photo by Lancaster.

"Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes  
Which, star-like, sparkle in their skies."—HERRICK.

PHILIPPA.





*Photo by Bassano.*

"'Little maid, little maid, whither goest thou?'  
'Down in the forest to milk my cow.'  
'Shall I go with you?' 'No, not now;  
When I send for thee, then come thou.'"—OLD SONG.

MARJORIE.



*Photo by Bassano.*

"She's a winsome wee thing,  
She's a handsome wee thing,  
She's a bonny wee thing" BURNS.

DOROTHY.





*Photo by Bassano.*

"Cheeks like the mountain pink that grows  
Among white-headed majestics."—JEAN INGELOW.



*Photo by Bassano.*

"A face with gladness overspread!  
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred."—WORDSWORTH.





*Photo by Bassano.*

"A simple child  
That lightly draws its breath  
And feels its life in every limb."—WORDSWORTH.

COLIN.



*Photo by Bassano.*

"A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,  
And sweet as English air could make her, she."—TENNYSON.

GWENDOLINE.





Photo by Bassano.

"Where did you get these eyes so blue?  
Out of the sky as I came through."—GEORGE MACDONALD

ESME.



Photo by Bassano.

"We may see how all things are,  
Seas and cities, near and far,  
And the flying fairies' looks,  
In the picture story-books."—R. L. STEVENSON.

GERTRUDE.





*Photo by Bassano.*

"In thy face  
Soft desires I can trace,  
Secret joys and secret smiles,  
Little pretty infant wiles."—WILLIAM BLAKE.

*DOLLIE,*



*Photo by Bassano.*

"The world is so full of a number of things,  
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."—R. L. STEVENSON.

LOUISE.





*Photo by Dassano.*

"You—eleven years, wasn't not, or so?—  
Were just a child, you know;  
And so you never said  
Things sweet immeditatably and wise . . . .  
But foolish things, . . .  
Little and laughable,  
Your age that fitted well."—FRANCIS THOMPSON.

*DIMPLING.*



*Photo by Lassano.*

"Pointing to such, well might Cornelia say:  
'These are my jewels,'"—ROGERS.

HETTY AND HESPER.





*Photo by Bassano.*

"How am I to sing your praise,  
Happy chimney-corner days,  
Sitting safe in nursery nooks,  
Reading picture story-books?"—R. L. STEVENSON.

# The Album

*A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.*

No. 2.

FEBRUARY 11, 1895.

SIXPENCE.

## The British Cabinet.



*Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.*

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G.,  
FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY AND LORD  
PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL.

*Is forty-seven years old. After education at Eton, and Christ Church, Oxford, he succeeded his grandfather in the peerage in 1893. Commenced his political career by being Under Secretary of State for the Home Department. Has subsequently been Lord Privy Seal and First Commissioner of Works, Foreign Secretary, and, since March, 1894, Prime Minister. Was first Chairman of the London County Council.*





*Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.*

THE RIGHT HON. LORD HERSCHELL, LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR.

*The son of a Nonconformist minister, he was born fifty-seven years ago. Was educated at Bonn, and, like Mr. Chamberlain, at University College, London. Called to the Bar in 1850, he took silk in 1873. Represented Durham for eleven years, was Solicitor-General from 1880 to 1885, and has been Lord High Chancellor in the last two Liberal Ministries. Was created Baron in 1886.*



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

THE RIGHT HON. THE MARQUIS OF RIPON, K.G.,  
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES.

Is sixty-seven years of age. Represented successively Hull, Huddersfield, and the West Riding of York, from 1852 to 1850. Among many offices he has held, the chief is that of Viceroy of India, from 1880 to 1884. Since 1802 he has been Colonial Secretary with much success. His conversion to the Catholic faith and his withdrawal from Freemasonry are two important facts in his career. Was created a Marquis in 1871.



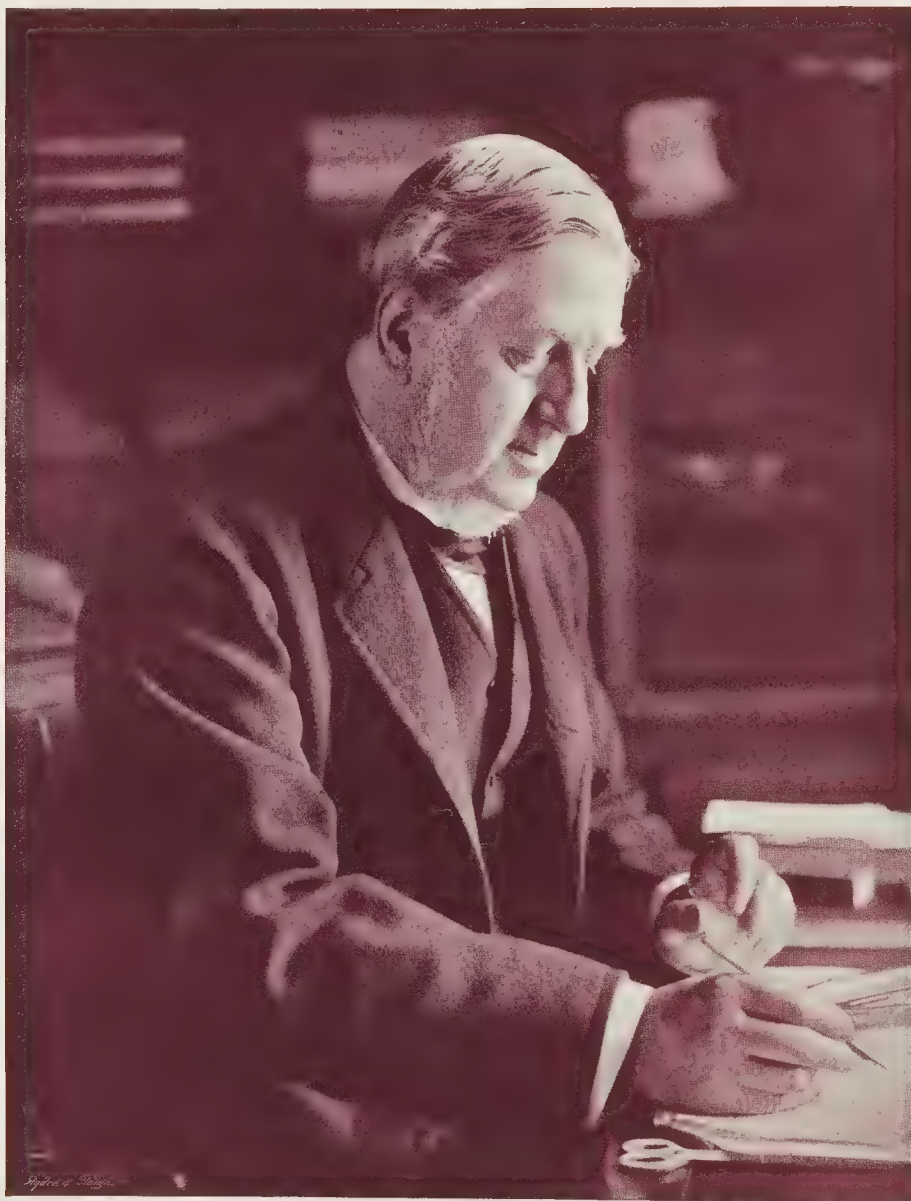


Photo by Elliott & Fry, Baker Street.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT,  
Q.C., M.P., CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Grandson of an Archbishop of York, he was born sixty-seven years ago, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. Was called to the Bar in 1854, and took silk in 1866, after which, for eleven years, was Professor of International Law in his Alma Mater. Represented Oxford 1868-1880, and Derby since 1880. Was Solicitor-General for one year, then Home Secretary from 1880 to 1885, and Chancellor of the Exchequer in the last and present Ministry. Is the able Leader of the House of Commons.



*Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.*

THE RIGHT HON. LORD TWEEDMOUTH, LORD  
PRIVY SEAL AND CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY  
OF LANCASTER.

*Is far better known as Mr. Edward Marjoribanks, but exchanged this surname on succeeding his father in the peerage in 1864. Is forty-five and the brother-in-law of Lord Randolph Churchill. Endured smilingly the toil attaching to the office of Liberal Whip for eight years. Since he attained Cabinet rank his speeches have multiplied, and one of the best tributes to his late chief came from him.*





*Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.*

THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE JOHN SHAW-LEFEVRE,  
M.P., PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT  
BOARD.

*Son of a former Clerk of the Parliaments, is sixty-two years old. Educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, was called to the Bar in 1856. Sat for Reading from 1863 to 1883, and since 1888 has represented Central Bradford. Has held the following among other offices, displaying tireless industry: Chief Commissioner of Works, Postmaster General, First Commissioner of Works, and, since 1894, President of the Local Government Board.*



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

THE RIGHT HON. HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN,  
M.P., SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR.

Son of the late Sir James Campbell, he was born fifty-eight years ago, and assumed the hyphen and Bannerman in 1872. Was educated at Glasgow University and Trinity College, Cambridge. Has represented one Constituency, Shirling District, since 1893, and has been Financial Secretary to the War Office, Secretary to the Admiralty, Chief Secretary for Ireland for a few months, in which his urbanity disarmed critics, and Secretary of State for War in the last two Liberal Governments.

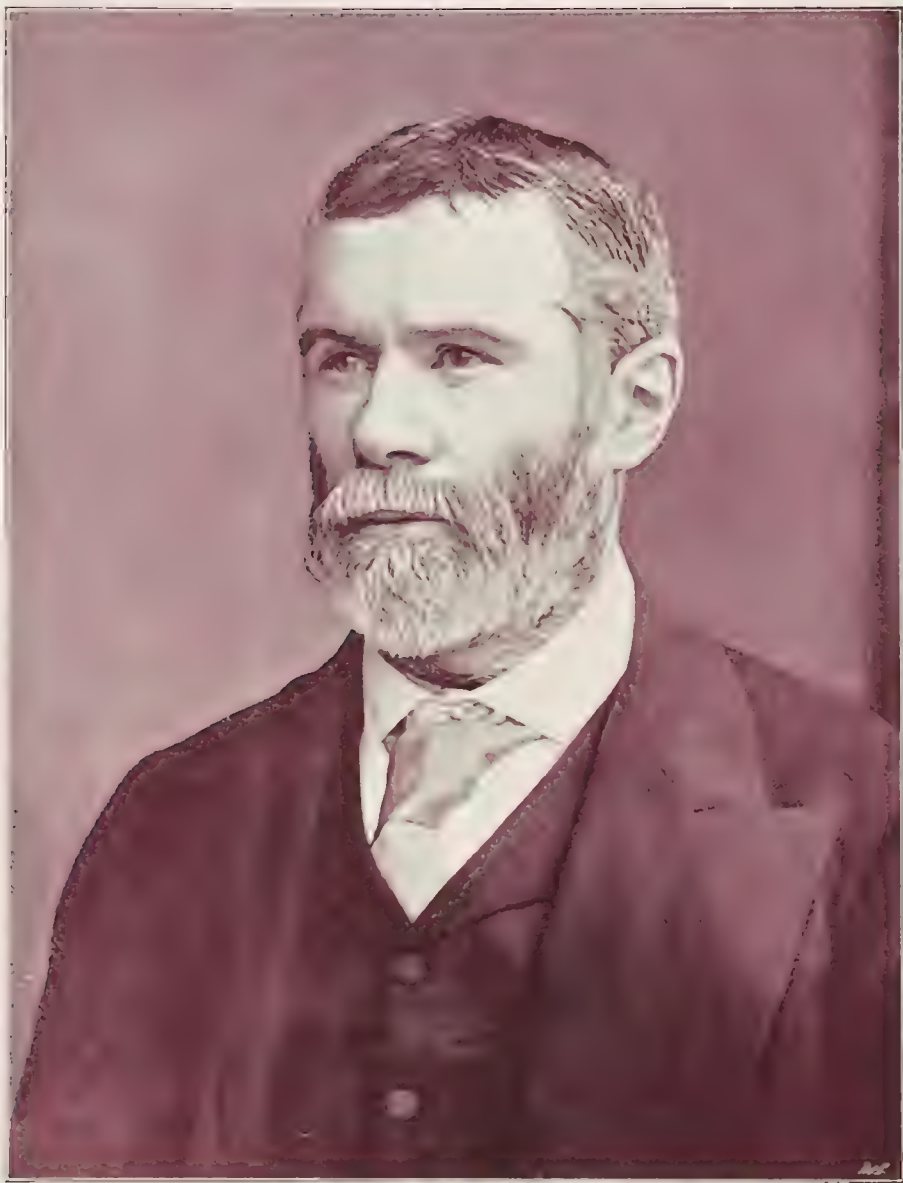




*Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.*

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN MORLEY, M.P., CHIEF  
SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.

*The son of a Blackburn surgeon, he is fifty-six years old. Was educated at Cheltenham and Lincoln College, Oxford, and was called to the Bar in 1873. Edited successively the "Literary Gazette," the "Fortnightly Review," and the "Pall Mall Gazette." His books, "Voltaire," "On Compromise," "Edmund Burke," and "The Life of Richard Cobden," are highly regarded. After two defeats he entered Parliament as Member for Newcastle-on-Tyne, and has represented it since 1883. Has held the important and onerous post of Chief Secretary for Ireland in the last two Liberal Ministries.*



*Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.*

THE RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN,  
PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND.

*Fifty-six years old, he is the son of Sir C. E. Trevelyan, whom he succeeded in the baronetcy in 1886. Educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. Represented Tynemouth, then the Border Burghs till 1886, and, since 1887, the Bridgeton Division of Glasgow. Has been a Lord of the Admiralty, Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, Chief Secretary for Ireland (an office which turned his hair grey), Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and Secretary for Scotland. His "Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay," his uncle, is esteemed very highly.*





*Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.*

THE RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE, M.P., PRESIDENT  
OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.

*Was born in Glasgow fifty-six years ago, and educated there and at Trinity College, Oxford. Called to the Bar in 1857, he was Regius Professor of Civil Law in Oxford from 1870 to 1893. Represented Tower Hamlets from 1880 to 1886, and, since then South Aberdeen. Was Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the last Liberal Ministry, and in this has been Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster to 1890, and President of the Board of Trade since 1894. His books, "The Holy Roman Empire," and "The American Commonwealth," are classics. Has scaled Mount Ararat.*



*Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.*

THE RIGHT HON. HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH,  
Q.C., M.P., SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE HOME  
DEPARTMENT.

*Is the youngest member of the Cabinet, being only forty-two. Called to the Bar in 1876, he prospered moderately till the Parkell Commission noted those high qualities which led to his appointment as Home Secretary, in 1892. The City of London School claims him as alumnus and he is also one of the many Balliol successes. Has represented East since 1886, and married Miss Margot Tennant last year.*



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

THE RIGHT HON. ARNOLD MORLEY, M.P.,  
POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

Forty-five years ago he became the fourth son of Mr. Samuel Morley, who once represented Nottingham and Bristol in the House and Philanthropy in the City. Was called to the Bar twenty-one years ago. Is now a member of the Senate of Cambridge University, where he graduated in 1874. Was principal Liberal Whip for six years, and has been Postmaster-General since '92.





*Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.*

THE RIGHT HON. HENRY HARTLEY FOWLER, M.F.,  
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA.

*The first Wesleyan to sit in a Cabinet, he is the son of a Wesleyan minister, and was born in 1830. After serving Wolverhampton as Mayor and first Chairman of its School Board, he has represented it in Parliament since 1880. Was Under Secretary of State for the Home Department for six months in 1885, Financial Secretary to the Treasury in 1886, President of the Local Government Board from 1892 to 1894. Is a business-like solicitor of pleasant manners and great ability in finance.*



*Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.*

THE RIGHT HON. EARL SPENCER, K.G., FIRST LORD  
OF THE ADMIRALTY.

*Is fifty-nine years old, and succeeded his father in the Earldom at the age of twenty-two, just after he had been elected M.P. for South Northamptonshire. Educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, he became Groom of the Stole to Prince Consort, then to the Prince of Wales. Was the best Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in this reign. Twice Lord President of Council. Appointed First Lord of the Admiralty in 1892. Was Master of the Pychley Hunt.*



*Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.*

THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR HERBERT DYKE ACLAND,  
M.P., VICE-PRESIDENT OF COMMITTEE OF COUNCIL  
ON EDUCATION.

*Is popularly known among his colleagues as "Little A." The second son of the Right Hon. Sir T. D. Acland, Bart., he was born forty-seven years ago, but does not look his age. One of the "New Boys" of the Cabinet, he is especially intimate with Lord Rosebery. Has represented Rotherham since 1885, and is the author of two handbooks.*





*Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.*

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF KIMBERLEY, K.G.,  
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

London: Printed and Published at the Office, 108, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of London, by Ingram Brothers, 108, Strand, aforesaid.—Monday, February 11, 1895.

*Like the Premier is an Earl and a Baronet, and was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. Is sixty-nine, and has held during his career the following offices: Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs in two Governments, Envoy to Russia and Copenhagen, Under Secretary for India, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Privy Seal, Secretary for the Colonies, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Secretary for India, Lord President of the Council, and, since 1894, Foreign Secretary.*

## Studies in Animal Life.



Photo by Mr. Gambier Bolton.

ASIATIC LION.



LION AND LIONESS.





Photo by Mr. Gambier Bolton.



Photo by Mr. Gambier Bolton.

"PEACE"



Photo by Mr. Gambier Bolton.

"IVAR"





THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCES  
TIGER CUBS.



Photo by Mr. [illegible]

INDIAN LEOPARD.



Photo by Mr. Gambier Bolton.





Photo by Mr. G. A. Smith

ARMED RHINOCEROS



INDIAN ELEPHANT.



Photo M. G.

TWO-HORN RHINOCEROS,  
AI RICA.





Photo by Mr. Gambel, Dillon.



*Photo by Mr. Gambier Bolton.*

*RUSSIAN BEAR.*



SEA LION.





COMMON SEAL.



Photo by Mr. Gambier Bolton.

OUNCE OR SNOW LEOPARD.

# The Album

*A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.*

No. 3.

FEBRUARY 18, 1895.

SIXPENCE.

## Conservative Cabinet Ministers.

*These sixteen Portraits comprise the surviving members of the Marquis of Salisbury's Cabinet, as last constituted. To make the record absolutely entire, the names of the following deceased statesmen must be added; the Earl of Idlesleigh, Mr. W. H. Smith, the Hon. Edward Stanhope, Lord Randolph Churchill. It will be remembered, also, that the present Earl of Derby was in the Cabinet prior to his appointment as Governor-General of Canada.*



*Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.*

THE MOST NOBLE AND RIGHT HON. THE  
MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, K.G.

*The younger son of the second Marquis, he was born sixty-five years ago. Educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, he represented the family borough of Stamford from 1853 to 1868, when he unexpectedly succeeded to the Marquisate. Was Secretary of State for India twice, prior to being Special Ambassador at the Conference on Eastern Affairs in Constantinople, and accompanied Lord Beaconsfield to the Berlin Congress as Second Plenipotentiary, in 1878, after which, for two years, he was Foreign Secretary. Was Premier and Foreign Secretary—a combination of tasks splendidly discharged—from June, 1885, to February, 1890. Again Premier and First Lord of the Treasury, from June, 1886, to January, 1887, and subsequently Foreign Secretary until August, 1892. A man of science by taste, a diplomatist by nature, and a statesman by acclamation.*





Photo by W. & P. Downy, Ebury Street, W.

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF CRINBROOK.

Eighty years of age, he is the eldest son of the late Mr. John Hardy, M.P. Educated at Shrewsbury, and Oriel College, Oxford, he became M.P. for Leominster in 1876, continuing to represent it till 1885, when he was elected M.P. for Andover at Oxford University. He has been Under-Secretary for the Home Department, President of the Poor Law Board, Home Secretary, and Lord President of Council in both Lord Salisbury's Administrations. In 1895 he added the name of Gathorne to his surname, and was created a Viscount. In 1897 he became an Earl.



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

THE RIGHT HON. LORD HALSBURY.

Harding. Stanley Clifford was born seventy years ago, and, like his father, went to the Bar, after education at Merton College, Oxford. Very quickly he obtained a fine practice, and took silk in 1855. After three defeats, he entered St. Stephen's as M.P. for Launceston in 1877, continuing its representative till 1885. Was Solicitor-General from 1875 to 1880, and Lord High Chancellor in the last two Conservative Ministries. His humour often entitles visitors to the House of Lords, of which he became a member in 1885.

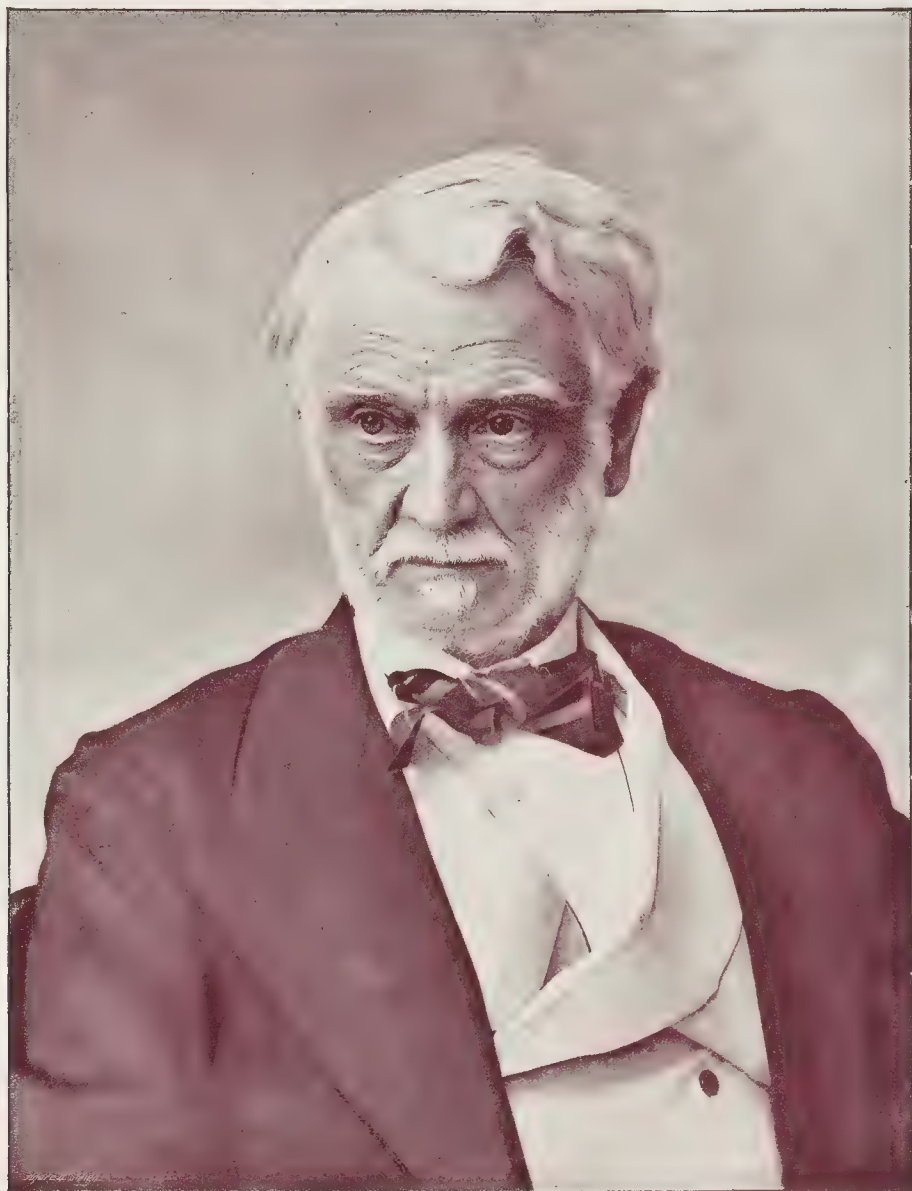


*Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.*

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF CADOGAN, K.G.

*Fifty-nine years old. Was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. Prior to succeeding his father in the Earldom, in 1873, was M.P. for Bath for a few months. Was Under-Secretary for War from 1875 to 1878, then for the Colonies till 1880. Was Lord Privy Seal from 1880 to 1882, entering the Cabinet in 1887. Is, by heredity, a Trustee of the British Museum, and a great London landlord.*





*Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.*

THE RIGHT HON. THE DUKE OF RUTLAND, K.G.

*In the seventy-six years of his life has been generally known as Lord John Manners. Succeeded his brother in the Dukedom in 1888. After education at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, out for Newark from 1841 to 1847, having Mr. Gladstone as fellow-member for a time; for Colchester from 1850 to 1857, then North Leicestershire to 1861, and East Leicestershire to 1888. Has been First Commissioner of Works three times, twice Postmaster-General, and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster from 1886 to 1892. A charming survival of the courtly school of politics. Has written many books, two of poetry.*



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE JOACHIM GOSCHEN, M.P.

Born sixty-four years ago; was educated at Rugby and Oriel College, Oxford, and became a partner in the City firm of Fröhling & Goschen. Was formerly a Director of the Bank of England and Chairman of Lloyd's. Represented the City of London, in the Liberal interest, from 1863 to 1880, then Ripon to 1883, East Edinburgh to 1886, and since 1887 St. George, Hanover Square, in the Unionist interest. Has been Vice-President of the Board of Trade, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, President of the Poor Law Board, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Envoy Extraordinary to Constantinople. Was Chancellor of the Exchequer from January, 1887, to August, 1892.



*Photo by Russell, Baker Street, 11.*

THE RIGHT HON. LORD KNUTSFORD, G.C.M.G.

*Son of the eminent surgeon Sir Henry Holland, whom he succeeded in 1873, he is sixty-nine. Educated at Harrow, and Trinity College, Cambridge, he was called to the Bar, and proved a first-rate draughtsman of Parliamentary Bills. Represented Alderbury from 1874 to 1883, and then Hampshire, till he became a Peer in 1888. Was Financial Secretary to the Treasury, twice Vice-President of the Council, and Secretary of State for the Colonies from 1887 to 1892. Lady Knutsford is a sister of Sir George Trevelyan, and wields a graceful pen.*





*Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.*

THE RIGHT HON. LORD ASHBOURNE.

Son of an Irish gentleman, he was born fifty-seven years ago. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin, he was called to the Bar of King's Inn, Dublin, in 1860, and became Q.C. in 1872. Represented Dublin University from 1875 to 1885, was Attorney-General for Ireland for three years, and has been Lord Chancellor of Ireland in the last two Conservative Ministries. Mr. Edward Gibson was created a Peer in 1883. Has much natural eloquence.



Photo by Elliott & Fry, Baker Street, W.

THE HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, M.P.

Son of the late Mr. J. M. Balfour, who married a sister of Lord Salisbury, he is forty-six years old. Was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, and represented Hertford from 1874 to 1885, during which period he was Assistant Private Secretary to the Foreign Secretary, his uncle, and accompanied him and Lord Beaconsfield to the Berlin Congress. Since 1885 he has sat for the East Division of Manchester, and has been President of the Local Government Board, Secretary for Scotland, Chief Secretary for Ireland for four years, and First Lord of the Treasury and Leader of the House of Commons for ten months. a most courteous Leader of the Opposition, an authority on Handel's music & Bacheter, the author of three books, and an enthusiastic golfer.



HENRY MATTHEWS, Q.C., M.P.

THE RIGHT HON. HENRY MATTHEWS, Q.C., M.P.

Son of a judge, he was born in Ceylon in 1826. After winning the University Law Scholarship at London University, he was called to the Bar. Took a B.A. in 1858, and was returned as Independent Conservative M.P. for the Division of Birmingham, for which he still sits. In July, 1889, was appointed Home Secretary from 1889 to 1892. Has appeared in several famous cases, including the Tichborne trial. Is a Roman Catholic.





Photo by Ross Baker Street, W.

THE RIGHT HON. LORD GEORGE FRANCIS  
HAMILTON, M.P.

Third son of the 1st Duke of Abercorn, he is in his fiftieth year. After education at Harrow and a brief military career, entered the House of Commons as M.P. for Middlesex in 1898, representing it till 1905, when he has sat for the Farring Division. Has been Under-Secretary for India, Vice-President of the Council on Education, and twice First Lord of the Admiralty. Was chosen, after the last election, Chairman of the School Board for London. At one time had his three brothers as Parliamentary colleagues.



*Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.*

THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM LAWIES JACKSON, M.P.

*A Yorkshireman, aged fifty-five, he gained some of his education at a Moravian School. Believes commercially that there is "nothing like leather." After previous defeat, sat for Leeds from 1830 to 1835; since then has represented the Northern Division. Was twice Financial Secretary to the Treasury; Chief Secretary for Ireland from November, 1891, to August, 1892. Is a Director of the Great Northern Railway Company.*



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR MICHAEL EDWARD HICKS-  
BEACH, BART., M.P.

*Is fifty-seven. True to family traditions, after education at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, he entered Parliament. Was M.P. for East Gloucestershire from 1884 to 1885, and since for West Bristol. Has been Parliamentary Secretary to the Poor Law Board, Under-Secretary for the Home Office, twice an imperishable Chief Secretary for Ireland, Secretary for the Colonies, Chancellor of the Exchequer for a few months, and President of the Board of Trade. His progress, won by tact and talents, has exemplified his motto, "All in good time."*





Photo by Walsh Regent Street, W.

THE RIGHT HON. VISCOUNT CROSS, G.C.B.

Is nearly seventy-two. Educated at Rugby and Trinity College, Cambridge, he was called to the Bar in 1847. Represented Preston from 1857 to 1862, South-West Lancashire from 1868 to 1883, and Newton Division of South-West Lancashire from 1883 to 1889 when his long services were rewarded with a peerage. Twice House Secretary, he was Secretary of State for India in the last Conservative Ministry. Is tremendously business-like and has unusual knowledge of finance. Ever ready to serve his party, he has spoken much; one of his best efforts being in a debate on India thirty years ago.



THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES THOMSON RITCHIE.

he became a member of a firm of East India Merchants. Represented Tower Hamlets from 1874 to '75, and St. George Division of Tower Hamlets from 1885 to 1892, since when he has not had a seat in the House. Was Secretary to the Admiralty in Lord Salisbury's first Ministry, and President of the Local Government Board in his second, with a seat in the Cabinet from April, 1887, to August, 1892. The Local Government Act of 1888 was introduced and carried under his skilful guidance.



*Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.*

THE RIGHT HON. HENRY CHAPLIN, M.P.

London. Printed and Published at the Office, 128, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of London, by Ingram Brothers, 128, Strand, aforesaid.—Monday, February 18, 1895.

Son of a Lincolnshire clergyman, is fifty-three. Educated at Harrow and Christ Church, Oxford, he represented Mid-Lincolnshire from 1868 to 1885, since when he has sat for the Sleaford Division. Was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster from 1885 to 1886; first President of the Board of Agriculture, with a seat in the Cabinet, from 1889 to 1892. Married a daughter of the third Duke of Sutherland; she died in 1881. In the racing world is famed as the original owner of Hermit.



## On the Riviera.



MONTE CARLO.

*This place is situated on the right-hand side of Monte Carlo, in the direction of Monaco. The railroad to Villefrance can be seen in front of the sea, while at the bottom of the ravine is a small chapel.*



*This is the front view of the famous Casino, the entrance being hidden by the palm-trees on the edge of the garden. The lamps on the right are those of the Hotel de Paris.*





One of the rooms devoted to roulette. The seats in the middle and at each end of the tables are reserved for the croupiers. The decoration of walls and ceiling are superb, and during the day the rooms are in a half-light, owing to the curtains covering every window.

MONTE CARLO.





MONTE CARLO.

Monaco is Monaco. The olive-trees are almost as beautiful as the orange and lemon-trees, and give a faint green tint all through the winter, while the curious shape of their branches will always arrest attention.



The Concert Hall is attached to and supported by the Casino. Concerts are given in the afternoon, and operas in the evening; Leon Jehin is directing the music this season. Concerts are free, but the charge for opera is high, and the quality of the performances moderate.

MONTE CARLO.



The Hotel de Paris is undoubtedly the best hotel in Monte Carlo. It is a very attractive to habitual players, but the shade is thrown on the long...





This photograph was taken from the Hotel de Ville, Monaco, and shows the town of Monaco and Monte Carlo, and the surrounding hills. The photograph was taken by the photographer, and is a very fine specimen of the art of photography.



MONTE CARLO.

This view is taken from the back of Monte Carlo. The Casino can be seen in the centre, with the gardens stretching back to the town. Monaco is on the right, while on the left the railroad runs by the sea in the direction of Mentone, Bordighera, and Ventimilla, the last two being on the Italian coast.

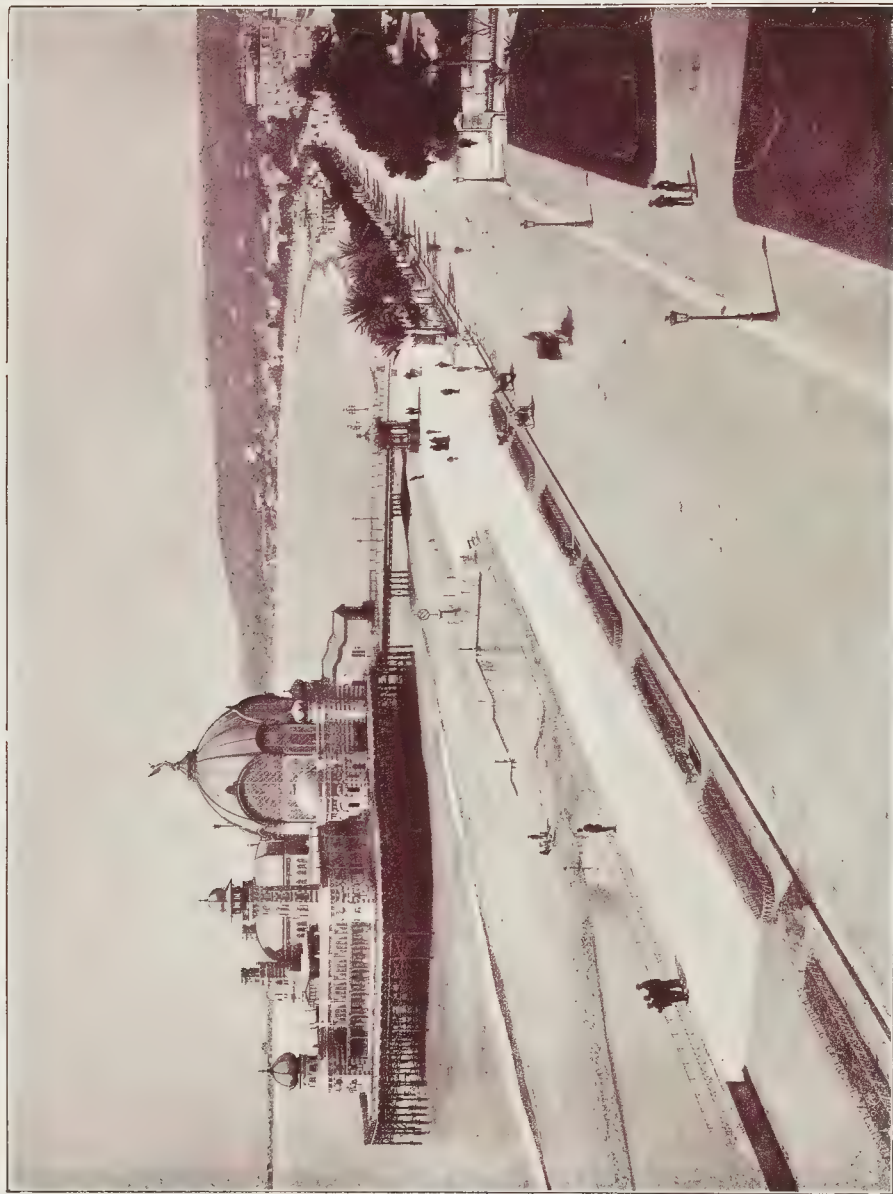




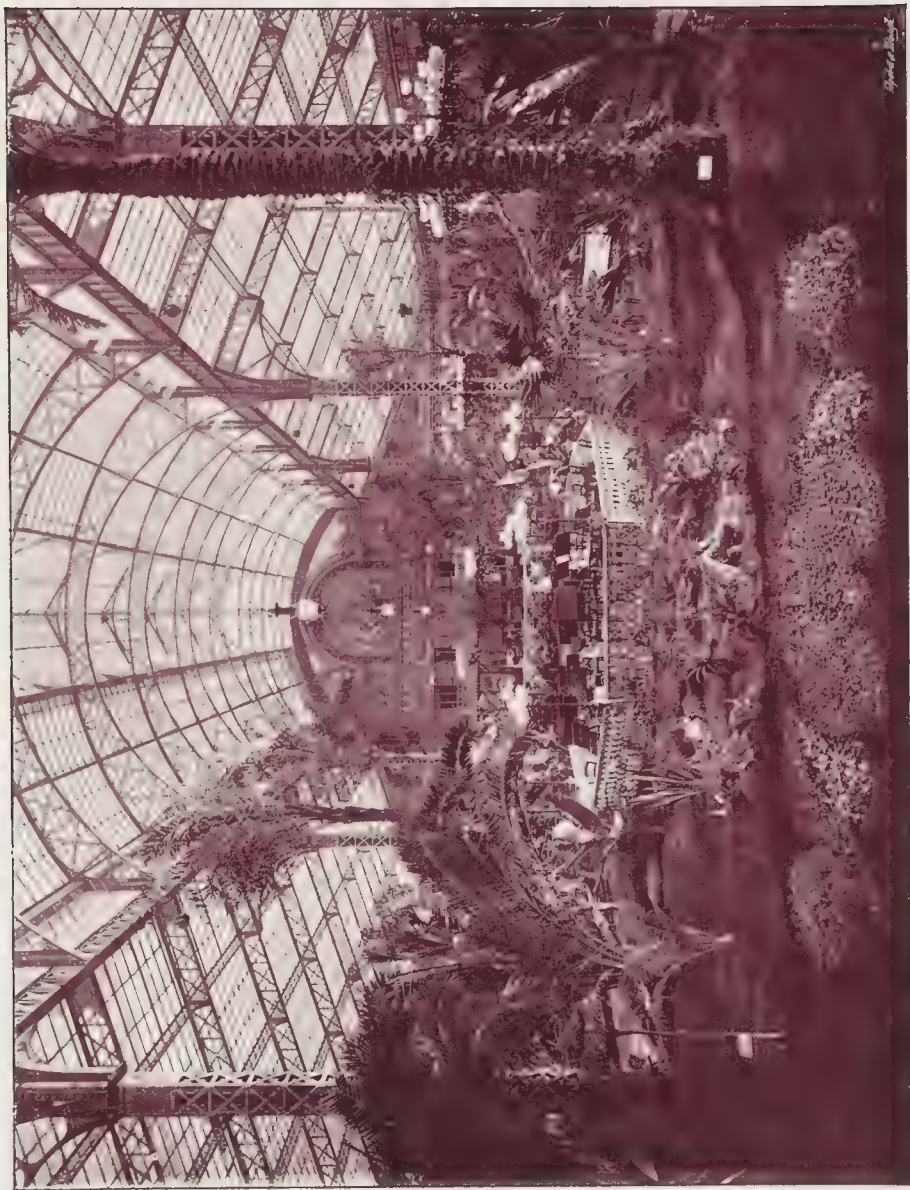
*A general view of Nice, showing the port, with yachts at anchor, and giving a glimpse of some of the more important buildings. The town wakes to life when racing commences, at the end of January, and after that time visitors flock in and prices run up until they are nearly as high as the surrounding mountains.*

NICE.





*The Promenade des Anglais is the Redden Row of Nice. In most parts of the Riviera, and certainly round Monte Carlo, the hills are fatal to good horses, but the wealth and fashion of Nice console themselves with this beautiful road, bordered by palms on either side, and lying within a few yards of the sea.*



A careful study of the photograph will give some faint idea of the beauties of this wonderful place. Little of space absolutely folded description, and the facilities at hand will be sure to one single point of view.





*This photograph depicts the  $P_1$  from the side opposite to Monte Carlo. In itself Monaco is rather ugly, but money is laid freely upon it, and the  $q$*





MONACO.

The Prince of Monaco enjoys a splendid revenue from the Casino, and lives in great style, despite the paucity of his army. The state rooms in the Palace are marvellously ornate, and may be seen by visitors without much trouble.



Looking down the valley from the summit of the mountain. The valley is filled with dense forest, and the mountains in the distance are visible. The photograph is a sepia-toned print, and the image is somewhat faded and blurry.

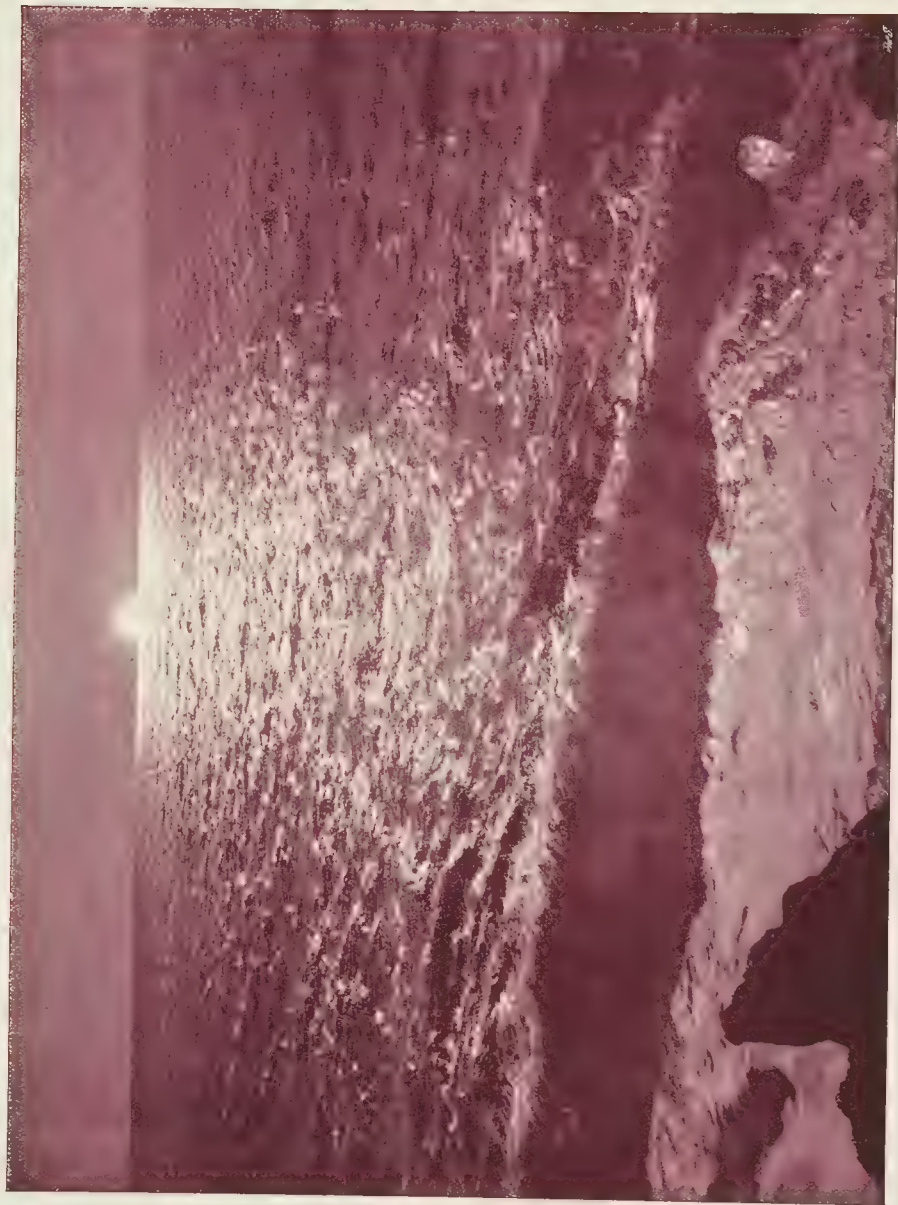




*The old town of Mentone is a dream of Italian beauty. The streets are white and narrow, roads winding and steep. Here and there are images of the Virgin set in the wall in convenient niches. Before these the devout may stop and pray. The inhabitants have most of the Italian characteristics, and a day may be profitably spent in wandering through Mentone's quaint old streets and by-ways.*

MENTONE.





THE MEDITERRANEAN.  
SUNRISE ON THE SEA.

The extreme beauty of sunrise and sunset is a marked feature of the Riviera. The effects of colour and light are enhanced by the exquisite blue of the water, and by the symmetrical reflection. Sunrise is for the man who gets up early, or does not go to bed, but sunsets are public property.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

# The Album

*A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.*

No. 4.

FEBRUARY 25, 1895.

SIXPENCE.

## The House of Lords.



*Photo by F. Friith, Reigate.*

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WATER.



## THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE Gilded Chamber of the Lords impresses the visitor with its solemnity. It is loftier than the Commons, though not loftier than the Commons was once upon a time, before modesty or acoustics compelled the Commons to put in a false ceiling. The Lords make no pretension to



modesty, and resent acoustics, so they retain their panelled ceiling and their frescoes, and conduct their confidential debates across the table without much caring where their voices go to. To onlookers there is a good deal of pantomime in the House of Lords. The movement is slower and more decorous than that of the Commons, and reminds one of a piano movement by an orchestra of cellos. No one ever asserts himself in the House of Lords, not even the Lord Chancellor, who, as Speaker, puts the question, but who never thinks of saying "Order, order." That is not his business; every peer reserves the right to keep his fellow peers in order, and none acknowledge a superior. The Lord Chancellor, sitting on the Woolsack, is a monument of traditions, anomalies, and allegories. He sits on a Woolsack, in illustration of what once was, and is still supposed to be, the staple product of our country; he has the Mace placed behind him, together with the great Seal, which he never loses sight of, except when he sleeps, and

then he is careful to lock his bedroom door; he is appointed by the Sovereign, and it is part of his office to be "Speaker for the Lords;" but, strangest of all, he need not be a peer, and when on the Woolsack, he is not in the House. Lord Campbell was Speaker of the Lords for some time before he was a peer, but he did not speak until he was so; and, to this day, when a Lord Chancellor addresses the peers, he advances three steps down the House, and leaves his seat vacant.

Like the House of Commons, the Lords have a Sergeant-at-Arms nominated by the Sovereign to wait upon it and do its bidding; but the Lords have another officer of quite a novel sort, not known in the Commons—the Usher of the Black Rod. It is he who commands the attendance of the Commons to the bar of the Lords, and he takes his name from the black rod with which he knocks at the door of the Commons. He or his deputy sit in a pew on the right of the bar, and his office is quite distinct from that of the Sergeant who looks after the Mace.

The magnificent canopy behind the Woolsack, enclosed by a brass railing, is the throne. The three gilded chairs, originally set there for the Queen, the Prince Consort and the Prince of Wales, are usually covered up, but they are always uncovered whenever a Royal Commission gives the Royal Assent to Bills that have passed both Houses. This is a great ceremonial. The Lord Chancellor and four other peers sit in a row on a form before the throne, dressed in their robes and wearing three-cornered hats. Their authority to act for the Sovereign, inscribed on large sheets of parchment, is handed in; and when the Speaker in his full-bottomed wig has been conducted to the bar by the Usher of the Black Rod, the pantomime begins. The Commission is first read and then the title of a Bill is read, upon which the Clerk of the Parliaments bows first to the Lords Commissioners and then to the Commons, and cries aloud in melancholy phrase, "*La Reine le veut*," and bows again all round as if he were worked by a spring. It is long since the clerk has cried, "*La Reine s'avisera*," which means that the Queen will think about it—a form of veto that cannot be complained of for want of politeness.

Among the many curious theories associated with the House of Lords, is the little-known fact that the Bishops sit as Barons and not as priests, on the ground that a bishopric is a barony; but it has become a custom that they may not sit without their robes, nor may they sit anywhere but on the first range of seats on the throne's right hand. The last created Bishop always acts as Chaplain of the House, and he does not sit in the House unless he should be of London, Durham, or Winchester. A newly created Archbishop also will always sit on appointment; but the Bishop of Sodor and Man never sits.

When Parliament is opened by the Sovereign in person, the scene is very fine. While during ordinary sittings any peer sits where he pleases—except in the case of the Bishops—on these days they are marshalled in order of precedence. They come in their robes and wearing their Orders. The peeresses, instead of taking their seats in the gallery that runs round the House, sit on the two or three back benches running down on either side of the House. The Sovereign enters by the Victoria Tower, and passes up the grand staircase and along the Royal Gallery, where the frescoes, by Maclise, of the Battle of Waterloo and the fall of Nelson, decorate the walls.





Photo by Elliott & Fry, Baker Street, W.

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF MORLEY, CHAIR-  
MAN OF COMMITTEES, AND DEPUTY SPEAKER OF  
THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

ago, he was educated at Eton and Balliol  
ing for six years a Lord-in-Waiting to the  
sioner of Works for a  
to the high Office he now holds. Thus his family motto has been  
verified: "Reward is sure to the faithful."



*Photo by F. Frith, Reigate.*

THE THRONE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.



Photo by Elliott & Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK,  
EARL MARSHAL AND HEREDITARY MARSHAL OF ENGLAND.



Photo by Watery, 164, Regent Street, W.

THE EARL OF ANCASTER,  
LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN.



Photo by Thos. Fall, 9, Baker Street, W.

ADMIRAL THE HON. SIR J. R. DRUMMOND,  
GENTLEMAN USHER OF THE BLACK ROD.



Photo by Army and Navy Auxiliary, Westminster.

CAPTAIN THOMAS D. BUTLER  
YEOMAN USHER.



# "LA REINE LE VEULT."

WE are all more or less familiar with the Executive machinery of the House of Commons, but hardly with that of the House of Lords. The reason is, of course, that the popular House is so much more, and so much more constantly, in the public eye. They only shine together on the comparatively rare occasions of Black Rod's quaint incursions upon Her Majesty's commoners. These are meant to bring the commoners across the lobby to the House of Lords, where the Clerk of Parliaments, who is appointed by the Crown and holds his office by patent, may be described as the hub of the Executive wheel. He is to the Lords what Sir Reginald Palgrave is to the Commons only with differences. For instance, if a point of order arises, there is no Speaker in the Lords to decide it by direct word as there is in the Commons; the House has to settle the matter for itself, and substantially it falls upon the Clerk of Parliaments to place at its disposal the material for such a decision.

In the older days, the Clerk of Parliaments had a trick of guarding himself from this or any other task by having a deputy, and constituting himself very much of a sinecure. He was generally an ecclesiastic and the Clerkship of the Parliaments was simply a "soft thing" in his eyes and meant by him from the first to be nothing else. In the time of George IV., however, an Act was passed, by which the deputyship business was done away with, and the Clerk of the Parliaments took the duties actively in hand himself. This left at the table in the House of Lords three officials—the Clerk of Parliaments—the Clerk-Assistant, and the Reading Clerk, and these are the three officials you will see if you peep in on the Lords one afternoon. The Clerk of Parliaments has the appointment of all the clerks engaged in the different departments into which the House of Lords is divided, for the purpose of coping with its work. These divisions are the Public Bill Department, the Private Bill Department, the Committee Department, and the Journal Department; and then there is the Judicial part of the House, as our final Court of Appeal. The position of Registrar of the Court of Appeal merges in the Clerkship of Parliaments, so it is to be feared the office would be rather a trying perquisite for any modern ecclesiastic.

But the Clerk of the Parliaments cuts a more arresting figure when the Royal Assent is being given to a batch of legislative measures. What happens on such an occasion

has often been told, but the "*La Reine le Veult*" may be carried somewhat further.

The Clerk of the Crown in Chancery, an official whose connection with the House of Lords is apparent only at times of the giving of the Royal Assent, reads out the names of the new measures one by one. "*La Reine le Veult*," responds the Clerk of the Parliaments to each, if the measure is an ordinary one, and straightway the Royal Assent has been given. But—and this is the carrying of the old Norman-French phrase further—there are two other word formats in the matter of the Royal Assent to measures. If the Bill is an estate or naturalisation one, what the Clerk of Parliaments says is, "*Soit fait comme il est désiré*." Should it be a money Bill and the House of Commons jealously tries to keep

sole authority over these—the form is longer. "*La Reine*," the Clerk of Parliaments, may be heard saying, "*Remerciez ses bons sujets, acceptez leur benevolence, et ainsi le veult*."

Some people may be surprised to know that all the endorsements on Bills going through Parliament are in Norman-French. We are very conservative in some things! When the House of Lords sends a Bill down to the Commons, it bears the endorsement, "*Soit baillé aux Communes*." Back it comes stamped, "*A ceste Bille les Communes sont assentus*," or "*A ceste Bille avecque des amendemens les Communes sont assentus*." Until ten years ago the journals of the House of Lords had a list of gentlemen who were to receive petitions that anybody might wish to present to the House, and they were designated in Norman-French. As this list was a perfectly useless survival, it has been dropped, and now the journals carry a page or so less of Norman-French. "What," somebody may ask, "becomes of an

Act—the document, that is to say—after it has received the Royal Assent?" There are two signed Bills, one being deposited in the Victoria Tower, and the other in the Rolls Offices. Supposing any question were to arise as to the terms or meaning of a measure, the reference would be to the Victoria Tower and the Rolls Offices.

While the Clerk of Parliaments represents the hub of the Executive wheel at the House of Lords, he does not stand for it all. The Lord Chancellor has a department, whose duties will be obvious, and the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod also has one, the duties of which need a word of explanation. Black Rod holds his appointment from the Crown, and in him is the authority over the doorkeepers and other servitors. If a member of the House of Commons



Photo by Dickson, New Bond Street, W.

MR. HENRY JOHN L. GRAHAM,  
CLERK OF THE PARLIAMENTS.

fell into a contempt towards that body he comes into the clutches of the Sergeant-at-Arms. Should a noble lord, however, contrive to incur such a displeasure at the hands of the House of Lords, Black Rod would take him in hand. In such an undertaking he would naturally call for the aid of his assistant—if that is the correct way of expressing the relationship—the Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod. Then there is the Sergeant-at-Arms, holding his appointment, like the other Sergeants at Arms, from the Crown, and finally, although not by any means the least important, the Lord

because when you get interesting information from an authoritative source, that is the best thing to do. But I should like, off my own bat, so to speak, to say a word or two about the men who occupy the positions dealt with. Mr. Henry J. L. Graham, the Clerk of Parliaments, is a Harrow boy, a Balliol man, and an old pupil of Dr. Jowett. He took a first in Moderations, a second in "Greats," went to the Bar, and joined the Northern Circuit. In 1874, Lord Cairns, then Lord Chancellor, appointed him his principal secretary; in 1874 he became a Master in Lunacy, and in



*Photo by F. Frith, Keigate.*

THE PEERS' LOBBY.

Great Chamberlain, who has control of the Palace of Westminster. This latter office is hereditary in the families of the Earl of Ancaster, who now holds it, and of Lord Cholmondeley, and is notable for that fact. To the Lord Great Chamberlain's department belongs the duty of seeing after all the buildings at Westminster, and when the session comes round, it technically hands the House of Commons and the House of Lords over for the use of our legislators.

Now, I have made this as plain a story as possible,

1885, he was appointed Clerk of Parliaments. The Hon. Edward Thesiger, C.B., Clerk Assistant, has for many years been an officer of the House, and the Hon. Slingsby Bethell, C.B., the Reading Clerk, has, as one would expect, a very fine voice. Admiral Sir James Drummond, K.C.B., is Black Rod; Colonel the Hon. Wellington Talbot is Sergeant-at-Arms, Captain Butler is Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod, and the Hon. William Carrington stands for the activities of the Lord Great Chamberlain. All these are names which speak for themselves.

J. M.

INFLUENTIAL MEMBERS O



*Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street.*

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G.



THE ALBUM, Feb. 25, 1895.—57.

OF THE HOUSE OF PEERS.



*Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street.*

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, K.G.



Photo by J. Smith, Regatta.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, FROM THE RIVER.



*Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.*

VISCOUNTESS HAMBLEDEN.

## PEERESSES IN THEIR OWN RIGHT.

MANY years ago, in his salad days, Sir George Trevelyan perpetrated a clever skit, entitled, "The Ladies in Parliament," but, if my memory serves me, he made no reference to the ladies who do really sit in Parliament. The advance guard of Progressive Women, whose motto, we are assured, so often is, "Forward, but not too fast," is assuredly the little group of Peeresses in their own right. They number only half-a-dozen, but one would suffice to give a romantic and picturesque touch to the sombre House which they adorn. First in age and popularity is the beloved Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who is nearing her eighty-first birthday. No recommendation to a peerage which Mr. Gladstone ever suggested to the Queen was probably so heartily endorsed by public enthusiasm as when Miss Angela Georgina Burdett-Coutts was created a Peeress of the United Kingdom in 1871. Her life has been spent in gracious well-doing, planned on a scale of systematic philanthropy, which has been beneficial to the poor and an example to the rich. The Baroness is the proud possessor of the freedom of the cities of London and Edinburgh, but I am sure she prizes quite as highly the "freedom" of the East End of London, and the welcome she is always sure to receive there. At Holly Lodge, her husband, Mr. W. L. A. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., cultivates his penchant for horses, in stables which are the admiration of every expert. The Baroness has done very much to revive the fishing industry in Ireland, and she constantly shows her interest in mechanics' institutes by liberal gifts of books.

The Right Hon. Baroness Berners, who succeeded her uncle, the sixth Baron, in 1871, is the widow of the late Sir

Henry Thomas Tyrwhitt, Bart. She is the daughter of the late Rev. Robert Wilson, rector of Ashwellthorpe, and has six sons and three daughters living. One of the latter is the Hon. Lady Knollys, having married Sir Francis Knollys, K.C.M.G., C.B., the valued Private Secretary to the Prince of Wales.

The Right Hon. Baroness Berkeley is the only child of the late Hon. Craven Fitzhardinge Berkeley. In 1882, on the death of the sixth Earl of Berkeley, the earldom devolved upon George Lennox Rawdon Berkeley, who became the seventh Earl, and the barony upon the present Baroness Berkeley. The title was confirmed to her and her heirs-general by Royal Warrant in 1893. The Baroness married, in 1872, Major-General G. H. L. Milman, R.A.

The fourth Peeress I have to mention is the Right Hon. Baroness Conyers, who is also the Countess of Yarborough. On the decease of the twelfth Baron Conyers, in 1888, the title remained in abeyance between his two daughters, till, in 1892, it was decided in favour of the present peeress, who married in 1886 the Earl of Yarborough.

It was a most graceful tribute on the part of the Queen to the esteem in which the late Right Hon. W. H. Smith was held by Sovereign and nation to create his widow a Peeress in her own right. Accordingly, in 1891, Mrs. W. H. Smith became Viscountess Hambleden. She was the daughter of the late Frederick D. Danvers, after whom her heir the Hon. W. F. D. Smith, M.P., is named.

Finally, there is the Right Hon. Baroness Macdonald, of Earnscliffe, who is like the Viscountess Hambleden in being the widow of a distinguished statesman. The Peerage was conferred upon her in 1891, after the death of the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, who was Prime Minister of Canada for many years.

D. W.



*Photo by Spink, 7, York, Western Road, Brighton.*

BARONESS BERKELEY.





Photo by J. H. H. H. H.

THE INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

## INSIDE THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE most ardent disestablisher of the Peers cannot deny to them the gift of decorative decorum. If there were no Upper Chamber, with the Runnymede barons ranged in effigy, with stately pillars and red benches, with side galleries in which peeresses may sit radiant and unabashed by the gaze of youthful lords, with quaint pieces of furniture like the Woolsack, and the mattresses in the centre of the floor for the comfort of belted earls who are weak in the back—if there were none of these things the Constitution would be a poor and unlovely thing. In the House of Commons there is nothing to please the eye. The benches are a dull green, the women are behind a lattice, and the side galleries are never occupied save by prosy members staring at their prosy colleagues down below. Then the Commons are prone to noise.

Some of their orators bellow and make inhuman gestures. In the Lords there is an unruffled calm. The Runnymede barons are not more subdued than their descendants, or such of these as find time to sit awhile on the red benches and listen to the Marquis of Salisbury trouncing the party opposite. Lord Rosebery once descanted with mournful humour on the sorry remnant of a party that sits behind him, but he did not point out that the smallness of its numbers makes a mighty agreeable display of colour on that side of the House. When the Tory benches are thronged, your eye is grateful for the lines of restful red over the way.

In the Commons order cannot be maintained except by rigid rules sternly administered by the Chair. In the Lords there are no rules, and the Lord Chancellor, though nominally Speaker, has no control over the members. He cannot invite them to speak or request them to sit down. If they were all to rise at once he would be perfectly helpless. It does sometimes happen that noble earls, whose hearing and vision are defective, may be seen addressing the House in happy unconsciousness of one another's existence. They are on their legs, leisurely fumbling with their notes and making profound, but inaudible, observations on the state of the country. When this occurs, the House simply waits for one of them to sit down, which he presently does, having satisfied himself, no doubt, that he has enlightened the Senate at a critical moment in the national policy. Very few voices in the Lords are known to rise above the aristocratic hum which does duty for eloquence. One of them is Lord Salisbury's, and to hear him is the

highest pleasure that the House affords. It is a pleasure of listening to a very able man with the keenest sense of literary form, who dominates the assembly by the force of individual will. Many of the "indiscretions" in which Lord Salisbury is supposed by his opponents to indulge, are due to his habit of speaking as if he were shouting in front of his own domestic fireside, liberating his mind without caring a rush for the consequences. The same freedom distinguishes Lord Rosebery. He is inspired by the atmosphere to say what he thinks. In the Commons there is a laborious diplomacy of phrases. A leader seems to be conscious that on the morrow his words will be twisted into a thousand meanings, and he often finds this multiplicity very serviceable. But the Lords are not so sensitive to public criticism, and very often do not even take the trouble to make themselves audible to the reporters.

They discuss the public business as if it came in their way, and not as if they had a task to perform and a public curiosity to satisfy. In a word, they are not in dread of constituents, and whatever may be thought of their independence in a political sense, it gives an air of breeding to their debates, the breeding of men who chance to fall into a conversation about politics for an hour or so before dinner.

This aspect of the Lords must be trying to the members of the other House who come up to listen sometimes to the eloquence of the Peerage. How irascible Irishmen restrain themselves from interjections is a mystery. It is, however, a point worthy to be considered by those who say the Celts have no self-control. Ministers stand mournfully on the steps of the Throne while their little Bills are summarily strangled by Lord Salisbury. It is not possible, to stand with dignity on the steps of the Throne, nor to lie down with

comfort. Leaning over the brass rail, the Commons look as if they were at a roll-call. There is no possible attraction for them here that is in the least becoming. They must be conscious that the peeresses are gazing down on them with disdain, as if to say, "If you were not quite incorrigible you would learn something from the example of your betters, who do not make 'scenes,' or even show any vulgar emotion." That is quite true. If a peer were moved to accuse himself in the Lords of having committed the most heinous crimes, the Lord Chancellor would sit unmoved on the Woolsack and the House would adjourn at the usual time for dinner. That is what moved Earl Grey to call a debate in the House "talking to dead men by candle-light."

L. F. A.



*Photo by S. A. Walker, 230, Regent Street, W.*

THE OLDEST PEER:  
THE BISHOP OF CHICHESTER  
AGED 92.

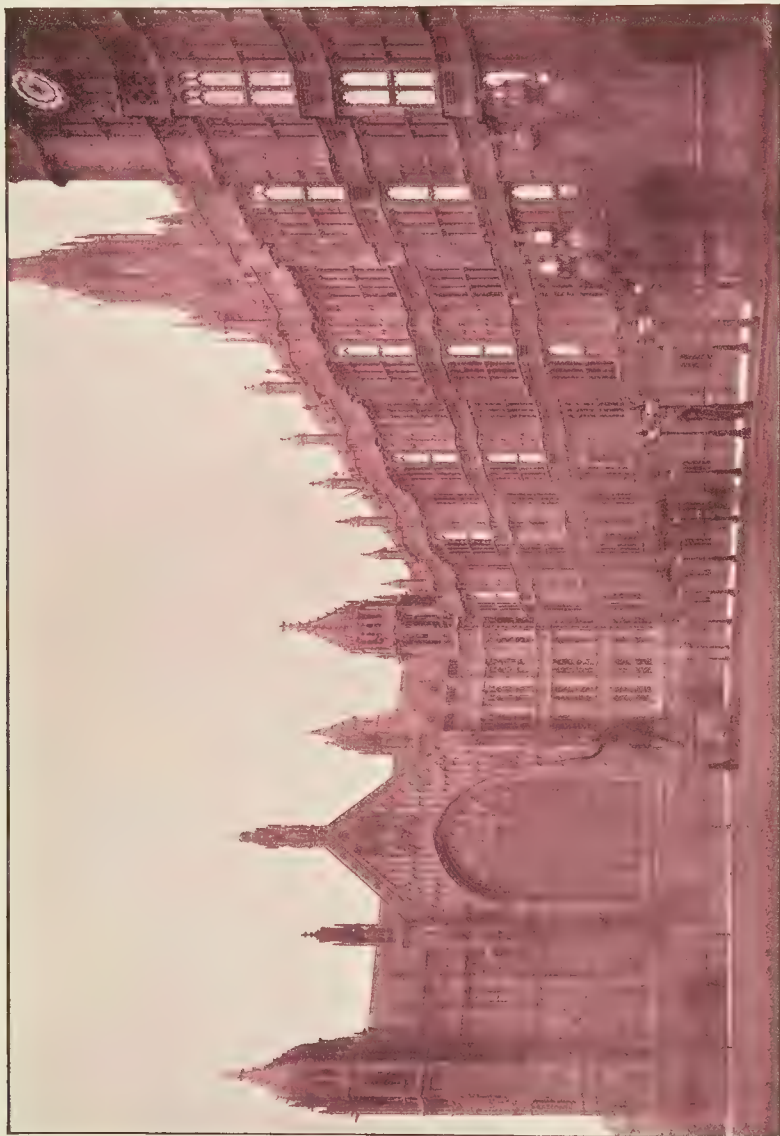


Photo by R. Frith, R. Gate

THE OLD PALACE OF WESTMINSTER.



## REPORTING THE LORDS.

SEEKING for somebody to tell me how the House of Lords is reported, I found my way to Mr. George Walpole, and I couldn't possibly have done better. He was the first reporter admitted to a seat on the floor of the House, being at that time the chief of the Hansard corps.

"Until the session of 1889," Mr. Walpole told me, "Hansard did not directly report the proceedings of the House of Lords at all—that is to say, no member of the staff went into the Lords. What was done was that Hansard collated from the newspapers the speeches delivered in the House of Lords, and printed them in the usual way, along with the proceedings of the House of Commons, after they had been revised by the speakers."

"Until, in 1889, Hansard got one seat in the Gallery of the Lords?"

"Yes; Hansard being under obligation to send the reports of the speeches to the speakers for revision. In correcting one of his speeches, the Earl of Mar inserted something he had not actually said in the House. The Marquis of Lothian called attention to the matter, and gave notice of a resolution that the publication of this part of the speech was a breach of the privileges of the House. In connection with the incident I wrote to Lord Lothian, saying that if we—Hansard, that is to say—were furnished with proper facilities, we would report the proceedings verbatim."

"A necessary facility, having regard to the difficulty of hearing in the Gallery, was that you should have a seat on the floor of the House?"



*Photo by Elliott & Fry, 55, Baker St., W.*

THE HON. SLINGSBY BETHELL, C.B.,  
READING CLERK AND CLERK OF OUT-DOOR COMMITTEES.



*Photo by Mayall & Co., 72, Piccadilly.*

LIEUT.-COL. HON. W. P. M. C. TALBOT,  
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

"Exactly, and we undertook, with the view of obviating movement, that one reporter should take the notes of the whole sitting, unless when it was unusually long. My letter was printed as a Parliamentary paper, and Lord Cadogan moved that the Black Rod's Committee should provide us with a seat on the floor. The motion was agreed to, and it is from this seat on the floor that the proceedings of the Lords are now reported 'by Hansard.'" In the Gallery it was, and is, exceedingly difficult to follow a speaker, and some are quite inaudible. You see, if they address the Lord Chancellor on the Woolsack they speak directly away from the Gallery, and to this obstacle has to be added the not very good acoustic properties of the Chamber."

"Then if a noble Lord wants to be reported by the newspaper men in the Gallery, he has simply to speak at them?"

"Substantially it is so; but Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery can be heard all over the House, and the Duke of Argyll is singularly clear. Perhaps you remember Lord Salisbury saying, in the debate about the reporting arrangements, that the Duke could be heard, not only in the Gallery, but at Westminster Bridge."

"How did you get along with the late Lord Denman's speeches?"

"Well, he was not at all easily reported, and he had a curious habit of jumping suddenly from one subject to another. When he came to look over his proofs he could remember every term of expression he had used—almost every word—for he had a remarkably tenacious memory. He took a great interest in his speeches as they were reported in Hansard, and one soon got to know the kindly nature which underlay his somewhat eccentric manner."

### MY LORDS AND DINNER.

THE Lords have a very handsome dining-room, although the occasions on which they have filled it at the dinner-hour have been rare. Adjoining it is a tea-room, where lunch as well as tea is served, and both rooms are furnished in oak. The chairs, in red leather, give a certain colour to the rooms, and the surroundings altogether might well enhance the most tired appetite.

One afternoon recently I found my way to the part of Westminster Palace where the refreshment department of the House of Lords has its habitation. My purpose was to have a chat with Mr. William Aggas, who has charge of the

"I am right, am I not, in understanding that there is no connection whatever between the dining arrangements of the two Houses?"

"You mean in supplies, servants, and so on, as well as management. Quite right, for the two are absolutely distinct. The busiest night I have ever seen here was the night of the division in the Lords on the Home Rule Bill. We were, naturally, prepared for a late sitting, but the demands made upon us were great. I have known various occasions when it looked pretty certain that the sitting would go over the dinner-hour. Then, at the last moment the House would get through its business just before dinner-time, and so nobody would require dinner."



Photo by F. Frith, Reigate.

### THE CRYPT OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

department, and man and boy has been connected with it for half a century.

"Yes," he said, "I have been here exactly fifty-two years, and during the past eighteen years I have been at the head of the refreshment department. A certain sum is allowed for it, and I am under the authority of the committee which makes all the other arrangements for the House."

"You have not, I think, a special Kitchen Committee, as they have at the House of Commons?"

"No; that would hardly be necessary, for our requirements in the matter of dining are, of course, ever so much less. Almost invariably the House of Lords is up before the dinner-hour arrives; but still, we have always to be prepared lest dinners should be required."

"Might I almost take it that the dining-room is rather an adjunct of the House of Lords than a stern necessity?"

"Oh, dear me, no, not by any means. One never knows when it may be very much needed, and then the tea-room is largely used for luncheons and teas. If you were to come here on an afternoon when the House is sitting, you would see the tea-room quite alive with members and peeresses having tea. I recollect Lord Beaconsfield dining here once or twice, and also Lord Salisbury. No, I don't recall that I have seen Lord Rosebery, but the Prince of Wales has lunched here fairly frequently during the sitting of the Royal Commission of which he is at present a member."

X.

## British Novelists of the Day.

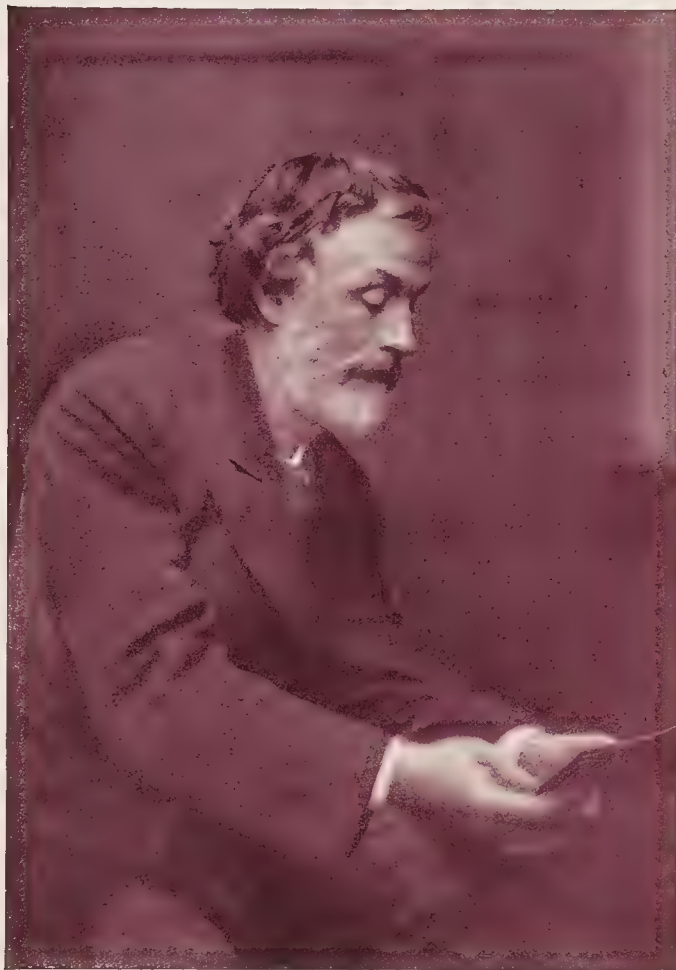


Photo by Hollyer, Pembroke Square.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH.

After studying for the law in England and Germany he embarked on a literary life in 1851 as the author of a volume of poems "The Shaving of Shagpat: An Arabian Entertainment," was his first prose work. This was followed by "Favina," "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "Evan Harrington," "Rhoda Fleming," "The Egoist," and other novels which already rank as English classics. "Lord Ormont and his Aminta" appeared in 1894, and his hitherto uncollected short stories have just been published under the title of the first, "The Tale of Chioe." He resides at Box Hill, in Surrey.





Photo by Barrand.

MR. JAMES PAYN

Went from Eton to Trinity College, Cambridge. Became editor of CHAMBERS' JOURNAL in 1838, having previously contributed to HOUSEHOLD WORDS. "A Family Scapegrace" and "Lost Sir Massingberd," his first two novels, achieved great success, and his many later ones have been widely popular. In 1852 he became editor of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE, which has given the world many of his amusing "Recollections." He contributes a weekly page of "Notes" on topics of the day to the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



Photo by Wheeler, Weymouth.

MR. THOMAS HARDY.

A native of Dorsetshire by birth and education, he was destined to be an architect. In 1871 his first novel, "Desperate Remedies" appeared, and in 1874 the publication of "Far from the Madding Crowd" placed him in the front rank of living novelists. This was followed by "Under the Greenwood Tree," "The Trumpet Major," "The Woodlanders," and other notable books. "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and "Life's Little Ironies" are his latest contributions to the history and topography of the country which he has immortalised as "Wessex."



Photo by Russell & Sons.

MR. S. R. CROCKETT.

Was born in New Galloway, and went to Edinburgh University. Became a minister at Penicuik, but has recently resigned his duties for the further pursuit of literature. His first book was a volume of verse, "Dulce Cor." "The Stickst Minister" brought him to the front in 1893, and his fine romance, "The Raiders," his short stories, and "The Lilac Sunbonnet" have won a wide popularity.





Photo by Russell & Sons.

MR. H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Went to Natal in 1873 as secretary to Sir Henry Bulwer, and with Colonel Brooke, in 1877, hoisted the English flag over the Transvaal. His first book, a political sketch called "Colony and his White Neighbours," appeared in 1882. Two early novels, "Dawn" and "The Witch's Head," have become popular since their author's reputation was made by "King Solomon's Mines" and "She." His many successful romances include "Jess," "Cleopatra," "Eric Brighteyes," and "Montezuma's Daughter." He is a barrister and a J.P., and lives at Ditchingham House, Norfolk.



Photo by Russell.

MR. GEORGE GISSING.

Evades the wiles of the biographer, preferring to be known by his books only. His early literary struggles gave him the groundwork for his novel, "New Grub Street." His work is that of a patient and faithful realist, and "Demos," "Thyrza," "The Emancipated," "The Odd Women," "Born in Exile," and "In the Year of Jubilee," occupy a place of their own in modern literature. His work has lately received a good deal of critical attention in France. His latest story, "Eve's Ransom," is the present serial in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



Photo by Russell.

MR. GRANT ALLEN.

Born in Canada, he graduated at Merton College, Oxford, in 1871, and won his first successes in literature as the author of various books on scientific subjects. He has been called "The St. Paul of the Darwinian Theory." In 1883 he tried his fortune as a novelist by the publication of "Strange Stories." Since then he has produced in rapid succession, "Philistia," "Babylon," "For Maimie's Sake," "In All Shades," "The Devil's Die," "At Market Value," and other popular works.



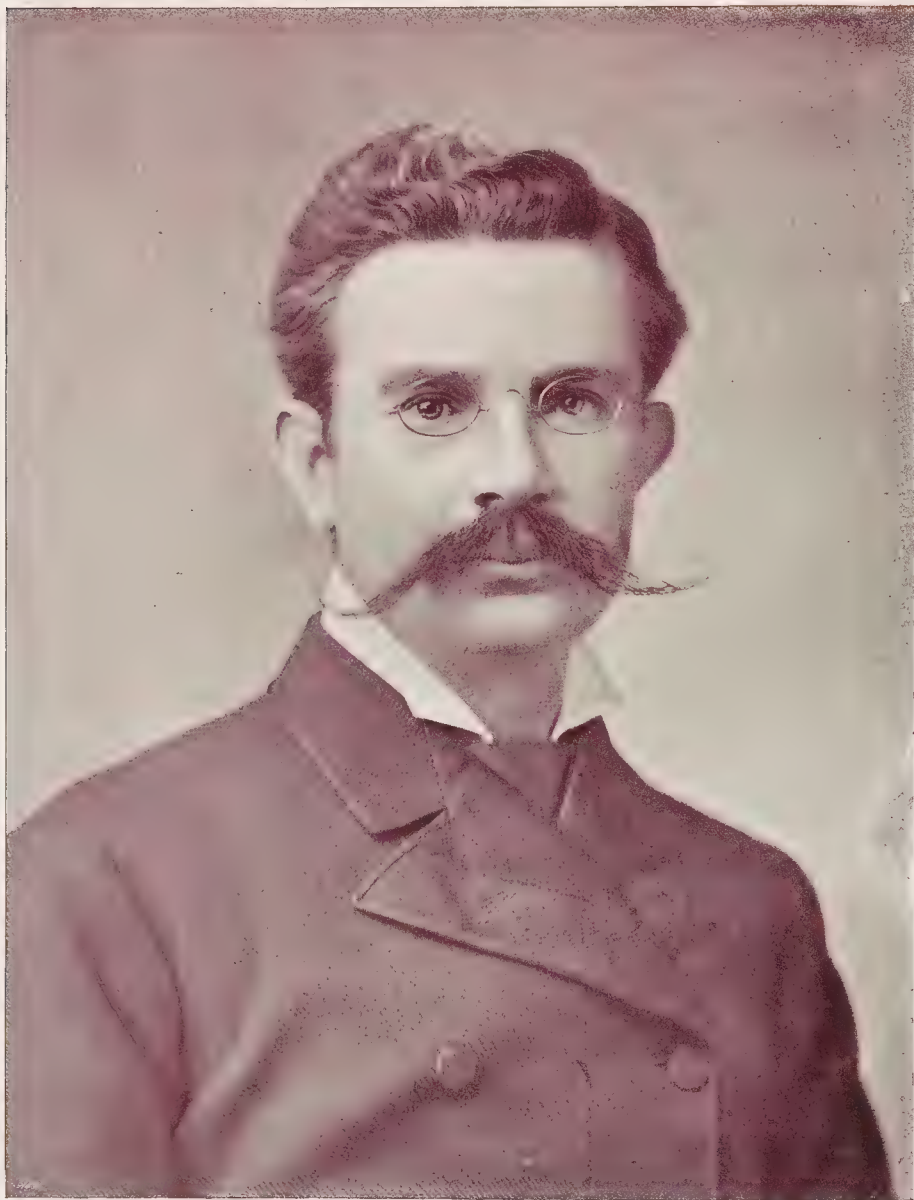


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

MR. WILLIAM BLACK.

Originally a journalist, he acted as special correspondent of the *MORNING STAR* during the Austro-Prussian War of 1866. His first novel, "Love or Marriage," was published in 1867, but his reputation dates from the appearance of "In Silk Attire," which has been followed by "Kilmory," "A Daughter of Heth," "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," "A Princess of Thule," "Sunrise," "White Heather," "Wolfenberg," "The Handsome Humes," "Highland Cousins," and other favourite stories. Mr. Black likes a Highland background for his plots. He was at one time assistant-editor of the *DAILY NEWS*.



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

DR. CONAN DOYLE.

Is a grandson of John Doyle, the caricaturist. He studied medicine at Edinburgh, and practised at Southsea. The success of "A Study in Scarlet," "Mycen Clarke," "The Sign of Four," "The White Company," and other stories, led him to devote himself entirely to literature. His more recent achievements include "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," "The Refugees," "Round the Red Lamp," and "The Parasite." In September, 1894, his one-act play, "A Story of Waterloo," was successfully produced by Mr. Irving at Bristol.



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

REV. SABINE BARING-GOULD.

Was born at Exeter, and took his degree from Clare College, Cambridge. In 1872 he succeeded to the family property at Lew Trenchard, Devon, and, nine years later, to the rectory of the same parish. Having contributed an extraordinarily large number of books to the literature of history, folk-lore, and theology, he has, during the last few years, won a place in the front rank of living novelists by many powerful studies of country life, replete with local colouring. "Mehalah," "John Herring," "Urith," "Cheap-Jack Zita," and "Kitty Alone" are among the most popular of these.





Photo by Russell & Sons.

MR. STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

A native of Shropshire, he passed from Shrewsbury School to Christ Church, Oxford. He practised as a barrister till 1889, when "The House of the Wolf" appeared. "The New Rector," his second novel, dealt with modern life, but in "The Story of Francis Cludde," he returned to the field of historical romances, in which "A Gentleman of France," "Under the Red Robe," and "My Lady Rotha" have established his reputation.



Photo by Russell & Sons.

MR. WALTER BESANT.

Born at Portsmouth, and educated at King's College, London, and Christ's, Cambridge. Became famous as part-author, with Mr. James Rice, of a series of popular novels, of which, perhaps, the most brilliant are "The Golden Butterfly," "Ready-Money Mortiboy," and "The Chaplain of the Fleet." More recently he has won a second reputation as sole author of many successful novels, including "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" (which originated the People's Palace in the East End), "Dorothy Forster," and his latest work, "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice."



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

DR. GEORGE MACDONALD.

Was born in Aberdeenshire in 1824, and educated at King's College and University, Aberdeen. Was an Independent minister for a time, but resigned his charge. Poetry was his earliest work, but he published his first novel, "David Elginbrod," in 1862. "Adela Cathcart," "Alec Forbes," "The Seaboard Parish," "Malcolm," "The Marquis of Lossie," and "Castle Warlock" are some of the most popular of his novels, many of which are powerful studies of Scottish life and character.





Photo by Elliott & Fry.

MR. J. M. BARRIE.

Born thirty-four years ago at Kirriemuir ("Thrums"), in Forfarshire. Graduated at Edinburgh University, wrote leaders on a Nottingham paper for eighteen months, and then became a London journalist. Published his first book, "Better Dead," in 1887, and has since become famous as the author of "Auld Licht Idylls," "When a Man's Single," "A Window in Thrums," "My Lady Nicotine," and "The Little Minister." Has also won success by his plays, "Walker, London," and "The Professor's Love Story."



Photo by Elliott & Fry

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

Was born in India, and educated in North Devon, at the United Services College. Returned to India as sub-editor of the LAHORE CIVIL AND MILITARY GAZETTE. Most of his early verses and stories appeared in Indian journals in the first instance, but his fame spread to England, and he was soon recognised as the laureate of Anglo-Indian life and Tommy Atkins. His "Departmental Ditties," "Plain Tales from the Hills," "The Light that Failed," "Life's Handicap," "Barrack-Room Ballads," and other sketches and stories, have given him a unique reputation.



Photo by Russell & Sons.

MR. J. ZANGWILL.

Began life as a teacher in a London School; then edited a now defunct humorous publication, *ARIEL*. Wrote, in collaboration, "*The Premier and the Painter*." Two of his books, "*Children of the Ghetto*" and "*Ghetto Tragedies*," have had a pronounced success. He writes a causerie in the *PALL MALL MAGAZINE* and the *NEW YORK CRITIC*. Has dramatic ambitions, which gave "*Six Persons*" to the Haymarket stage, on which he also appeared as actor in the copyright performance of Mr. Hall Caine's "*The Mahdi*."



# The Album

*A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.*

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 5.

MARCH 4, 1895.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post 6d.



*Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.*

YOUNG IRELAND.



### THE QUORN HUNT.

POPULAR the Quorn have always been. From time immemorial they have been associated in the minds of the populace as representing the highest possible combination of sport and fashion. Year after year, people have flocked to the little town of Melton for the purpose of hunting with the celebrated Quorn hounds. Since the Earl of Lonsdale took over the Mastership from Captain Warner, they have become more in favour than ever.

At the commencement of the season, it was reported that between seven and eight hundred hunters were domiciled in Melton and its immediate vicinity. Scarce a bed was to be obtained at the inns, and more than one disappointed Nimrod, who had neglected to secure quarters beforehand, found himself forced to seek accommodation in other less-fashionable centres.

Never, perhaps, have the Quorn attained to so high a pitch of brilliancy and perfection as under the present régime. Lord Lonsdale is a right good sportsman. As a rider across country, few can surpass him. His eye is quick, his nerve undeniable. Mounted on one of his favourite chestnuts, he gallantly shows the way on all occasions, and whenever an extra big fence is to be jumped, he is always equal to the emergency. His pluck, his tact, and courtesy in the field, have gained him golden opinions. Indeed his popularity is so great that now and again it must prove somewhat irksome.

The writer well recalls a certain run, when no fewer than four ladies—two of whom were well-known beauties, the other pair peeresses and leaders of Society, elected to constitute him their pilot, and followed him religiously. Unfortunately, amongst themselves, harmony did not reign. They bustled each other at gates, rode jealous, and galloped one another down at the fences. His lordship resembled a brilliant comet, with a tail. For a while he went on his way unconcerned. Then he happened to cast a nonchalant glance back, and perceiving the state of affairs, promptly set his horse's head at a ghastly bullfinch, as black as a wall.

There was a hunt ball that evening. The fair ones hesitated and thought of their complexions. They could not appear in the ball-room with long, red scratches disfiguring their beautiful cheeks. As if actuated by one accord, the quartette drew rein, and looked to the right and the left. The bullfinch was not a necessity, and they avoided it.

Meanwhile their leader chuckled softly to himself. A smile of satisfaction overspread his countenance. He had

succeeded in temporarily shaking off his train of rather embarrassing female admirers.

Nevertheless, do what he will, the noble Earl has the knack of gaining hearts. His popularity with the farmers is unbounded; neither is it undeserved, for he does everything in his power to study their interests. He spends money freely, and the general appointments of the Quorn Hunt are almost regal.

The men are splendidly mounted, and their well-fitting pink coats and snowy leathers proclaim the handiwork of a first-rate tailor.

A meet of the Quorn at one of their favourite fixtures is a sight worth seeing. The throng of pedestrians, the vehicles of all shapes and sizes, and the numbers of magnificently turned-out horsemen and women defy description. One would imagine so vast a host inimical to the interests of sport, but the noble Master possesses a perfect talent for managing big fields, and the multitude are as obedient to his word of command as a little child. Shortly before 12 o'clock hounds are put into covert, and then the fun of the day begins in earnest.

Soon a fox breaks, and over the wide-spreading pastures glide the pack, with some four or five hundred cavaliers thundering at their heels, and, if the truth must be told, pressing them sorely. From yonder knoll of rising ground the scene forms a wonderful panorama, with the numerous scarlet coats showing bright against the greensward, their brass buttons glistening in the wintry sunshine like so many miniature windows.

No wonder that foreigners crowd to Melton in their desire to obtain a glimpse of the world-renowned national pastime at its best. What other country save England can produce such a spectacle? The beautiful white and tan hounds, the hunt servants in their gorgeous liveries, and the tribe of brave men and fair women are a picture which photographs itself upon the mind. Austrians, Swedes, Poles, French, Italians—they are all represented, whilst that lithe, swarthy-complexioned young fellow pushing his way to the front is no less a personage than an Indian Maharajah. But at Melton people fraternize, no matter what their nationality. The love of sport brings them together and renders them comrades.

One thing is certain. As long as Lord Lonsdale retains the Mastership of the Quorn Hunt, their star will be increasingly in the ascendant. Given good sport, good society, hounds, master, and huntsman, and what can the most critical desire more?

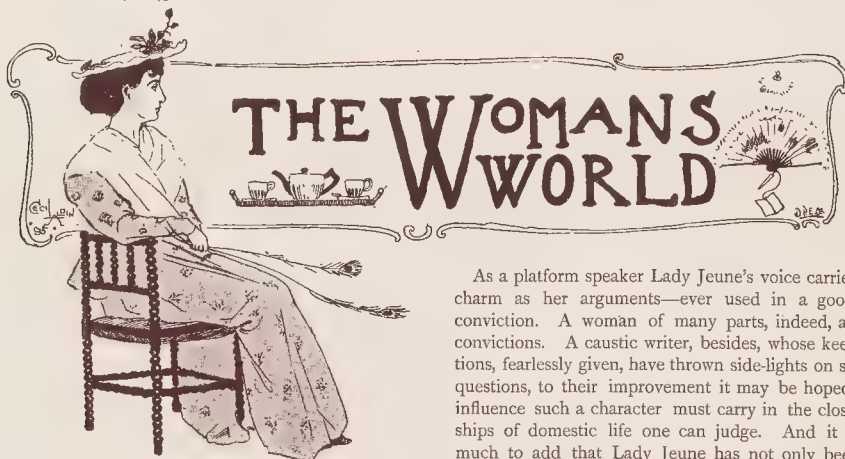
MARY E. KENNARD.



*Photo by Walery.*

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF LONSDALE,  
MASTER OF THE QUORN HUNT.





IN days like ours, when Society has become an octopus that absorbs every hour and embraces all classes and interests, when coteries and cliques are as many as backstairs in Mayfair, it is no slight distinction to have won the title of a representative English hostess. Anyone to whom our inner social life is well understood, will easily recognise Lady Jeune as one to whom that laurel wreath is indisputably due. The art of entertaining is inborn, not acquired, and its responsibilities, by which one woman is over-weighted, act on another as the curb to which she rises with all her best points in excellent evidence.

A well-known *on dit*, which Lady Jeune will surely forgive me for recalling, ascribes, indeed, to her resourceful personality, Mr. du Maurier's inspiration of inspirations, Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns—whose endless versatility as a drawing-room diplomat have long been an enduring joy in the pages of *Punch*. To Lady Jeune is particularly due a vigorous and successful effort at the revival—in its most artistic and intellectual form—of the Salon, and its long-gone glory. Our ordinary small coin of entertainment falls far below her ambitions in this respect, and a dinner or reception in Harley Street is something broader and better than a social *début* to self, or a matter of rivalry with lesser powers.

Both tact and personal charm have combined, therefore, to make Lady Jeune's hospitable house the acknowledged rendezvous of Society. A filter of such nice discretion, as it were, that all who pass through may be counted pure gold, or, at least, hall-marked, which comes to the same thing in *Le Monde*! So few women, moreover, have that eighth sense of social courage with which Lady Jeune is greatly endowed. To receive at the head of one's stairs Lord Salisbury, Prince Christian, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and an exalted foreign potentate within the same minute, requires a depth of feminine diplomacy to which few women are born; but Lady Jeune did her duty on this occasion with a grace and skill which one onlooker, at least, will not soon forget. Nor is it only to such matters of the moment that her claim to rank as one of our foremost women of the day entirely rests. For many years unostentatious, but widely-reaching and admirably organised, charities, owe their existence to her large and kindly heart.

As a platform speaker Lady Jeune's voice carries as much charm as her arguments—ever used in a good cause—conviction. A woman of many parts, indeed, and honest convictions. A caustic writer, besides, whose keen observations, fearlessly given, have thrown side-lights on some social questions, to their improvement it may be hoped. Of the influence such a character must carry in the close relationships of domestic life one can judge. And it is not too much to add that Lady Jeune has not only been a strong right hand, but a very ladder of ascent, to her distinguished husband, the very popular judge of—alack the day!—a very populous court.

Niagara, of all others, is the place to see smart frocks and folk at present, particularly on Sunday afternoons, when Society does the outside edge in the sacred seclusion of the club. There is a noticeable difference between the way our modish women dress here and at the Cercle des Patineurs, where they are very gorgeous as to blouse and bodice, but equally plain in the matter of skirts. Here we are inclined to a little over-elaboration, I think. Lady Dudley, Lady Lurgan, Mrs. Hwfa Williams, and Princess Pless, are amongst the discriminating, who adhere to the becoming cult of simply-made skirts, however. The box-pleated bodice, with paste or silver buttons down the front, has almost resolved itself into a uniform. Every other woman wore it at the skating in one colour or another on Sunday.

Girls who cling to the picture hat as if it were the one hope of their particular attractions, will regret to hear that its over-large loveliness is being deposed at millinery headquarters for fascinating effects in little. The picturesque young woman is a joy for ever, but the picture-hatted one a very mitigated delight, at the *matinée* or morning concert, for example. These agonies of interception are over now, however, for new Spring fashions promise small things in hats, and perform them very prettily. An eight-yard circumference is now actually law with Parisian skirts, and in many cases a steel is run round the hem. All of which seems to point at the bathos of crinoline. Still, one hopes—; but so also, no doubt, do the caricaturists.

It seems accepted nowadays that bridegrooms may be allowed a tentative interest in the bridesmaids, even to the extent of designing their gowns for the sacrificial occasion. Comte de Castillane, who is to marry the Transatlantic heiress, Miss Anna Gould, next month, has "composed" the vestal vestments in question. They are to be of white cloth with sable trimmings. Large black hats and muffs to match. The Comte is an authority on dress amongst other matters. Miss Anna Gould's regulation white satin is to be draped with a certain priceless and historical lace flounce—worth considerably more than its own size in bank notes. A flounce with a past, in fact.

VERA.



Photo by W. and D. Downey.

LADY JEUNE,



ANYBODY who supposes that dreams are foolish things, not to be discussed, nor even confessed, except by servant girls, must, I think, be first surprised and then fascinated by the gravity with which Mr. Frederick Greenwood has treated the subject. After reading *Imagination in Dreams*, no man need be ashamed to admit that his sleeping hours are full of visions, especially after a somewhat indigestible meal. The ordinary assumption of scientific persons that dreams result from physiological disturbance—in other words, that sensations which can be traced to Welsh rarebit are beneath the dignity of intellectual analysis, is laughed to scorn by Mr. Greenwood. When Ebenezer Scrooge first set eyes on Morley's ghost, he had a momentary suspicion that it was a clot of mustard. That was the natural impulse of scepticism, but it did not long survive the awful visitation.

Mr. Greenwood's argument, however, is that, as dyspepsia has just as much authority in our waking moments as when we are in dreamland, it is equally entitled to philosophical consideration in both cases. I am not sure that had Carlyle dreamed of Newman as a thinker with the brain of a rabbit, this very dyspeptic judgment would have ranked any higher than it does now. It is not easy to see what Mr. Greenwood gains by this moral equality of indigestion in sleep with indigestion when we are wide awake. Imagination is more powerfully stimulated in dreams than in our waking hours, but if the stimulus comes from cheese, how can I put my trust in its spiritual manifestations?

Mr. Greenwood, at all events, has implicit faith in his visions. He habitually sees strange and even horrible faces, symbolic of the passions—avarice, rapine, hate, and so forth. Is it possible that this habit is due to a certain rule of life, to the practice, for example, of contemplating for many years the turpitude of certain public men? When Mr. Greenwood beholds the apparition of rapine, let us say, does it bear any resemblance to the features of a celebrated Irish politician, now deceased? I ask this question in a purely philosophical spirit, because I know, by experience, how a particular frame of mind or temperament may set the scene and marshal the characters of one's dreams. The thought of physical torture has always had such a horror for me that often, when in the borderland of sleep, I can produce an actual sensation of suffering by letting my mind dwell intently on this idea. When I was a child, my imagination, stirred to activity on this line, gripped me in awful nightmares, in which the only consolation was that very often I was able to wake myself at the critical moment—on the edge of the abyss, on the flaming staircase, or in whatever predicament I was doomed to immediate death. This consciousness of dreaming was sometimes so acute that

I would say to myself, "I shall see this out, and if it gets unpleasant, I have only to rub my eyes and I shall wake at once."

Some readers may be scandalised by the aspersions which Mr. George Meredith casts upon the English race in "The Tale of Chloe, and Other Stories." Mr. Meredith has always girded at the Saxon, but never has he shown his animus so plainly as in a passage of the story called "The House on the Beach." He says the English have "recourse to the pun for fun, an exhibition of hundreds of bare legs for jollity, and sentimental wailing, all in the throat, for music." He says they are "experiments," "an artificially reared people," eager to mount to their social zenith from the shop. They are the "victims of a desperate energy," which, when it is "transferred to the moral sense, may clear them yet." What a blow to Authority, as it is understood in these islands! If the English reader can so far restrain his indignation as to proceed further with this volume, he will find some exquisite pathos in "Chloe," and in the other tales that vein of comedy of which Mr. Meredith is our only master. "The House on the Beach," which is the one story of the three I had not read, I have seen disparaged, yet it is full of delicious humour, much of it, I grieve to add, at the expense of English taste in days when cheap sherry was a fashionable liquor. In "The Case of General Ople and Lady Camper," the English are again trampled under foot, for Lady Camper is of Welsh blood, and the General is a wellmeaning, rather dunder-headed Saxon, who calls his house "a gentlemanly residence," and has a terrible time under the raking fire of the lady's Celtic wit. It is just the encounter that delights the heart of Mr. Grant Allen when he is in the mood for exalting the "Celtic fringe" above the "predominant partner."

But O Mr. Grant Allen, what malicious fate was it that prompted you to write *The Woman Who Did*, without a spark of humour? I have read this artless composition with sheer wonder. The thesis is that a woman, for the sake of feminine independence and her absolute equality with a man, enters into a free union with him, and not into the debasing bonds of wedlock. Yet the equality disappears, and she is in all respects as dependent upon him as if she had degraded herself by taking his name. But it was less an argument than a novel, an artistic product, that we expected from Mr. Grant Allen, and he has given us a crude pamphlet, a story in which the characters are mere puppets, bedizened with adjectives like the lords and ladies in a *Bow Bells Novelette*. I scarce know whether to laugh or weep.

L. F. AUSTIN.





*Photo by Russell and Sons.*

MR. FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

*When the Pall Mall Gazette was founded in 1865, Mr. Greenwood became its Editor, continuing in that position for fifteen years. In 1880 he was installed as Editor of the St. James's Gazette, a post he resigned in 1888. He has since been a busy and graceful essayist, constantly writing in the leading Reviews. Many of his articles have been exceptionally influential, notably those on the purchase of Suez Canal shares. Among his recent books are "The Lover's Lexicon" and an interesting analysis of dreams.*



# GOLF AT CANNES.

THE little god who rules the destinies of Golf ought to be a "braw laddie," costumed in a kilt, but at Cannes he is so young (having only started his pleasant game four years ago) that, with the snow-capped Esterels smiling on his playground, he should be represented as masquerading in Carnival dress, still in short frocks, with a baby domino, and with oranges for his golf balls.

His Club is a charming building, originally a farm house, built over and enlarged, prettily decorated, with a *salon* and cosy armchairs and chintz-covered walls. The President is the Grand Duke Michael, and the courteous Secretary Colonel Woodward. Since the snow has disappeared, and a turquoise sky and sea form a canopy and background for the orange trees, the whole town is *en fête* up at the links, and the golfers compete for the various prizes after a pleasant luncheon party at the club-house, honoured by the presence of H.R.H. The Duke of Cambridge. The links are at Napoule, a quaint straggling village, nestling in the shadow of the Esterel mountains, a mere twenty minutes by train from Cannes, and three-quarters-of-an-hour to drive. Some ladies often prefer to bicycle to the links, but to-day bicycles were conspicuous by their absence, perhaps because the royal guest has a great dislike of that pastime for women. Yesterday a smiling forenoon changed into a dismal shower of rain, and anxious golfers consulted their barometers and cast perturbed glances at a frowning sky, but the little god Golf looked after his subjects, and the morning which saw all the world on their road to Napoule woke with golden sunshine and a wonderful blue sky.

The greater part of the visitors drove to the links. Those who chose the train had a disagreeable walk across the damp grass. There is a terrible and snow-swollen ditch, with slippery mud-banks, to be crossed before the club-house is reached. Most of the ladies crossed with the assistance of their escorts, but two ladies who had come alone waited in despair on the brink of the abyss with its slippery sides and dirty water. Two Frenchmen glanced back, hesitated, and passed on, but an English youth, with a plump face, turned completely round, grinned widely, waited to see the ladies cross, and then as they passed on in search of a narrower jump, took his smile onwards and rejoined his friend. The writer of this letter pens it with feeling, and the reason is obvious. That ditch grew—it extended its sides, its water waxed deeper, and the club-house, with its welcome and its *déjeuner*, faded into the impossible distance. The ditch was conquered,

with wet feet and mud-covered boots, and the relief of Colonel Woodward's greeting, and well-arranged lunch, blotted it from remembrance; but the fat-faced English youth remained a ghost of chivalry and of the old times which made Britain famous, and he heard with surprise the apologies of a courteous little French Vicomte, who had intended to return to lead the way across the moat, and had been prevented.

The lunch was a great success. Next to the Duke of Cambridge sat Mrs. Vegner, with her pretty face and bright eyes glancing round at the assembled guests under a large hat boasting a magenta bow at the back. Near them was the General Vicomte de Bernis, and among the rest may be included Major Davidson, A.D.C., Sir F. and Lady Grenfell, Colonel and Mrs. Cragg, Mrs. Tennant, Lady Katherine Coke, Mrs. Charles Crutchley, and the Vicomte de Brimont. After lunch the whole party went out into the sunshine and watched some of the players drive off. There was a general expression of sympathy and regret for the President, the Grand Duke Michael, who lies ill of scarlet fever.

The prize-winners of the day earned handsome rewards. Mrs. Stubbs, who gained the Duke of Cambridge's prize, won a dainty watch set in diamonds and rubies, suspended from a love-knot encrusted with diamonds. The General Vicomte de Bernis, gave a curious electric bell, in antique silver setting, of which Mr. S. Thorne became the possessor. One of Sir John Burns' prizes fell to Miss Whigham and the other to Mr. W. N. Allen, and then all the world went homewards, and the sun set behind the Esterels. The drive was delicious, a soft breeze shook the palm trees, and the pale tinted sky was reflected in every pool of water under the dark fir trees, or on the yellow sands close to the sea. Far away towards the horizon was a large steam yacht, "The Roxana," the property of Lord Grey de Wilton, *en route* for Monte Carlo and Malta; and mimosa-decked Napoule and Bocca were left behind, with the recollection of a pleasant day, and the world at Cannes forgot the prizes, and the past excitement, in anticipation of the evening's ball.

The Annual Golf Ball took place at the Hotel Prince de Galles, and was a great success. There were 380 people present. The rooms were tastefully decorated with red and white flags; the very flowers carried out the colours of the club; and along the long avenue outside shone red and white lanterns against a background of dark trees. So the young god Golf finished his gala-day with a pleasant dance, and went homewards to the jingling of bells in the pale moonlight to sleep under the mimosa trees in the shadow of the Esterels.

CLARA SAVILE-CLARKE.



GOLFING AT CANNES.

THE GRAND DUKE AND DUCHESS MICHAEL  
OF RUSSIA.



GOLFING AT CANNES.

PRINCE OUROUSSOFF AND THE COUNTESS  
OF TORBY.





THE Mother City is endless, not only in streets but in moments of interest. She compensates for the weariness of the former by the freshness of the latter. Age cannot wither, custom cannot stale, her infinite variety, and he who threads her thoroughfares, be they road or rail, need never lack mental entertainment, for London yields it lavishly and yields it free. "The man that is tired of London," said Dr. Johnson, "is tired of existence."

Such tedium may always be averted. The dreariest 'bus-ride may be enlivened into what will remain long after as a pleasant memory, if one but remembers in time that the driver is, in nine cases of ten, gifted with a power of witty observation. This butt of humour may generally be tapped with a cigar; and once set flowing, the stream of talk runs on till the listener has reluctantly to part from the man whose conversation renders one oblivious to the enforced tardiness of the coaching.

One such Jehu, whom it was recently my good fortune to meet, condescended even to impart some points of family history, which betrayed him a believer in the moral power of fine art. "You see," he explained, "I've brought up thirteen children, guv'nor, an' not one on 'em's gone wrong." It was this way. The missus she come into a bit o' money and I sez, sez I, 'we'll buy one on 'em pianoforks, it'll keep the youngsters orf the street': an' so we did it. They all learned to play, an' it made their friends come in to see them. My second darter's a moosic-teacher now!"

He spoke with feeling and pride. Evidently his accomplished family consoled him for the usual woes of the 'bus-driver, which, however, my acquaintance faced with a genial grin. His even temper was surprising in a man whose home must have resounded to much "practising," but then his professional duty kept him far from the strumming crowd for a great part of the day.

But although man is doubtless mankind's proper study, the work of men's hands is not to be neglected. The buildings that use and wont have rendered perhaps tediously common-place, will often assume a new and entrancing dress under some trick of light or atmosphere. Under a misty moon Trafalgar Square divests itself of dusty familiarity, and becomes a strange and dreamy place. Dim and ghostly, the same, yet not the same, through the grey light loom the symbols of

art, reverence, hospitality and heroism, that, together with the ceaseless flow of comers and goers, combine to make the spot a veritable epitome of the national life.

Everywhere are transformation scenes, and just now they are very numerous, for the hand of King Frost has been busy working changes in the economy of the metropolis. Unwelcome changes, many of them are, except to the plumbers. One of that craft, I noticed, had entirely covered his sign with a huge poster bearing the legend—"Burst pipes promptly attended to." He deserves well of his fellow-citizens who can thus contentedly obliterate his own name in the interests of distressed householders. Cynics who may detect other motives are reminded that the labourer is worthy of his hire.

The river, too, has seen a strange transformation. Crossing London Bridge the other evening at dusk I noted, curiously, the altered look of the stream; where all used to be murky blackness was now a broken white, as the ice-floes moved up-stream. At the first glance the unexpected direction was almost bewildering, till one recollected that the tide was flowing. This floating ice has added another to the manifold sounds of London, for the moving masses sweep past the piers with a weird and intermittent "swish-swish!"

Severe as the frost has been, it has not permitted a repetition of the ice fair on the Thames, visited and described by Evelyn in 1684. But the Serpentine at night has much of the appearance of a fair, though actual buying and selling have no place there, and are, indeed, prohibited by the police, to the indignation of at least one would-be vendor of skates, whose eloquence I was privileged to listen to.

Hiring skates is, however, quite another matter; and when darkness comes down, the banks of the Serpentine are girdled with a ring of fire as each owner of a chair or so lights up his place of business. The ingenuity of these gentlemen in extemporising lamps is paralleled only by the assiduity with which they shout, "'Ave a pair on? they 'old firm," or "the old firm"—it is impossible to say which cry is the correct one.

The lamps in question are for the most part superannuated blacking bottles, filled with naphtha, or meat tins packed with oiled cotton-waste. They flare and sputter savagely, seeming to menace the dainty skirts of fair ones who consent to hire a chair. These blinking lights would, however, of themselves lend but little gaiety to the scene. The great centres of illumination are the huge, roaring flare-lights that appear at intervals along the bank, and the flying torches of a group of skaters. These last are, perhaps, the most effective, owing to the long moving patch of light they cast on the ice for a considerable distance around the party. It seemed a pity that nothing was attempted in the way of coloured lights, and fancy dress was at a discount, if we except one sorry Ethiopian minstrel, who aroused a somewhat satirical interest, and courted obscurity the moment his skates were on. The quiet was wonderful. Voices seemed strangely subdued, and only a dull murmur, mingled with the gride of skates, proclaimed the presence of the huge moving throng.

JOHN A' DREAMS.



Photo by York & Son.

BRIDGE, BROOKLYN





# GOLF.

IN the records of the Honourable Company of Golfers there is to be found some part of the history of an old gentleman with a venerable face and a classically bad hand-writing—"William St. Clair of Roslin, Esq.," to wit. I have always speculated upon the precise cause and circumstance which led to the shabby treatment that the linkmen of Leith meted out to this awe-inspiring personage. And awe-inspiring he is, as the most casual glance at his portrait, now being shown among the works of Scottish masters at the Grafton Galleries, will prove. Yet the golfers of Scotland were the very men to sell him from their walls, and allow him to come to the hammer with other goods and chattels which angry creditors demanded of them in the year 1831.

Taken altogether, posterity is not doing well by William St. Clair of Roslin, Esq. An inquiry at the Grafton elicits the response that the artist who painted the portrait is *unknown*. Scots wa' hae! Is not this the very picture which the Company of Gentlemen Golfers obtained when they resolved, on March 11th, 1771, "to have their present Captain's (William St. Clair) picture in full length in his golfing dress in their Large Room," and "requested him to sit for the same, which, he having agreed to, Sir George Chalmers is appointed to paint the same, which is to be done at the Golfers' expense as soon as conveniently the same can be done"? And is not this the identical work bought by the Royal Company of Archers when, owing to circumstances they could not control, the Leith men must sell it! It cannot be that William the Saint smiles down from two canvases in possession of the Archers! Why, then, is the artist unknown?

As a matter of fact "William St. Clair of Roslin, Esquire" was important enough in his own day to merit the notice even of Sir Walter, who thus describes him—"a man considerably above six feet, with dark grey locks, a form upright, but gracefully so, thin flanked and broad-shouldered, built it would seem for the business of war or the chase. His companion was dark and grizzled, and we as schoolboys who crowded to see him perform feats of strength and skill in the old Scottish games of Golf and Archery, used to think and say amongst ourselves the whole figure resembled the famous founder of the Douglas race pointed out, it is pretended, to the Scottish monarch on the conquered field of battle, as the man whose arm had achieved the victory by the expressive words, Sholto Dhuglas—"behold the dark-grey man."

Beyond his golfing honours, which he is reaping in the Grafton picture, William St. Clair was President of the Council of the Royal Company of Archers during the years 1768—1778. He was the first Grand Master of the Grand

Lodge of Scotland, the last who bore the office of Hereditary Grand Master of the Freemasons of Scotland. He was seventy-eight years old in the year 1778, when he died, and as the record goes "was buried among his mail-shrouded ancestors in Roslin Chapel. Requiescat."

The Grafton portrait, by the way, shows the venerable William in a very fine scarlet swallow-tail coat. If the craze for brass and red grows upon the youths, who can just manage a hundred and sixty, out and home, not counting strokes which the caddie does not see, we shall return to something of this sort before we get into calm waters again. During the great frost, I saw men even skating in scarlet. And as for pedal contrivances calculated to weather the mud of March, some of these are remarkable enough to share history with the "seven-league" boots. A man came up to a North-West Club the other day in a combination of leather and steel which a navy scarce could have struggled with. He had leather poultices upon his ankles, and he kept them there by stout steel bands. His soles were two inches thick; and obviously he wore two pairs of stockings. But no consideration of weather would lead him to hide his red-coat, and he burst the seams of it in an unsuccessful endeavour to wear it over two sweaters and a scarf.

I have often wondered if Mr. Horace Hutchinson is exact when he holds that October and November are the best months for golf. I admit to a sneaking love of short grass and bare ground; but after all a dry bracing morning late in March or early in April is not to be sniffed at. These are not days calling for any oath-moving struggle "wi' difficulties." You do not get up to your hips in the long grass while the boy whistles or looks things. And, all said and done, golf is not pat-ball, and a little spice of hard-going is a stimulant which even mediocrity may welcome.

By the way, talking of the oath-provoking power of the "Royal Game," I heard the very strangest reason possible advanced the other day for the pursuit of golf. It came from a merchant of substance, who was making his third attempt to get round in two hundred. On my expressing surprise at his venture, for he had neither the shape nor the spirit of a golfer, he said:—"Man, ye may know that I'm a Deacon and a very big swearer withal. If I can hold my tongue here, I'll find salvation." Half-an-hour after, I saw him looking for his ball in a horse-pond. Up to that time, at any rate, he was as far from salvation as ever. In fact, I should say that he had lost ground.

The Neasden Golfers announce a great ball for the Spring. There is hardly a prettier garden anywhere near town than that of their old Manor House. During the great frost the grounds were prettily illuminated nearly every night, and as the club's land extends to the banks of the Welsh Harp, its members had a great time. But what will all the Scots say to a ball?

MAX PEMBERTON.





*From the Picture in the Crafter Gallery.*

ST. CLAIR OF ROSLIN.



## TITIAN.

THE Venetian Exhibition at the New Gallery, amongst its many attractions, serves to give the student a very fair, although wholly imperfect, glimpse of Titian's art. It was so many-sided, and so masterful, that from his own easel he could furnish specimens for an art-display of which the least conspicuous quality would be monotony.

Born almost in the same year—1477—as his two great contemporaries, Giorgione and Palma Vecchio, Titian survived both by upwards of fifty years—and throughout the length of life which he enjoyed, he probably never spent a year in idleness, after he had first launched upon his way. He was born among those mountains—which in these days we call the Dolomites—which lie to the north of Venice, and the cottage in which he first saw the light is now the village inn at Cadore. The peaks of the Marmalato, the Antelao and Pelmo rise in jagged masses of rock and snow to heights varying from 9,000 to 11,000 feet. According to a local legend, young Titian showed his first disposition for art by painting with the juice of flowers, on the side of his father's house, a Madonna, which delighted as much as it surprised his family. At any rate, the boy was to be sent to Venice to learn a trade, but for how long he endured this servitude, or whether it ever really interfered with the pursuit of his ambition, it is impossible now to say. According to some accounts, after some accidents, Titian found his way to the studio of Gentile Bellini, who, disapproving of his pupil's rapid drawing, chilled his eagerness and caused him to look for encouragement from Giovanni Bellini, a more brilliant but less profound artist.

We know really very little about Titian's early career, but we find him influenced by many of his contemporaries, amongst whom the Bellinis and Giorgione were the foremost. It was not long before he got work in the City of Palaces and Churches. For Madonnas there was always a demand; but it seems that one of the earliest works claimed for Titian was a fresco of Hercules—no longer in existence—over the doorway of the Morosini Palace. The best and probably a genuine specimen of his early work is a small Madonna, now in the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna, of which a copy, by Teniers, exists at Windsor Castle. From this picture may be said to start a series of religious or ecclesiastical compositions, of which the "Man of Sorrows" and "Christ carrying His Cross," at the Scuola di San Rocco, at Venice; and the well-known "Sacred and Profane Love," at the Palazzo Borghese, at Rome, are the most admired.

The historical commencement of Titian's public career, however, dates from the rebuilding of the Fondaco de'Tedeschi—a "tavern" affected by the foreign or German merchants. The old building was burnt down in 1505, and orders were forthwith given to erect a new structure, which Giorgione, Titian, and Mortoda Feltre were commissioned to decorate.

The exquisite proportions of the Fondaco de'Tedeschi, now a public office on the Grand Canal, on the east of the Rialto, still remain, but the frescoes have been obliterated, and we only know of their beauty by repute. They prove, however, that Titian already stood high in public esteem, and from this time his fame and fortune suffered no eclipse. From Venice he went to Padua, and there decorated the Cornaro Palace, and adorned with frescoes the chambers of the Carmine in the Strada del Santo. After a short stay at Venice, during which he painted the St. Mark in the Salute Church, he was invited to Rome by the powerful Cardinal Bembo; but he declined, and was appointed to work at the Hall of the Grand Council in the Doge's Palace with Bellini and Carpaccio.

It is more easy to divide his work according to the class of subjects. Foremost among his religious pictures is the "Assumption of the Virgin," now in the Accademia at Venice, the "Entombment," at the Louvre, and the "Peter Martyr," unhappily destroyed by fire in 1866. In the domain of fable, his luxuriant imagination showed itself by such works as the "Bacchus and Ariadne" in our National Gallery, one of the four pictures painted in 1514 for Duke Alfonso, of Ferrara. Two of the others are at Madrid, and the fourth, the "Feast of the Gods," belongs to the Duke of Northumberland. Two other fine works of this class are in the Bridgewater Gallery, "Diana and Actæon," and "Diana and Calisto," painted when Titian was eighty-two years of age, and seldom surpassed in colour, composition, and distant landscape by any of his earlier works, the "Jupiter and Antiope," of the Louvre, alone excepted.

Single female figures were also favourite subjects with the great painter, either draped, as in the so-called Daughter of Titian—of which they are replicas or variations in the after galleries of Europe—or undraped, as in the Venus of the Uffizi. His portraits were innumerable. He had friends in all the chief cities of Northern Italy, and all by turns seemed to have been painted by him. Ariosto, the Doge Grimani, the D'Estas of Ferrara, the Gonzagas of Mantua, Aretino, Duke Sforza of Milan, Queen Christina of Denmark, and the two great rivals, Charles V. of Spain and Francis of France, all sat to him.

To see Titian to perfection, we must go to Madrid or to Venice, yet our own National Gallery is not without some splendid specimens; and in private galleries throughout the country are many genuine—and more doubtful—pictures which bear his name.

In 1576 the plague swept over the city of Venice, and out of 190,000 souls 50,000 fell victims. Titian, who, although ninety-nine years of age had never had a day's illness, awaited his fate, painting his "Christ of Pity," which he left unfinished. The law which forbade the burial of a victim of the plague within the city, was set aside in the case of its great son, who found a place of rest in the chapel "Del Crocifisso" of the Frari Church, and a stately monument marks the spot where Titian lies.



*Now being exhibited at the New Gallery, and reproduced by kind permission of Mrs. R. H. Benson.*

THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS,  
BY TITIAN.

*A favourite subject with Venetian painters of this period. This picture came to this country early in the present century, and was successively in the collection of Sir Richard Sullivan, of Thames Ditton, Mr. Munro, of Novar, and Mr. Cavendish Bentinck. A replica destroyed by fire a few years ago belonged to Lord Ashburton. It is painted on fine canvas similar to that of a picture with the same subject in the Doria Gallery at Rome.*





ARE we learning to be gay? It looks like it. Perhaps that is to be our great compensation for having been born into a world so old. For its farce-material the early theatre made its account out of mingled ferocity and beastliness. Aristophanic fun is cruelly grinning from ear to ear. The Mimes of Herondas—discovered in an Egyptian papyrus bought by the British Museum only the other day—reveal the humour of the Greek middle-classes some two thousand two hundred years ago. Its straightforward and tranquil immodesty makes one's blood run cold. The Romans had no sense of humour, as we understand it. They laughed immoderately at the Terentian Davus; we who saw him the other week at Westminster School were fain to weep. Medieval fooling consisted mainly in thwacking. The people of the Renaissance were too strenuous to be gay. Is not the Shakesperian fool a bye-word for tediousness? Go and see him revived, as Sir Dagonet, in the Lyceum *King Arthur*, and laugh, if you can. Molière, in his farces, was as cruel as Aristophanes. As for the Restoration fun—pray, have you ever read Congreve to the bitter end? Where was the gaiety in the theatre of the eighteenth century? At Venice, perhaps, with Carlo Gozzi and the *commedia dell' arte*, certainly not elsewhere. Over the early years of this century in England one passes with a shudder. Later on—somewhere in the sixties, probably—things were at their worst. Puns, jokes on English mispronunciation of foreign names, and Cockney bathos, were the staple material of our gaiety. Some dim vision of that awful time may still be had by a visit to *The Chieftain* at the Savoy. Gaiety first took a decided turn for the better, I think, with the Court farces of Mr. Pinero. Oh, no! I am not forgetting Mr. Gilbert. As a humourist, Mr. Gilbert has done much to rationalise and (though this is by the way) to purify the comic stage; with his logic run mad he has furnished a highly diverting kind of intellectual gymnastic, but he is never gay. Now Mr. Pinero's gallery of farce-figures—the magistrate in a pickle, the policeman with “a lot of nice new friends,” the Cabinet Minister tootling on the flute, the Jew in a kilt—is one of the gayest collections the stage can show. But something else was wanted for complete gaiety, a more thorough fantastication of life, the raising of absurdity to a higher power.

This something it was left for Mr. Oscar Wilde to supply. In his farce at the St. James's, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, Mr. Wilde has successfully eliminated all the seriousness from life, converting it into a joyous lunacy. His people are christened, woo, and wed, consult Bradshaw,

eat tea-cake, don mourning, for motives which are sheer nonsense. “I love nonsense,” says Algernon Moncrieffe, munching a cucumber-sandwich and pouring out a glass of sherry. To love it, with Algy's assistance, is a liberal education. Another Ernest—a very different Ernest from Mr. Wilde's, the late Ernest Renan—admitted that “perhaps the world is no very serious matter after all.” But real life, nevertheless, has its responsibilities, and the delight of Mr. Wilde's farce is that it shows us a number of people ostensibly engaged in the business of real life, yet behaving from first to last as if those responsibilities were non-existent. It is as though we had wandered into a world where the laws of nature, as we know them, were suspended; where matter did not attract matter inversely as the square of the distance, and where space had more than three dimensions. This is to take the sting out of life, to substitute the “joy of living” for the “will to live”; in a word, it is to be gay.

The one great necessity of existence openly or tacitly postulated by each of Mr. Wilde's characters is the necessity of gaiety. John Worthing recognises this necessity by the adoption of an *alias*; he is John in the country, with his ward and her governess, Miss Prism; he is Ernest when in town, a-courting the “smart” ladies of Mayfair. Algernon Moncrieffe's tribute to this great necessity is twofold; first, the persistent practice of what Fielding called “the art of polite eating”—when he is sad he “refuses everything except food and drink,” and he declines to be turned out of a country house until he has finished the muffins—and, second, the game of “Bunburying.” Another great factor in the resultant impression of gaiety, is that the personages are all adults, acting precisely like children. John and Algernon, grown men both, have an altercation over the tea-table as to which shall have the cake and which the bread-and-butter. They each arrange with the vicar to be christened, and anxiously enquire if the process will be disagreeable. Two ladies fall in love with an “Ernest,” on the strength of his name. On the recovery of a handbag after thirty years (during which period it has harboured a foundling, and gone through other surprising adventures), its owner seriously complains that “she has been much inconvenienced by the want of it.” But the nonsense of these people differs from children's nonsense just because they are not children; it is not something which they will grow out of, but something inherent, the very fibre of their beings, their settled view of the cosmos.

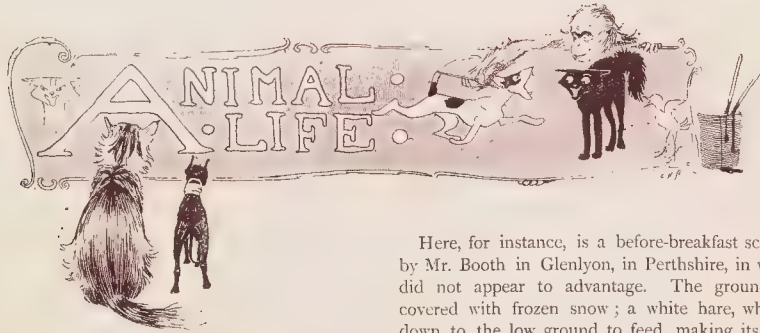
A. B. WALKLEY.



Photo by A. Ellis.

MISS WINIFRED EMERY.

*Is known in private life as the wife of the popular comedian Mr. Cyril Maude, and has endeared herself to playgoers by her many delightful impersonations, among which may be mentioned her Lydia Languish, Clarissa, and Ophelia. Since the autumn of 1893 she has been Mr. Comyns Carr's leading lady at the Comedy, winning fresh laurels in Sowing the Wind, Dick Sheridan, Frou-Frou, and The New Woman. To the joy of her admirers she is now recovering from a recent dangerous illness.*



EAGLES AT HOME.

THE Martial Hawk Eagle, whose portrait is here given, was, in the opinion of the keepers, the handsomest of the eagle kind ever seen at the Zoo. The "Hawk Eagles," of which it was an example, are mostly found in South Africa, and naturalists seem to agree in their estimate of the place they take in the scale of aquiline beauty, in which sentiment demands a kind of superb ferocity. It has been noted that their fierce appearance is heightened by the peculiar eye, which is very large, and, unlike the eye of the Golden Eagle, is a bright yellow with a very small black pupil. The Crested Hawk Eagle, and smaller Black Hawk Eagle, at present in the Zoo, belong to the same class; but neither are as fine specimens as the Martial Hawk Eagle, now unfortunately dead, whose whole bearing justified its name, derived from the God of War.

It is rather strange that, in spite of the sentiment and tradition which has always attached to eagles, very little was known with certainty of their habits, when wild, until the results were published of observations made by one or two careful naturalists, within the last few years, such as the late Mr. Booth and Mr. J. G. Millais. Most of the older descriptions of the eagle are a mere string of anecdotes, copied by one writer from another and mainly accounts of chance forage made by the birds and witnessed accidentally by the narrators. These were interesting enough; we never could see the difficulty of believing, for instance, the stories of eagles attempting to carry off babies left lying in the fields while their mothers were at work. But of the daily life of "Eagles at Home" there was scarcely any record. Even Charles St. John, who constantly saw them while shooting in Sutherland, does not seem to have made a special study of their habits, though his description of lying in wait for and shooting the Golden Eagles on the misty mountains at daybreak gives a vivid picture of the setting and surroundings of the eagle's breakfast table.

Apart from the rarity of the birds themselves, there is a special difficulty in observing the *vie intrine* of creatures like eagles. Most other birds can be seen and approached when feeding. But eagles seem usually to kill their prey at dawn, and then remain quiet and indolent for the rest of the day. From the spectacular point of view they are perfect. But if the "incidents" of eagle life are to be observed, their visitor must be up before sunrise and devote his time wholly to the task.

Here, for instance, is a before-breakfast scene, witnessed by Mr. Booth in Glenlyon, in Perthshire, in which an eagle did not appear to advantage. The ground was deeply covered with frozen snow; a white hare, which had been down to the low ground to feed, making its way back to the hill just as the early rays of the sun were touching the rocks, was intercepted by an eagle, in ground too rocky to make it possible to carry the hare off with the usual irresistible swoop. "The eagle," writes Mr. Booth, "was rising and settling on the large stones, hopping clumsily from rock to rock, occasionally fluttering upward and alighting with outstretched wings, and dislodging great flakes of frozen snow as he brushed against the sides of the stones." The eagle could not catch the hare, and the hare could not get to cover under the rock, being blocked out by the snow. Every time the eagle rose the hare dodged to rockier ground, and the latter was still uncaught when they both disappeared over the hill.

Perhaps the most interesting of Mr. Booth's notes was the discovery of a domestic side to the eagle's life, quite unconnected with the mere duties of rearing its family. On a steep hillside in the North Highlands were several spots haunted by eagles for rest and quiet during the day. These places had apparently been used for many years, and had been made cosy and comfortable by the birds. "The lower branches of the trees where they sat were entirely cut off by their beaks. They had, in fact, made a regular arbour to shelter themselves, removing all the boughs that interfered with their comfort, as neatly as if the work had been carried out by a woodman with his chopper." Nor is the eagle's nest always placed in such grim surroundings as tradition says. One was found "just above a sloping bank which was a perfect bed of primroses."

The glimpse of the softer side of eagle character, given by this discovery of their liking for a comfortable "sitting room," suggests that the "innate ferocity" of the eagle is only displayed when it is hungry, and that, like many other carnivorous creatures, it is quiet and good-tempered when not actually engaged in the chase. Mr. Phillips Wolley describes how a flock of starlings, which had constantly been chased by hawks and prevented from getting to roost in a reed-bed, actually sought the protection of an eagle "Chivied by the hawks, and fairly scared out of their wits, the little band of starlings swept round, and finally settled in a black thorn all round the mighty bird himself. To our astonishment he took no notice, never moving a feather; and there we left them, the hawks baffled and afraid to approach the starlings' sanctuary, and the weary birds too tired to try again for their reed-bed, and too scared to mind the monarch in their midst.

C. J. CORNISH.





Photo by Mr. Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S.

MARTIAL HAWK EAGLE.



## "A SLIGHT MISTAKE."

By MRS. PIERRE B. PATTISSON.

BALLYRAGGAGHT,  
January 18th, 18—.

MY DEAR ANSTRUTHER,

Here I am in the snuggest box imaginable, within easy reach of two packs of hounds. If you can get a few weeks' leave come down and I'll give you a mount.

Yours, THOMAS VILLIERS.

Captain Anstruther had no difficulty about obtaining the necessary leave, and he soon found himself bound for Ballyraggaght.

After what seemed to him an interminable time, the train entered a desolate little wayside station. Here lamps were put in and a man came round to collect the tickets.

"Ballyraggaght? It's the next station, sor," said this individual in answer to a question from Anstruther. The evening was closing in, a drizzling rain was falling, and that portion of the platform not under cover gleamed wet in the glimmer of the station lamps.

Anstruther, as he looked from the window, presently saw two horses being led into the station. Both animals looked as if they had gone through a hard day's work. They were followed by a lady and gentleman, who hurried along the platform in search of a carriage.

The guard opened the door of the one occupied by Anstruther, and the pair got in. Anstruther had rarely seen a prettier girl. Large, blue eyes lit up a delicate oval face, and her dark brown hair was partially concealed under a smart "bowler" hat. Her companion was a big, loose-looking man, whose once spotless tops were woefully splashed, while a big patch down one side of his coat suggested that he and mother earth had come in contact during some portion of the day's sport.

When the train rushed into Ballyraggaght station, in the bustle of collecting his belongings and greeting his friend, Anstruther lost sight of his travelling companions. But as he and Villiers left the station, a high dogcart passed them in which were seated the pair. The young lady bowed and Villiers raised his hat. Anstruther had no opportunity then of asking his friend who they were, and it was not until after dinner that Anstruther started the subject.

"Who was that young lady?" echoed Villiers. "Oh, she is a Miss FitzGerald, daughter of a Sir Desmond FitzGerald who lives about ten miles from here. He is a most hospitable old chap and has asked me to dinner several times."

"I hope he will ask you to dinner several times more now that I'm here," said Gerald, lighting a cigarette. "Who was the man with her?"

"A kind of connection. His name is Amyerst, and he is staying with them now. He has pots of money, I believe."

The conversation then drifted to other channels, and Anstruther heard no more of Miss FitzGerald, but he thought of her none the less.

It was the night of the Ballyraggaght Hunt Ball, and the town was *en fête*; the ball was in full swing. Countless couples were revolving over a superb floor. Miss FitzGerald, in palest pink, a band of pearls encircling her small head, was dancing with Lord Amyerst, and Anstruther's eyes followed them half jealously.

Just before the next dance he saw Villiers coming towards him, Miss FitzGerald leaning on his arm. Tom stopped.

"How are you getting on, Gerald?" he asked. Then he added to his companion: "Miss FitzGerald, may I introduce my friend, Captain Anstruther, to you?"

Anstruther bowed, and asked if he might have the pleasure of a dance.

She, smilingly, gave him the next but one, then moved away with Tom.

Anstruther was in a fever of impatience until his dance arrived, and he lost no time in claiming Miss FitzGerald. After that Gerald began to enjoy himself. He was introduced to more young women, with whom he danced, and even flirted, in a mild sort of way; but they seemed very commonplace to him after Miss FitzGerald. The rest of the evening sped all too quickly. But he had the supreme happiness of putting Miss FitzGerald into the carriage and being the last to bid her good-night; and he walked home, a cigar between his lips and his head in a whirl, while Villiers thirstily anticipated the whiskey and soda awaiting him.

The next morning, with its low-lying mists swathing the hollows and level ground, was the forerunner of an ideal hunting-day.

Anstruther's recollections of that day's sport were rather vague and ecstatic than otherwise. He remembered Miss FitzGerald welcoming him at the covert side with an enchanting smile. It was she who gave him a lead over the strange country, and he followed her unhesitatingly.

A week passed. One morning Villiers looked up from a note he had just received.

"Mrs. O'Connor wants us to dine to-night. Are you 'on?'"

"I suppose so," returned Anstruther. Yet he felt, on his return after a hard run, tired, chilly, and damp—for he had managed to get a douche in a brook—that it was an awful nuisance having to turn out to dinner, and he thought it a still greater bore when he found himself shaving, preparatory to donning evening raiment.

But all sense of boredom and physical exhaustion vanished when, later, he followed his friend into Mrs. O'Connor's lawning-room, and saw Miss FitzGerald seated by the fire and looking lovelier than ever.

She laughed in answer to his astonished look as he shook hands. "I came over to-day to stay for a few days," she said. "Mrs. O'Connor and I are old friends."

After that evening Gerald and Miss FitzGerald met



constantly. They generally rode together when out hunting, and it was always Gerald who jogged home by her side through the misty gloaming, their tired horses splashing through the puddles. He was absurdly happy during that short ten days. One afternoon, after a long and hard run, they were pacing home, Mrs. O'Connor, her husband, and Tom some distance ahead, and Gerald's heart beat quickly as he glanced at his companion's lovely face.

"It has been a delightful day," she said, breaking a pause. "I am very sorry my pleasant visit has come to a close."

"Come to a close!" echoed Gerald blankly.

"I go home to-morrow," she replied.

"So soon?" then, dropping his voice, he added, "Will you be very sorry to go—Norah?" And he leant forward in his saddle and tried to read her averted face. "Will you?" he repeated, softly.

"Yes," she whispered at last, in a voice that shook slightly.

For one instant his hand, in its thick dogskin glove, fell on hers and held it close. She did not withdraw hers, but let it rest trembling and fluttering in his. Hurried words rose to his lips, but he had not time to utter them. The trio in front had pulled up, and were waiting for them. Anstruther was very silent the rest of the way, and Tom chaffed him on his taciturnity.

One afternoon, a fortnight later, Anstruther was strolling up Ballyraggagh High Street. As he neared the Post-office, he started suddenly, and his heart commenced to beat quickly. Seated in a smart trap just outside the building, and evidently waiting for someone inside, was Miss FitzGerald.

Gerald hastened forward eagerly, his hand going to his hat, but to his unspeakable mortification and surprise, she looked coldly and blankly at him, then turned her eyes away again as if no such person as Gerald Anstruther existed. It was a dead cut and no mistake. Gerald coloured hotly to the roots of his hair, and turned away effronted and hurt, with a blank feeling of bewilderment. He told Villiers, on his return, about the incident, and asked him what he thought could be the meaning of it.

"It is very strange," said Tom. "You are sure you have given her no cause for offence?"

"On my honour, no," returned Anstruther. "On the contrary we—she was perfectly friendly with me before she left Mrs. O'Connor's."

"Tom could throw no light on the occurrence. Two days later Mr. Villiers received an invitation for himself and his friend to dine at the FitzGerald's, for one evening early in the following week.

"That does not look as if there was anything wrong," cried Tom. "I'm sure there is some mistake which only needs an explanation to clear up."

"I hope so," replied Gerald gloomily. "It's not a nice thing to be cut without any apparent cause."

The next morning found the friends jogging off to a distant meet. And as Gerald rode along he could not help feeling that sense of exhilaration which even the most love-lorn swain must feel course through his veins when going hunting. The air felt crisp, and a lingering suspicion of a frost had hardened the roads and dried up the manifold puddles.

Gerald had not expected to see Miss FitzGerald out, but as they were drawing the covert she rode up, accompanied by Amyerst. As she was passing close to him he raised his

hat, and she, after a slight start, acknowledged his salutation with a brief, almost distant, bow.

At the same instant a loud, ringing "Gone forrard, awa-ay!" was heard, and presently hounds and huntsmen flashed off in pursuit of the little red body that was stealing across country. Gerald rode recklessly, blindly, but some mysterious providence carried him safely over the most appalling places.

"There's no doubt she means it," he thought, as he crashed through a stiff hedge with a yawning ditch on the far side. "She was only amusing herself, of course. Wants me to see now she has had enough of the game and thinks I can be choked off with a cold stare and a distant bow."

Later on in the day, when he was ambling home through the mud and the dusk, he saw a couple riding slowly ahead, the girl's horse dead lame. He recognised Miss FitzGerald and Amyerst. As he slackened his pace in passing he heard Amyerst say—"You are not tired, are you, my darling?"

Poor Gerald! His brain reeled, and his blood felt on fire. So she was engaged to Amyerst!

The next few days seemed to Gerald as if a whole year of misery was crowded into them. And he dreaded the arrival of the evening when they had to dine at FitzGerald Park. But it came at length.

It was a miserable night, the rain pattering down from a black sky; the dim lamps of the car only serving to make the darkness more visible.

As Anstruther followed Villiers into the brilliantly-lighted drawing-room, he thought his eyesight must be playing him some trick when he saw two Miss FitzGerald's standing by the fire, one a fac-simile of the other. He looked as he felt, utterly bewildered. One of them stepped forward with a divine blush and smile and held out her hand.

"How do you do, Captain Anstruther?" she said. Then she added, "May I introduce you to my sister, Lady Amyerst? I don't think you have met her."

And Gerald, feeling he had been an awful fool, as he bowed, only then noticed the difference between the sisters. Lady Amyerst's eyes were brown, while Norah's were blue.

Gerald took Norah into dinner. All through the meal her eyes steadfastly refused to meet his, while she only answered him in monosyllables. But he did not feel disheartened.

Afterwards when the men came back to the drawing-room he asked Norah to show him the conservatory, which opened off the long room, and there amidst the tropical plants he poured out his love. Her answer must have been satisfactory, for he caught her in his arms and kissed her.

"I don't know how you never found it out," cried Norah at last. "For one thing though, Cora was laid up for some time with a bad cold and was not going out."

Then Gerald told her of the incident outside the Post-office, and his bitter pain and mortification that day.

"You foolish Gerald," she laughed softly; "if you had come inside you would have seen me; and what a lot of bother you would have been saved."

Over a last cigar and a soda that night he confided in Villiers, and asked him if he had known Miss FitzGerald had a twin-sister.

"To my cost I did," replied Tom comically, "And I determined to let you find it out for yourself. But you have been luckier than I. When I first came, and before I knew them, I used to see them about everywhere together, and I lost my heart hopelessly, irretrievably, old chap, but I fell in love with the married one!"





# THE CHILD OF ART.

THE rehabilitation of the child has been one of the conspicuous actions of the most modern art. It is not long since everyone who was ambitious to be in the van, found the Academy Baby the readiest thing to contemn. He was called the Academy Baby because some part of the line at Burlington House was devoted annually to the Baby's Levee—his first step, his dinner, his doctor, and the other incidents of his too intimate life. The body of people at that time, called the "British Public," were delighted; they clustered about these domestic incidents, and for this were chidden by the more considerable critics. The late Mr. Hamerton, for instance; he was at one time almost alone in his strenuous appeal to the nation on behalf of art. And he made a very good chapter on the tyranny of the nursery interest.

But the truth is that he was making precisely the same mistake as the fond public. He was, all unwittingly, putting subject in the place of achievement. The nursery pictures were bad enough, but they were bad because they were badly painted. "Art for Art's Sake," is not served by condemnations of any kind of subject. And yet it was on the ground of subject that the Royal Academy Baby was persecuted by the advanced. He and his round cheeks and his little socks were laughed to scorn, merely because the most ordinary painters of a not very distinguished school made a popular success of him. It is certain, now, that Mr. Hamerton, to whom the literature of art owes much, was angry with the motives when he should have been angry with the works. The Middle Victorian Painters were not wrong in painting their baby. They were wrong in painting him vulgarly.

Happily France came to the rescue. The feeling for childhood amongst the French is peculiarly real and fresh, and has never been cumbered with so much unlovely matter of the nursery world as with us. In fact, the nursery had not existed in France until, within the last ten years, Anglomania introduced it as a fashion for the smart. Thus little children had more equal and intimate associations—less of the household and more of the family. The all but ignominious ideas with which English caricature has invested the very name of Paterfamilias, have never been known either in France or in Italy.

From France came, then, the baby back, armed with art. The Romantic painters had been too much occupied with tragedy to have much time or attention for infants. But the Realist and the Impressionist Schools (and assuredly, all misunderstandings and exaggerations apart, there have been considerable movements bearing not inappropriately those names) knew well enough what was to their hands in the

round forms, the perfectly unexpected ways, the distinct and different proportions, the expression, of the child. Since a most modern and most admirable French master showed at Burlington House an interior with the incredible name of "Vaccination"—which took place now some few years ago—it became impossible to cast any more contempt at the Royal Academy Baby as subject. "Vaccination" was a divine study of light. You looked against a great open window; your own eyes and the most atmospheric space were filled with day. It absorbed the colours of the soft infantine hair—brown, flaxen and brown *cendré*—drowning, losing, silvering, until colour disappeared in tone. Place any child in a window seat, and you will see the charming tricks played by the light—the effacing touch on the hair, the slight shadow on the face. You will acknowledge that there is something as fine as form and as noble as colour—mere illumination. The painter of "Vaccination" gave no narrative expression to his children's heads, as it is to be feared an English painter might have rather cheaply done at that time; he gave them simply their own simplicity.

It was a good example, and a lesson. Our painters ceased to fear that once discredited subject. The eye of art began to find the suggestions of fine angular construction which lurk in the mere rounds of an infantine face. The new art of painting hair found exquisite exercise in the almost imponderable softness of a child's loose, short hair, with which the air is visibly mingled.

And really women had long defrauded artists of the chance of painting, or of seeing, the beauty of hair. Look at any picture of women and children from the decline of the great schools at the beginning of the century—say from the time of Sir Thomas Lawrence inclusive—and you will see that there was, for many a year, no natural hair to paint. The idea was that no hair should exist as a separate thing, a unit of a lovely multitude. Beauty was never allowed to draw us with a single hair. The single hair was suppressed. Hair was an adhering mass; it was to look as much like woven material—satin, for instance—as might be. There was to be no multitude in it at all. And for the dry living gloss of the tinted hair, there was produced a gloss of unguents, a glaze of an entirely different character and effect.

Modern art goes in search of the unforeseen; and there is nothing unforeseen except a child's action. Modern art lies in wait for *la vie surprise*; and there is nothing that must needs be watched for so absolutely as a child. Modern art believes in the beauty of experience; and there is nothing that so exactly experience as the child. He is the human document that makes fiction look dull.

Alice Meynell



*Photo by Basano.*

"I'VE READY, DADDY."



**T**ORQUAY, with the exception of its energetic rival, Bournemouth, is the most modern "watering place" on the south-west coast of England. We may look through the pages of Walpole, Mrs. Delany and Madame d'Arblay in vain to find the smallest allusion to a spot which, since the days of railways, has become one of the most frequented sea-side resorts. Torquay in by-gone times was never patronised by Royalty. George III. was devoted to Weymouth; and his son, both as Prince Regent and as George IV., was satisfied with Brighton. But if Torquay—of which the name even was not recognised till long after the beginning of this century—has no antiquity of its own, it has associations which compare with those of any other spot in England. It was in Torbay, with its ring of blue water encircled by the limestone cliffs of Hope's Nose and Berry Head, that Drake, Frobisher and Hawkins, all Devonshire men, lay in wait in July, 1588, for the coming of the Armada, and as soon as they had passed up the Channel, began that series of fights which was, with the help of the winds, to disperse the most powerful enemies of England. A hundred years later the Prince of Orange disembarked one November day on the desolate beach, now covered by Brixham Quay, and found refuge for the night in a miserable hut, where he passed the night, before pushing on to Exeter and London. For a hundred years and more Torbay slept on undisturbed except by occasional visits from our ships, which during the long war which lasted from 1792 to Waterloo, found there a safe anchorage, and a good point of observation when driven from their cruising ground in the Channel. It was in Torbay, too, that H. M. S. Bellerophon lay until Napoleon's fate was decided, and then set sail for St. Helena. It has been said that to these visits Torquay owes its first start. The officers recalled the sheltered spot with its fine trees and foliage, where the flowers of spring seemed to follow the flowers of autumn without apparent break. So it came that Tor-Moham, or Mohan, slowly crept into notice, and by degrees its delightful climate, its picturesque surroundings, and its romantic associations, became more and more known to the world. If the rising "Torquay," as it was now called, had any distinguished patronage, it was Russian, not English. For years several members of the Imperial family regularly passed the winter here; but the Crimean war put a stop to

these visits, and since then Livadia and the Riviera have become equally accessible rivals.

Torquay of to-day, beyond its climate and its evergreens, has little to distinguish it from other competitors for public favour. The harbour, which in the summer months is generally crowded with yachts of every size and rig, is practically in the centre of the town, with its tiers of houses and villas, rising up to the sky line, where the woods still hold their own against stone and stucco. To the west of the harbour are the Rock Walk; in the other direction is London Bridge, or Land's End, as a natural arch in the limestone headland is commonly called. Continuing a little further, past Meadfoot Sands are Daddy's Hole and Kent's Hole—the latter a storehouse of the remains of antediluvian animals, but the beauties of the stalactites, with which it was hung, have been rudely dealt with.

Beyond this, winding round the projecting Hope's Nose, or passing over it by a steep path, we find ourselves at Anstis' Cove, of which the ivy-covered rocks and tangled underwood rise immediately out of the bright blue sea. A turn in the coast line brings us to Babbacombe, differing in all respects from Anstis' Cove. The limestone buttresses of the latter are here replaced by cliffs of marble and dark red sandstone, of which the rich colour and brilliant contrasts are enhanced by the setting sun. In the same direction are the delightful coves and fantastic nooks known as Oddicombe, Watcombe and Maidencombe.

Striking inland from Babbacombe and rising higher above the bay is St. Marychurch, a suburb of Torquay, and scarcely separated from it, whence Chapel Hill or St. Michael's Mount can be reached. The old chapel, roofed with stone, has long outlived the splendour of Tor Abbey, to which it was originally attached, and now serves as a useful beacon to incoming fishermen.

To the west of Torquay there are still pleasant lanes which lead to quaint spots. Further on, in the same direction, is Compton Castle—of which the present building, now a farm-house, on the site of an older one, dates from the fifteenth century. It conveys a very striking instance of the fortified houses of the period in which it was built, whilst its still well-preserved pleasure gardens, with their yew-walks and formal borders, convey an excellent idea of the tastes of our remote ancestors. Every village church, too, along the coast bears the record of some name connected with the most stirring period of our national history. It was here that the Raleighs, the Gilberts, the Drakes, and other roving "sea-dogs," were cradled, and here many have found their rest.



Torquay and Neighbourhood.



COCKINGTON FORGE.

200 J. F. W. S. 1895. March 4, 1895. 2.

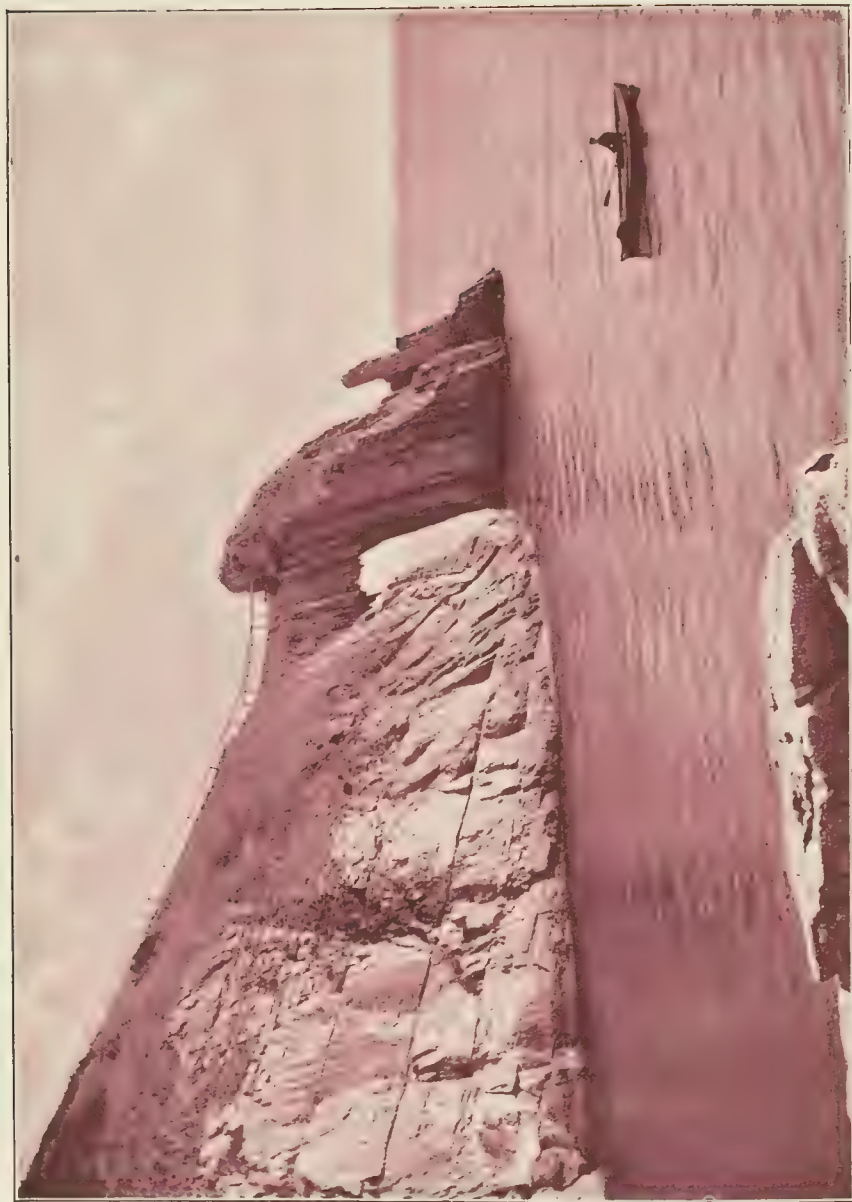


TORQUAY HARBOUR.



*VIEW FROM DADDY HOLE.*







OVERLOOKING THE HARBOUR.







TORQUAY BY MOONLIGHT



*ROCK WALK.*



BERRY POMEROY MILL.







L. L. H. S. B. M. H. N. O. L. E.



ANSTEY'S COVE.





ROCK WALK.



COMPTON CASTLE.



SCHOOL, COCKINGTON.





ST. MICHAEL'S CHAPEL

# The Album

*A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.*

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 6.

MARCH 11, 1895.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post 6d.



MISS BARRON, AFTERWARDS  
MRS. RAMSAY.

FROM THE PICTURE BY  
SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.



### THE ANGLER IN MARCH.

**S**TURDY March, as Spencer prettily termed it, first month of Spring though it be according to the calendar, is not the best of the twelve for the fisherman, whether it come in like lamb or lion.

By the general law of the land trout fishing is legal on the 2nd of February, but this is too soon, and on all the best trout rivers the opening day is fixed a couple of months later. On most Devonshire rivers, on a few in Wales, and elsewhere, the trout fishers go forth, when wind and weather permit, in the full-dyke month, and brag about a Candlemas basket of fish, as if they were journalists who had been first to bag a new interviewee. The trout, it may be unhesitatingly said, are never in condition in February.

In March, however, in the streams where the fish get comfortably over their spawning before Christmas-time, trouting is, in reasonable seasons, truly enjoyable. It is like your after-breakfast pipe, like your first kiss, like the young author's first proof sheet—a keen relish. All through the winter you have, at odd times, shut yourself up with rod rack and tackle cabinets, and lingered fondly over the handling of them, what time, no doubt, the wife of your bosom and the children of your hope were sweetly observing the Sunday calls of Advent, Epiphany, or what not.

But by about St. David's Day the angler's blood stirs feverishly, and the real enthusiast will seek his opportunity it be at all within measurable distance. Parliament may be wrangling down at Westminster, the Season may be waking up the West End, but Piscator thinks of his March Brown or Blue Upright, and will tempt the fortunes of the stream even "before the swallow dares."

A consideration of angling in March invites at the very outset a review of the diverse classes who claim loyalty to this delightful sport. March is the trouting men's month to a peculiar degree, but they must not be supposed to have it all their own way. The hardy salmon fishers have been free to fish for a month, more or less, in Scotland or Ireland, and even in this exceptional winter not without success. The more northern rivers, like Thurso and Helmsdale, have been sealed, and there are many tenants of the spring fishings who will once more have to write off their outlay as a loss. Now and then the March salmon-fishing is excellent, but of late years has been disappointing, though the blanks will be occasionally broken by briefly bright records on Eden, Shannon, Galway, Dee, Spey and the Irish Blackwater,

Another sect of the church of anglers go into enforced retreat on the 15th March. These are the "masses," the bottom fishers as they are called, with an obvious injustice to the gentlemen whose winter fishing consists entirely of spinning for pike. The Fresh-water Fisheries, otherwise the Mundella, Acts were passed to meet the conflicting wishes of those who agitated for reform, and in the main the legislation has been highly beneficial to both fish and fishermen.

Pike are the most hardly dealt by, since, by the middle of March, they are either spawning or too gravid to justify killing. As, however, the fish at that critical and trying period require an extra amount of sustenance, they are recklessly ravenous, and the temptation to take advantage of their humour is too strong for the pot-hunter. Roach, chub and perch fishing also continues to the legal close of the open season.

But I must conclude, as I began, with the trout, as the game *par excellence* for March. Yet even here we have sub-sects of fishermen, the dry-fly, the wet-fly, and the Thames being distinct schools. The first, who are worshippers of the choicest chalk streams, would probably rob a church rather than wet a line before April; the third are not allowed to take possession of the weir heads and work their spinning flights, or live bleak, till All Fools' Day.

The anglers who follow the old-fashioned practice of wandering along the stream with two or three flies on a cast are, therefore, those who have the most reason to welcome March, and as the days lengthen they, with the brisker sporting of the trout, have the privilege of observing the multiplication of heralds of approaching summer. Doubtless, as some critics are ever fond of saying, there are some who care only for hauling out fish, and have no eye to these signs and tokens.

With the majority it is otherwise. The salmon man, up in Caithness, has not the opportunity with the more slowly-dying winter; the occupant of the punt on the Thames has little beyond the warm colour stealing into the ozier beds to attract his thoughts to Nature. Our trout fisher in the Devonshire, Yorkshire, or Derbyshire valleys is better placed, and will tell you of golden daffodils in the hollows, pale yellow coltsfoot clumps on the ground, pretty blossoms on willow or alder, the starry celandine open to the sun on warm banks, the leafing of honeysuckle, elder, and wild rose, the frail anemone in the wood, the boldly splendid marsh marigold in the water-mead trenches, buttercups and daisies, and the appearance in orthodox succession of the bird migrants to resume acquaintance with our native song-birds in their happiest days.

RED SPINNER.





*Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.*

BAITING THE HOOK.



WHY do the heathen so furiously rage over *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* now that the play has been printed and published? The insolent rancour with which its claims have been challenged is, to borrow the cant phrasing of the challengers themselves, clamant; there is a reason for that, which I think I know, but, as Herodotus says, will not tell. What I cannot account for is the crass unintelligence of the attack. The play, forsooth, is only to be judged as "literature" (blessed word!) now that it is in print; as though there were some magic virtue in typographic symbols; as though that sub-division of literature which we call drama could be properly considered without reference to the conditions of the very object with which it is written! The text of a play is no more the play than a score is music. But upon the text these people have fastened, and have shrieked that it is *not* "the greatest play of the century." It seems some other fatuous person had declared that it was. Which imbecility is the more egregious, to make this statement or to be at the pains to deny it? It is a nice question; meanwhile you are invited to observe that the play has no motive, no characterisation, no style.

To begin with the motive; that, it appears, is only the stale old business of the woman with a past. On this it seems pertinent to remark that the only interest accruing to the play from Paula's past is the influence which it exerts on her present and her future. What is Paula doing now, and what is she going to do next? These are the questions the play answers; and the fact that the answer is shown to depend upon what Paula did before the curtain went up is the point of the play—its real virtue. Sneers at the theme of woman's "past" are extremely inexpensive. The theme has been overdone—it has become a bore. It has been spoiled by inferior hands—as in *John-a-Dreams*. But of course, Mr. Pinero's real theme is a wider one than our critic supposes. It is the theme virtually of all George Eliot's novels, and of the best of Emile Zola's; the theme that character is continuous; that yesterday conditions to-day and to-morrow, that in this world everything has to be paid for. The lines which Mr. Pinero prefixed to *The Profligate*—

"It is a good and soothfast saw,  
Half-roasted never will be raw:  
No dough is dried once more to meal,  
No crock new-shapen by the wheel;  
And having tasted stolen honey  
You can't buy innocence for money!"—

summarise the matter. There you have the motive of *Mrs. Tanqueray*; and as it happens to be the greatest lesson we learn from life, it also happens to be the most profound, the most significant, the most interesting motive a dramatist can choose for a play.

As for the characterisation, let it be granted that Aubrey

Tanqueray is rather a nebulous hypothesis than a man, that Ellean and her young captain are wooden, and that the Orreyeds are creatures of farce. (Aubrey is, I think, the one real failure; I try to account for him to myself as a monomaniac in what M. Bourget somewhere calls "Redemptorism," but this is mere conjecture.) But Paula is a character—live, complex, overwhelmingly true; and she makes the play. This is the one English play that, so far, has given us an accurate study of the *névrosé*. You don't like the type? You have been reading Max Nordau's "Degeneration"? You are tired of "nerves," and pant for the "womanly woman"? By all means; but to dislike a character is one thing, to deny that it has been drawn is another.

Finally, then, there is the reproach of "no style." Here we must distinguish a little. Language is the vesture of thought, and as such must be appropriate, not only to the thought itself, but (this is the important point in drama) to the person who gives the thought utterance. It may also be an end in itself, a means of æsthetic pleasure by its choiceness, melody, and rhythm. This second element of style—the most important of all elements when, as on the Elizabethan and Caroline stage, drama was still a rhetorical art—is in the modern theatre rarely possible. For it is a revelation of the dramatist's personality, that is, a subjective affair out of place in what now-a-days aims at close imitation of life. Of style in this sense our later stage offers, I think, only two capital examples—*Beau Austin* and *Guy Domville*. From the one take this:—

"The attentions of a gentleman like Mr. Austin, child, are not supposed to lead to matrimony. He is a feature of society; an ornament; a personage; a private gentleman by birth, but a kind of king by habit and reputation. . . . George Austin, as I conceive him, and as he is regarded by the world, is one of the triumphs of the other sex. I walked my first minuet with him; I wouldn't tell you the year, child, for worlds; but it was soon after his famous encounter with Colonel Villiers. He had killed his man, he wore pink and silver, was most elegantly pale, and the most ravishing creature!"

From the other, this:—

"This old White Parlour has the friendly face to me! I've seen it, since we parted, in visions—I've missed it in grander places. Its panelled walls close me in; the tick of the clock seems to greet me. It's full of faint echoes, and of lost things found again. We sat here o' winter nights."

Mr. Pinero cannot give you effects like those. But what he can give you is the talk of real life, speeches natural to each character and only to that character. In short, he does what Swift proposed to himself in his "Polite Conversation,"—"made every character in the dialogue agreeable with itself, to a degree that, whenever any judicious person shall read my book aloud, he need not so much as name the particular speaker." Try this experiment of reading *Mrs. Tanqueray* aloud—and you will laugh at the cry of "no style."

A. B. WALKLEY.

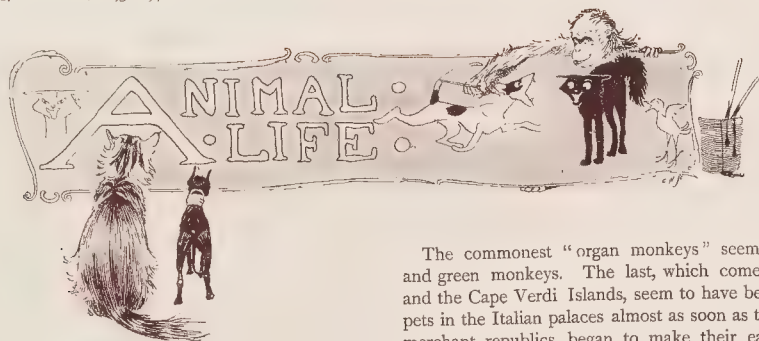


Photo by Bassano.

MISS EVELYN MILLARD.

Made her debut in 1891, and having played in the provinces with Miss Sarah Thorne and Mr. Thomas Thorne, succeeded Miss Robins in "The Trumpet Call" at the Adelphi, where she appeared as the heroine of several subsequent productions. Then she went on tour in "Sowing the Wind," and in the autumn of 1894, became Mr. George Alexander's leading lady. She has since won golden opinions as Dulcine in "The Masqueraders," as Mary Brasier in "Guy Domville," and in "The Importance of being Earnest." Her services have been temporarily transferred to the Comedy, for the revival of "Sowing the Wind."





### MACAQUE MONKEYS.

THE Macaque monkeys are by no means uniformly pretty, like the affectionate little pair whose portraits are given above. They are of all sorts and sizes, ranging from the little bonnet monkey, no bigger than a rat, which has for some time shared with its distant relative, the Java "pig-tail" Macaque, the reputation of being the most amusing inmate of the monkey cages at the Zoo, to the Barbary Ape, and the big monkeys of the Chinese and Japanese hills.

One of the more elegant long-tailed Macaques is found in the island of Formosa, for which the next Japanese army corps is destined. As Japanese monkey drawings are among the best of their clever pictures of wild animals, it is interesting to compare the following account, which appeared in a pictorial Chinese encyclopædia, of the same animals, and their habits.

"In external form," writes the encyclopædist, "they are like a man, with a human face and hog's bristles. During the winter they dwell in caves. They are called 'Hwat-so.' Their cry is like a 'cut-water' (water mill)? and when seen they are ominous of a conscription!"

The present state of the war in the East ought to have tested the truth of the connection between troops of Macaques and the raising of conscriptions. Whether the belief rests even on accepted Chinese traditions may be doubted, for further facts about monkeys, from the same source, read as if drawn from that great storehouse of lies about animals, Pliny's Natural History. For example, the Chinese declare that "when the monkeys scent the dew ascending to form rain they suspend themselves from a branch to fill their nostrils with the rain as it descends."

The most un-monkey-like quality of the Chinese and Japanese apes is their indifference to cold, which makes them highly satisfactory animals from the point of view of those who have to look after them. All through the recent frost the Tcheli monkey, from the Pekin mountains, lived in an out-door cage at the Zoo.

The "natural selection" which has associated certain kinds of monkeys with the street organs is rather difficult to explain, though the fact remains that the organ and the monkey have displaced the "pifferari" and the bagpipes, as well as the tame marmots which the Savoyard boys used to exhibit in London.

The commonest "organ monkeys" seem to be grivets and green monkeys. The last, which come from Senegal and the Cape Verde Islands, seem to have become common pets in the Italian palaces almost as soon as the ships of the merchant republics began to make their eastern voyages. They are commonly painted in the Italian pictures, especially in those which decorate the palace of the Dukes of Urbino. As an Italian ship first brought Canary birds into Europe, it seems that, like most sailors, they turned their ships into menageries when they could.

The best known of all the Macaques are the rhesus monkeys of India, the "bandur-log," whose ways and wickedness Mr. Rudyard Kipling has described in the fine story of the "Hunting of Kaa." For a more detailed account, perhaps the best observations ever put on paper of monkey life when wild, the reader should turn to Mr. Lockwood Kipling's chapters in "Beast and Man in India." The relations of men and monkeys where the latter are semi-sacred, are infinitely comical. For instance, when the latter were becoming an intolerable nuisance they were caught, and sent out of a town in carts, and then released. The monkeys then gaily hopped back to the town alongside the carts. Later, they were caught again, and sent off to the hills by train and released at a station. But the monkeys preferred human society, and took possession of the workshops and offices, where they revenged themselves by "making hay" in the best monkey fashion.

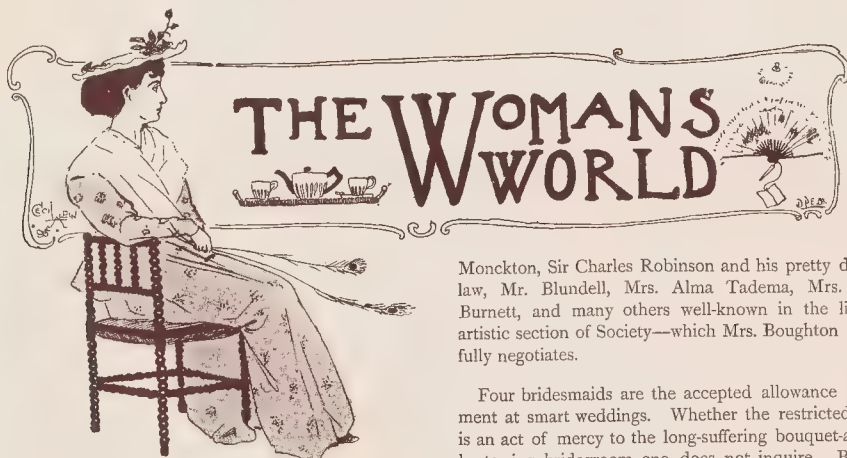
The fine glass house in which the monkeys now live at the Zoo is by no means the ideal monkey palace which it appears to be. In summer it is all that could be desired. The sun warms it up like a conservatory, and the abundance of light puts the monkeys in high spirits, and is an actual gain to their health, though the nocturnal lemurs, which are also kept there, suffer much inconvenience from the same cause. But in winter it is impossible to warm the glass house thoroughly, or to keep off draughts. With all the heating apparatus at work during the last frost, the temperature by day was only 56°. Of course, almost all the South American monkeys died, including eleven capuchins and two marmozets; and many of the tropical monkeys of the Old World caught cold and bronchitis. A temperature which suits a Gibraltar monkey may well be too cold for one from the steaming Guiana Forest, and in severe frosts the house is not fit for any but the northern apes. It should be converted into an aviary for the parrots and other tropical birds, and a new monkey house should be built, sub-divided, like the conservatories at Kew, into temperate and tropical rooms. Such a change would probably pay in the end, as the Society would not risk losing valuable animals in protracted frost and fog.

C. J. CORNISH.



Photo by Mr. Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S.

COMRADES IN ARMS.



**S**HORTLY after the young Duchess of Sutherland's marriage, her half-sister, then Lady Brooke, held a function at Easton Lodge, where, amongst other amusements provided for the guests, a lady professor of palmistry was duly discovered. The Duchess was one of many who held out a pink palm as hostage to the future, when "Great station and estates" were promptly promised by the unconscious prophetess. "Oh, but that has already come," said her fair petitioner. And the lady of lines was, beyond doubt, greatly astonished at her double discovery. For strawberry leaves do not always underlie the golden promises of an afternoon entertainer.

Great station and estates, indeed! If Dunrobin, Trentham, and Stafford House do not fulfil the canons of the Canticle, what can? The Duchess of Sutherland is not only a grand dame, however, she is a philanthropist in its best sense—one who takes practical and kindly interest in others, as her woollen-weaving and many other industries at Dunrobin show—the accomplished writer of several pretty stories and a hostess of many parts, as her delightful house parties so amply prove. The Duchess shares with her sister, the Countess of Westmoreland, this special faculty of the Rosslyn, and the Duke's "shoots" are events to the most accustomed on that account. A notable example was set by the Duchess to others of her class in the splendidly arranged sale of Scottish work which was held at Stafford House last season. All the youth and rank of Scotland, from the Marquis of Lorne, downwards, were pressed into the active service of Harris tweed and home-knit hosiery, by this good guardian angel of the Caledonian cottier. The sale has already done excellent things for northern industry, and the Duchess has at present on hand a forthcoming exhibition of native silks and other productions, which will still further forward the good work of home industries to which her generous help has given such impetus.

Mrs. George Boughton was "at home" on Saturday previous to the "picture day," which occurs on the 23rd. Many interesting people passed the quaint portals of West House, with its series of picturesque rooms leading one from the other, so admirably adapted for entertaining—Lady

Monckton, Sir Charles Robinson and his pretty daughter-in-law, Mr. Blundell, Mrs. Alma Tadema, Mrs. Hodgson-Burnett, and many others well-known in the literary and artistic section of Society—which Mrs. Boughton so successfully negotiates.

Four bridesmaids are the accepted allowance of the moment at smart weddings. Whether the restricted condition is an act of mercy to the long-suffering bouquet-and-bangle-bestowing bridegroom one does not inquire. But the fact of the quartette remains. At Miss Edith Chambers' wedding to the gallant Seaforth Highlander, Mr. Ronald Stewart, a rather unusual uniform prevailed—white broché with violet-velvet trimmings. But the bridesmaids were pretty girls, and bore it well. Mrs. Chambers' reception at 38, Lowndes Square, afterwards, was a smartly-attended function, and a generous set-off of slippers and rice marked the first stage of the honeymoon.

Sir Joseph and Lady Barnby's reception was availed of by many as an opportunity for congratulating the popular musician on his recovery, and the pleasant house in St. George's Square was filled with a very interesting company. Miss Muriel Barnby, like the maid in the madrigal, wore her collar of "Mildmay" pearls very prettily, and seconded, with much vivacity, Lady Barnby's efforts at entertaining a couple of hundred guests. The music was of course excellent, without being too ineffable—a golden mean for the chattering afternoon party, where one is more often in humour to be musically tickled than touched.

When a man devotes time, thought and money to the embellishment of his smoking room, one may take it that his regards are so far unfettered by the Eternal Feminine to follow. Judging Lord Winchester from this superior standpoint, I am still constrained to admire the interesting series of water colours which are in preparation for that sanctuary. All of them—nearly forty—are to illustrate the dress, at different periods, of his regiment, of which he is exceedingly fond. There is indeed no smarter officer in the Coldstreams than Lord Winchester. From the British Matrons' outlook, he is a *parti* to be prayed for. And the fine old place in Hampshire would be all the better for a chatelaine. But the Paulets are not prone to very early marriages.

"*On dansera*" is a legend that appeals to most young people on the corner of an invitation, and the French Admiral's reception and bonnet dance at Villefranche on Saturday was, it must be added, a much enjoyed occasion, in perfect weather. Everybody of note, English and otherwise, seemed to have answered Admiral de La Jaille's hospitable roll-call in person.

VERA.





Photo by Mendelssohn.

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.



### GIOVANNI BELLINI.

THERE lived at Venice, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, one Jacopo Bellini, who had probably learnt the use of oil colours from Andrea dal Castagno. He left behind him several pictures which have survived, amongst which that of Caterina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, exhibited a few years ago, was not the least interesting. Besides pictures, however, he left two sons—Gentile, born in 1421, and Giovanni, five years later. To both he bequeathed not only artistic qualities, but a vigorous constitution, for the elder attained eighty-six, and the younger, ninety, years of age. As was the custom of those times, a painter's choice lay between religious subjects and portraits, and Giovanni Bellini seems to have made no exception to the general rule. One of his very earliest works, the portrait of Leonardo Loredano, who was Doge of Venice from 1501 to 1521, is now in our National Gallery.

There was a story—now discredited by modern criticism—that Bellini, anxious to perfect himself in the knowledge of oil-painting, assumed the dress of a Venetian noble, and under pretext of having his portrait taken, went to the studio of Antonello da Messina, who had brought the secret from Flanders—where he had studied under Van Eyck. However this may have been, there is no doubt that Bellini rapidly acquired great reputation amongst his fellow citizens as a master of the art of oil-painting. He was, therefore, commissioned, with several others, to decorate the Sala del Gran Consiglio, in the Doge's Palace, with historical paintings; and instead of painting in fresco as his colleagues, Bellini executed his portion of the work on canvas. With many other priceless works of art, it was destroyed in 1577.

His next important works were altar pieces for various churches in Venice and elsewhere; but these did not prevent him from pursuing his art as a portrait painter. Some of these were taken to Constantinople and presented by the Venetian ambassador to the "Grand Turk," as it was then customary to call the Sultan. These pictures, notwithstanding the prohibition of Mohammedan law, so astonished His Majesty, that he requested that the painter should be sent to him. The Venetian Senate, however, was not prepared to expose Giovanni to such possible dangers, and, therefore decided to send his brother, Gentile, in his place. Sultan Mahomet received the artist with the utmost courtesy, and after a time consented to have his portrait painted. Bellini, not to be outdone in courtesy, presented the Sultan with a picture of the head of St. John the Baptist. According to Ridolfi, the Turk, after praising it highly, remarked that the head projected too much from the body, and, by way of proving the accuracy of his criticism, caused a slave

to appear before him, whose head he commanded an attendant to strike off, proving to the painter that, when divided, the neck immediately drew back.

The leading feature of all Giovanni Bellini's painting was its extreme naturalness. He studied directly from external objects. Before his time there were at Venice no examples in painting of anything beyond conventional representation of architecture. Bellini introduced a chiaroscuro of extreme simplicity, and although the specimens he incorporated in his works were exclusively of the Renaissance style, his draughtmanship was so accurate that he has left behind him studies most valuable even to professional architects. It was the same with his Madonnas. They were just as much Venetian as Ghirlandajo's were Florentine, and Raffaele's Umbrian peasants, with the types of countenance and accessories of their native land. His men were easy and courteous in their dignified bearing, his angels cheerful boys, in the full bloom of youth. He was never grotesque in his expression of pain or pleasure, or, as Signor Morelli remarks: "Bellini is never dramatic, yet his saints are all full of life, energy, and dignity."

Amongst the many pictures which have come down as bearing Bellini's name, the impressive picture in our National Gallery, "Christ with His sleeping disciples," displays in a very marked way the feeling for poetic landscape, which, later, became the distinctive mark of his work. A subsequent picture, now in the Academia of Venice, representing the Doge Barbarigo kneeling before the Madonna, with other figures, shows a still further advance in his style. The beauty of the cherubs, the charm of the landscape, with its birds of rich plumage, and foliage of varying tints, bathed in a glowing atmosphere, make this picture one of the most perfect productions of the Venetian master. He was the first—or almost the first—painter of any school who cared for Italian landscape, and would dwell with equal care and tenderness upon weeds and stones as upon the flushed sky or the landscape, still smiling under "the grace of a day that is gone."

His whole life was passed at Venice, surrounded, in his later days, by a group of admiring pupils, and when, at the age of eighty-nine years, the curfew sounded for him, it found him with his brush still in his hand; still the admiration of a new race of painters. His last picture was handed over to Titian, who alone was thought worthy to complete it.

Albert Dürer, who was staying in Venice during the last year of Bellini's life, wrote to his friends of him: "He is very old; but still he is the head of all who gather round him." The last notice we have of him is in a letter dated 30th November, 1516, by Mariano Sanuto: "This morning we heard of the death of Giovanni Bellini, an excellent painter, whose fame is known throughout the world. Old as he was, he still painted marvellously. He was buried in the Church of St. Zanipolo, beside his brother Gentile."



New being exhibited at the New Gallery and reproduced by kind permission of Mrs. R. H. Benson.

THE VIRGIN AND CHILD AND FOUR SAINTS.  
BY GIOVANNI BELLINI.

This picture, one of the gems of the Exhibition of Venetian Art, belongs to the later period of Bellini's life, and displays many of his finest qualities. On the right are St. John and St. Lucy, on the left St. Peter and St. Catherine. It was purchased by its present owner, Mrs. R. H. Benson, at the sale of the Graham Collection, having previously formed part of the Wynne Ellis Gallery.





PASSING through Trafalgar Square the other afternoon, I noticed a little boy, of the class one seldom sees abroad without a guardian, gazing wistfully at one of the great Landseer lions that adorn the Nelson Column. The child looked up as I approached and accosted me eagerly—"Oh, please, *do* tell me when the lion nods his head!"

To destroy his faith would have been cruel, but happily an ancient and innocent deception, practised on myself at a similar age, came to the rescue. "You're just too late or too early," I replied; "the lion nods his head only when he *hears* Big Ben strike twelve." Murmuring thanks and something about "another day," the child ran off to rejoin someone who had just beckoned to him, and I went my way, musing on the pertinacious activity of the human imagination, that can frame a legend even for that busy Square.

Yet after all, the existence of such a legend is scarcely surprising, for the centre of the Square affords a retreat comparatively quiet for the way-worn, the unemployed, or the leisurably. There, on a fine afternoon, some drowsy loungeur, lulled by the plash of the fountains, and the softened roar of the great wheel of traffic that sweeps around the place, may have persuaded his half-open eyes that the lion did actually nod; and so the tale would begin to take shape as a respectable popular myth, with as many variations as it has retailers.

Had the statue of Nelson been visible at less risk of a broken neck, some odd fable might have floated round the cocked hat of "the Old Greenwich Pensioner," as irreverent wit once dubbed the effigy. But the height of the column is such that the majority of pilgrims take the hero for granted, and do not trouble to lift their eyes to his perch, on which, by the way, fourteen persons once sat down to an airy dinner.

Comparatively few, perhaps, as they pace Trafalgar Square, that "artificial stone quarry," call to mind what England expects every man to do, but be that as it may, the sense of duty is not dead in the English breast, as I found last Friday night, to my great amusement.

Behind me, in the crowd at a West-end railway station, was an excited man. As we quitted the platform this enthusiast button-holed a stranger, and shouted "Yees, I maade 'um wince, I could see 'um wincing." The button-holed responded feebly, strove to get away, and succeeded.

A few further remarks showed that the countryman had been to a public meeting, where he had evidently acquitted

himself to his own entire satisfaction, and done his duty to his party. Glancing round I encountered a broad red face, fringed with a shaggy beard, which was thrust towards me on the instant; and I knew that I was claimed as the next victim.

"Been to a meeting?" I queried, anxious to make the best of it.

"Ay," came the answer, "an' I got oop to speak. The chaarman was for puttin' me down, no doubt he thought me some little uncultivated ignoramus ass, but he found out his mistaak. I spoak, an' what think ye, ma friend (I calls everybody ma friend), wes the resoolt—the meetin' broak oop in confusion!"

Then for a good five minutes the worthy north countryman fought his field once more, rehearsing a speech of such sublime confusion that one could not wonder at the effect on the assembly. "Oh," he said, at parting—"Us Yarkshiremen is long or we bite, but when once a Yarkshireman do bite, he grips terrible!" and with a harsh laugh of triumph the orator vanished in the darkness, in quest of some fresh auditor on whom to exercise his dreadful jaw.

One morning last week, a morning with a faint promise of Spring in the air, I came upon a curious scene, one that in the last century was common enough at every corner, and which in country villages is common enough to this day, though from great cities it has long been absent. It was simple enough: merely a crowd of women and girls drawing water in the street—a sad necessity imposed by the havoc wrought by the recent frost, and revealed by the thaw.

Yet, modern London street though it was, the ancient characteristics of the well-side were all there—the etiquette of "taking turns," the easy postures, the recognitions, the gossip, the laughter; no doubt, too, the ogling of toilets and the feminine jealousies. As their great grandmothers were, so are the women of to-day; do but give them a rendezvous, be it "kettle-drum" or public well, and lo! history will repeat itself, and they will repeat history, with trifling alterations, more or less effective.

The judicial mind is usually considered unsearchable; but at last I have come across a man who would appear to have some knowledge of the inner mysteries of the soul of justice.

This *rara avis* is my particular friend; a man to whom I owe much kindness, to wit, "the plump head waiter" at a tavern which need not be further specified to him who has read his Tennyson.

To add zest to my after-dinner coffee and cigarette I chanced to be chaffing the plump functionary good-humouredly on the distinguished men from over the way, whom he daily supplies with "refreshers." He owned to several Q.C's.

"And have you any judges?" I queried.

"No—o," he answered, dubiously, glancing at the floor; "I think they're afraid of the sawdust!"

It was very perplexing, but I asked no more questions. A man who thus understood a judge's aversions was not to be lightly treated. I dared not ask *why* a judge should dislike sawdust, lest my comfortable friend should think me over curious. But he must know the reason; and some evening, as he helps me with my overcoat, he may reveal it. Till then, I speculate in silence.

JOHN A' DREAMS.



Photo by Y. and J. Co.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.



# CHILDREN IN WINTER.

THE child is touched, but not altered, by the seasons. He is just varied by the atmosphere, as the stars look keener in winter, and the sun purer in summer. But there is an involuntary impulse to connect the child more closely with the seasons. We are apt to catch ourselves looking for a spring aspect and an autumn aspect; we almost expect to see the brilliant human creature dwindle somewhat in the winter. It is because a child is so like a flower that we are inclined to be surprised at finding him spring-like as a bud in December, fragrant in November, and all rose-colour and gold in the dark of the year. There is no such waxing and waning. The winter child looks like a charming luxury, out of season. And yet his aspect has its variants.

He is always fresh, but his face in the frost is the freshest thing in the world; its rose has another bloom. And then there is the obvious change in his dress. Though he breathes April and May, the child masquerades in velvet and wool. It is not possible to ignore his dress. There is so little else of him visible—hardly more than the small face; the rest is dress. Time was when fashion added knees and elbows. It does so no longer. Now, we all profess to care for the beauty of the world. And that beauty is dependent, generally speaking, on natural earthly things, on the heavenly light, on buildings, and on people; and, of the people, one in five or so is a young child. The dress of young children is at least as important, therefore, in mere aesthetics, as architecture or agriculture.

It might be wished that the effect of the human race altogether were better than it is now in Europe. Unfortunately, a crowd is always, in England, enough in itself to disfigure any landscape, any street, and any interior. The beauty of life, which is higher than any other beauty, is most effectually disguised by squalid dress, by slovenly habits of standing or walking, and by the aggregate of dull and preoccupied bearing. A crowd wearing white and soft colour would disfigure no landscape and no town. It would make a very different face for a nation of cities, such as ours. Dress is important, and a child's dress is interesting in its degree.

Historically it is quite a significant study. When children were prized, not for their own distinctive qualities, but for their progress towards the qualities of the adult, and were appreciated as promising grammarians, defective theologians, improving rhetoricians, and so forth, their dress denoted it. They wore their parents' garments on a small scale. They must have looked very charming in them; charming to modern eyes—had there been any modern eyes to see them—because of the antithesis between the form and the dress, whereby the form looked the more childish. To-day we make the dress "old-fashioned" precisely that we may enjoy

that contrast. And it is in harmony with winter, and at its best in the cold.

Whether the modern mother is right in giving her child something of the protection from the cold which she herself needs is still more or less an open question. Some advice was given lately in a magazine article, on the old subject of "hardening." With the best wish in the world to learn, it was impossible to gather whether the thin dressing that was there recommended—the exposure to east winds of legs, arms, and necks—was to be done for the sake of strengthening the strong or of killing off the weak. "Bare legs are exceedingly healthy," said the author in effect; and then he went on, most ominously and darkly, to suggest that the modern world might, after all, not be practising the highest wisdom in coddling into continued life its weakly children. Sparta did not so. Sparta had a very summary way of keeping up the average of strength in the race. Sparta had a significance of her own for that word "exposure," which would have put modern meanings to shame. So, indeed, we learned in youth from the study of history. But the connexion of these sombre sayings with the recommendation of thin clothes and few, for our children, as the only really healthy wear, seemed to the reader of that magazine article, and seems still, inscrutable.

The women of to-day have agreed upon a course of praiseworthy moderation. They do not, as a rule, clothe the winter child in sealskins, neither do they send him abroad into the frost with disproportionate nude legs and a baggage of clothes about his shoulders. Early Victorian fashions have happily not penetrated amongst the children. Gaiters, long sleeves, and plenty of wool make the child of to-day ready for the cold.

And no one who has the privilege of touching habitually the hands and limbs of children, no one who is familiar with the face, the breath, the atmosphere of the winter child, will commit the old blunder of asserting that young blood is not affected by the cold. The hands and feet of the young creatures are ice-cold the winter long—so cold that they strike coldly upon the adult hand when it too is cold. It is true that cold hands and feet do not depress children as they do men and women; but the coldness is there, and it is keener than ours.

The winter child is blithe in the dingy snow, tender and gay in the east wind, full of singing and whistling in the dark mornings. Long before light he sings in bed. All the rest of the world is reluctant to face the climate of another day; it wakes to more or less importunate thoughts; with the warmth of the room and of the coverlets, and of active dreams in head and eyes. The child alone wakes cool. His eyes are brighter for the dews of sleep, the freshness of dawn is in the colour of his cheeks, and waking all alone, he sings against the ugly London daybreak. "After the ball is over" comes mended from his tongue. No divine May dawn is greeted with a happier chirping.





*Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.*

BABY TAFFEE.



# SUNSHINE AT CANNES.

IT seems a pity that some of this wonderful Cannes sunshine cannot be entrapped and coaxed into a large box, and sent to the friends who are suffering from cold and fogs in England. It is so brilliant and so strong, that the imagination can see it exploding when opened, and flooding a whole room with light. And think of the rapture of receiving some of its silver beauty by parcels post! I write "silver" advisedly, for the morning sun which pours in on my paper as I write, half blinding me, and which refuses to be kept out of the room (in company with a faint sweet breeze, redolent with faint fresh perfumes), this, I repeat, turns the whole world silver. It robs the red-roofed villas of their colour, and steals the green from the trees, until they appear soft black masses against the blue sky, with bright silver edges where the sun paints them. The palms stand out, sharp feathery fans, against a sea with the "universal sparkling" of which Dickens wrote, in glittering, diamond-shaped silver ripples. A fountain half-hidden somewhere under the mimosa and oranges, is a mere shower of silver coins. The olive trees quivering in the breeze shake downwards silver leaves, and the whole of Cannes is so rich in this fairy coin—Heaven-sent—that when the afternoon sun changes it all to gold, one is tempted to feel that so much beauty shows a superfluity of riches, which brings almost unbearable pleasure at its glory in its train. Then the sun turns the cream and white villas yellow, and there is a golden glory behind the olives, which show faint, dusty-grey colouring against the sky, and are a soft contrast to the mimosa and palms, which have changed to a bright yellow and green. And the gold fades as the day dies, so that the snow-capped Esterels are mere black masses against the sky, and the same sky which has been a glorious turquoise the whole of the sunny forenoon, lights up suddenly and is a flaming glory of orange and rose colour and red.

A number of visitors are drawn to the South, attracted by its warmth and its sunshine, in spite of the fact that some of the days have been woefully cold, and that yesterday there was ice in the pond which is the home of the goldfish. The hotels at Nice, Monte Carlo, and Beaulieu are so full that it is impossible to procure rooms in these places, and at dinner at the Grand Hotel, Monte Carlo, last Sunday, there was scarcely a table which was not engaged long before the afternoon. These same tables are quaintly decorated with a covering of Parma violets, and bouquets of roses and white lilac; in the large circular hall outside, where coffee is taken at the small wicker tables, the Tziganes play the most delightful music in the world. The only drawback to their enchantment is, that they are prone to strike up an English air directly our countrywomen appear; and after the music of some of the best French operettes, it is somewhat disconcerting,

and reminiscent of London fog and smoke, to hear "Tommy Atkins," and "Her golden hair was hanging down her back!" There is a story told about this courtesy on the part of the Tziganes which relates that Miss May Yohe appearing one night, they instantly struck up, "Honey, my Honey," and that she went all along the dining-rooms singing the air. But she is, in common with all well-known actresses, so much the victim of *potins*, that I cannot vouch for the truth of this little history.

To return to Cannes. There are a number of yachts in the harbour in anticipation of the approaching regatta. The 'Britannia' looks very different to when I last saw her, laid up on the mud banks at Cowes. She is wonderfully spick-and-span and simple in her decorations, and quite ready for the reception of His Royal Highness, who is expected here on the first of March. The old 'Valkyrie' is also in port, and there are a number of steam yachts prepared to look on at the races.

A ball was given at the Cercle Nautique last Monday, in aid of *L'Orphelinat et de l'asile des Vieillards*, at Cannes. Among the lady patronesses who were present were Madame Pol Arnault, Mrs. Atherton Blight, Madame Capron, Baronne de Charette, Madame Gazagnaire, Vicomtesse de Labrosse, Comtesse de Lafond, Baronne de Lagrange O'tard, Madame Lavalley, Vicomtesse Guy de Leusse, Mrs. Lord, Mrs. Peacocke, Mrs. Tennant, Mrs. Frederick Walker, and Mrs. Winslow. To cut a tiresome list of names short, I must leave out a number of distinguished visitors, and merely add that among the rest of the dancers were Mr. and Mrs. Denistown, Vicomte de Janzé, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hall, General le Vicomte de Bernis, and Mr. Aubrey Stanhope. The rooms were prettily decorated with palms, the music was excellent, and the costumes astounding. The cotillon was led by Comte Guy de Leusse and the Comtesse Lafond, *née* de Vallombrosa, whose presence reminded many people of the "good old times" at Cannes, when her parents gave delightful entertainments in their charming chateau, now sold and turned into the Hotel du Parc. This young Comtesse is so graceful and so gracious, that to her credit lies the main success of the ball.

With the bright morning sun shining on the Boulevard de la Croisette, people pass to and fro under the palm trees. It is the fashionable promenade, and a favourite road for those who fly past on bicycles; and with the sun on the yachts, and the background of villas and orange trees, it is the brightest, gayest sight in the world.

And when the sun has gone to sleep, when the moon shines on the tideless sea, and the Boulevard de la Croisette is lonely and deserted, its morning beauty sinks far back in remembrance, and pales before the glory of the stars above the Esterels.

CLARA SAVILE-CLARKE.



*The principal boulevard of Cannes, is the Boulevard de la Croisette. This photograph shows one end with the town of Cannes lying at the other.*

BOULEVARD DE LA CROISSETTE, CANNES.





IF Robert Herrick could come out of the tomb in which, as he regretfully sang, "there is no carousing," and cast his eye over Mr. Quiller-Couch's anthology of "English Lyrics," I imagine he would be mighty well pleased, and would even overlook a certain reproach of his "earthliness" in the graceful preface. No happier title for this volume could have been chosen than Herrick's "Golden Pomp."

"Now is the hour for mirth,  
Nor speech or tongue be dumb;  
For with the flowery earth  
The golden pomp is come."

Through the book, indeed, runs the spirit of Herrick's counsel "To live merrily, and to trust good verses." I think he would have demurred to the editor's choice here and there; for example, "A Song for Priests" is scarcely a lyric: it is a philosophical treatise, with a moral, however, that Herrick would not have entirely disapproved.

"If Nature did not take delight in blood  
She would have made more easy ways to good."

Here is the English "delight in blood," the very juice of the life-grape that rioted in the days before the small-ale of Puritanism became the beverage of the national sickly conscience. Not that the simple philosophy of our latter end, for which pulpits have since brought us to live exclusively, is absent.

"Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust,"  
said Shakespere,  
"Sceptre and crown  
Must tumble down,"

quoth Shirley; and Raleigh's reply to Marlowe's "Passionate the Shepherd" is a sufficient reminder that joys are fleeting and age inexorable. In a word, no small part of the debt that lovers of literature owe to "Q" is this compendium of the whole art of living.

Nowadays it is not so much from the pulpit as from the pessimist that we get our rebukes to the joyousness of life. And it is because pessimism does not sit on Mr. Le Gallienne's shoulder and croak discordantly in his ear, that the buoyancy and freshness of his fancy exercise a peculiar charm. Here is the third edition of his "Narcissus," more characteristic of him, I think, than any other of his books in which "golden lads and girls" remind us that the world has some youth left, and is not a toothless dotard mumbling over the blank futility of existence, or seeking a stimulus from hypodermical injections of theological morphine.

That is a rhetorical statement which, of course, does not really represent the antithesis to Mr. Le Gallienne any more than "chimney sweepers" represent the faithful opposites

of "golden lads and girls." But the chimney sweeper is busy in letters just now. The human chimney, so to speak, is swept very vigorously in "Episodes," for instance. Perhaps I am abusing a figurative license in saying that Mr. George Street lets loose a good deal of soot which is commonly removed when the world is virtuously sleeping. I do not mean that he makes any parade of this function. To the author of "Episodes" life is apparently a play of egoisms and primitive appetites, to be observed with faint amusement and no regrets. If Mr. Street would permit himself to take a more robust interest in his fellow-creatures, he would do some justice to his perception of character. Slight as they are, these sketches have much distinction of manner, and they are marked by a certain insight into at least one of the elements of which human nature is compacted, the element which our diaphanous social ordinances are always assiduously veiling.

Ah, those social ordinances! They have a pretty severe shaking, poor things, in "Gallia," in which Miss Dowie takes her turn with the revolted woman. I thought the type was pretty familiar, but there is a startling novelty in the heroine of this novel. When Gallia came first upon the scene, I had a shivering apprehension of a sisterly likeness to Herminia Barton, the grotesque lady of Mr. Grant Allen's pamphlet against marriage. But Gallia develops an individuality which survives certain rather perilous incidents in the early part of the story, and distinguishes her with absolute realism from the herd of New Women. As for her views, they may be summed up in the maxim that the mission of woman is motherhood. On the circumstances contingent to this happy state, Gallia has a perfectly open mind; perhaps it would be more accurate to say that she is not biased in favour of the conventional approaches. She is a woman who orders her life, especially the most important phase of it, in such a way that, were there many such women, the posterity to whom we are always appealing might have a particular reason to be grateful to us. Whether the physical well-being of the race, to which Gallia cheerfully sacrifices every sentiment, is the summit of wisdom, is a debatable point. What Miss Dowie has done is to make a vivid personality out of this insurgent against the ideals which are cherished by most people.

"A Street in Suburbia" comes into inevitable comparison with Mr. Arthur Morrison's "Tales of Mean Streets." Mr. Edwin Pugh has not Mr. Morrison's strength. Sometimes he is an exhalation of Dickens and sometimes of Bret Harte; but he has a distinct humour and observation, and when he is not inventing impossible people out of his own head, like the carpenter who is introduced simply to make the joke that heaven is full of poor relations, his work shows promise.

L. F. AUSTIN.



Photo by Heath, Plymouth.

"Q." [MR. A. T. QUILLER-COUCH].

Published his first book, "Dead Man's Rock," when he had only just left Oxford. Has since become endeared to the public by his romances, "The Splendid Spur," and "The Blue Pavilions," and by his many short stories of Cornish life and character in "Naughts and Crosses," "I Saw Three Ships," and "The Delectable Duck." He lives at Fowey, which he has made famous as "Troy Town." He is a poet as well as a humorist and writer of romance, and contributes a literary causerie to THE SPEAKER.





## TOBOGANNING.

THAT fashion which compels a self-respecting person deliberately to place himself upon a board and therewith to slide down a hill is one of those strange things which the sporting mind alone can understand. To the man in the street, whose notions of tobogganning have been derived from the spectacle of *gamins* riding portions of packing cases upon Hampstead Heath, it is nothing less than amazing to read of international races, gold medals, record-holders, and what not, all established and maintained in their full glory at St. Moritz, and in many a nook of the kindlier Alps. It may be that years ago we knew something of Canadian traditions, of jousts and carnivals, and frolics upon sledges. But these were never more than traditions; and the conservative sportsman held stoutly to his skates. He may have thought even that the art of tobogganning could not fail to be a little ridiculous.

"Ignorance," says Jeremy Taylor, "is the mother of devotion." A perusal of two recent books upon tobogganning at St. Moritz and Davos leads me to the belief that the man in search of a new sensation will turn his thoughts shortly to this amazing pastime. For these works, written by the Hon. Harry Gibson and Mr. T. A. Cook, are the first-fruits of the knowledge of two of the foremost exponents of that art, by which you can come down the side of a mountain, head first, at a speed of sixty, or even seventy, miles an hour. They tell us for the first time exactly how a tobogganner may school himself from elementary principles; by what means he throws himself round a corner when travelling at prodigious speeds; how he should pick himself up when he is ejected from his seat with violence. They so shape him day by day that, if he be a person of common intelligence and pachydermatous hide, he may even attempt the apparently tremendous difficulties of the Cresta run at the end of his first season.

In most of the pictures of Canadian tobogganning that have come to this country, we are shown sedate persons sitting upon chair-like sledges, steering themselves with ugly wooden boards. It is only the nervous man or the pretty girl taking her early lessons who would dare to venture out at St. Moritz in such a humiliating contrivance. The expert must have his skeleton of steel, his cushion, his grooved runners. Imagine a machine, consisting of two steel runners, each about nine feet long. Turn these runners up at either end; bend the ends over, welding them together; join the runners by steel tubes, set crosswise; lay a short board upon the cross-pieces, a stout cushion on the board—and there you are. With this simple outfit your tobogganner has attained a speed of nearly eighty miles an hour. Prodigious!

Not less remarkable than this accomplishment is the method of steering a "skeleton," and especially of getting it round the appalling corners of such a run as the Cresta. The tobogganner is dressed in any miscellaneous costume—

flannels, Norfolk suit, even golfing splendours. He wears heavy boots, massive footgear, that could not be re-soled for three-and-sixpence without the immediate ruin of the boot-maker. At his toes there are steel spikes, with which presently he will plough the ice. He lies head-foremost upon his cushion, gripping the first of the cross-pieces with both his hands. He is then raised about five inches above the ground; the whole length of his tobogan is no more than four feet one inch; his legs are thrust out over the ice behind, held well from the surface. But first he has made a little run and, very dexterously, laid himself down as the runners dip to the first of the hills. The speed which he attains almost immediately is nothing less than phenomenal. And when, after some minutes, he rounds the banked corners and comes out upon the straight, no express train could possibly hold him.

This great pace is due to many things, but chiefly to the ice-runs and grooved blades, which are all-prevailing at St. Moritz. Early in the season you tobogan upon the snow of the village or the Kloster courses. Staid fathers of families sneak out at this time and enjoy little slides in very big sledges. Mr. Gibson tells of one man last year who, mocking the tobogganner for some days after his coming to the Külm Hotel, was led at last to venture a little run in a sitting posture. There was no hour of sun for a month afterwards which did not witness the sedate slidings of this substantial individual, who could not find adjectives enough to glorify the pastime.

When the surface of the snow hardens and becomes like a great mirror of ice, then qualified tobogganners go up to the pine woods above the village and begin their work upon the dangerous Cresta. There is risk, of course. *Nil enim prodest quod laedere non posset idem.* A man accustomed only to snow does not know where he is for some minutes after being loosed upon the ice. He finds that the least touch of that steel comb upon his boot sends him zigzagging across the track. He cannot so come round at the corners that he hits upon the proper angle of the ice-bank. He may go flying, possibly, right over the corner into the snow-bed beyond. And he is expected to laugh at the experience.

The joys of coming down a mile of mountain upon a narrow road of solid ice with five or six sharp curves in it are, however, not to be disputed. Once a man is the master of his "skeleton;" once he learns to a nicety when to brake by digging his steel-shod toes into the surface, when to use his arms, when his legs; at what angle to ride the banks of the corners, to keep his boots up in the straights—then the craze seizes upon him and is not to be thrown off. Year by year, the same champions return to St. Moritz or to Davos; year by year they declare that there is no exercise so bracing as theirs, none to be pursued under such delightful circumstances of scenery and society. Few who read of their work here in the blizzards and mists of March will complain of their enthusiasm.

MAX PEMBERTON.





## A PENNY TRAGEDY.

(In Three Acts).

BY HENRY HOOTON.

### ACT I.—THE BOY.

ONCE I used to mark pennies, choosing the space beneath the nose of the Queen as the most protected. And yet, of all the hundreds on which I graved my private mark, not one has ever come back to me.

Here follows the tragedy of one of my marked pennies. It was dated 1861. Whosoever findeth the same, let him not handle the accursed token.

It was January, and London was hideous with half-frozen slush. At six o'clock all the lamps were lit, spotting the yellow fog with regular circles of brighter yellow. Men were hurrying to their homes as from a city accursed; every face was set, like those of overworked 'bus horses at midnight, eagerly homewards. I stepped into a tobacconist's in Farringdon Street, for my weekly supply of tobacco. The shopman persuaded me to buy a few cigars; he recommended a brand and I spent ten shillings. It was more than I could afford, but the night was raw and I felt that a bachelor needed a few extra comforts.

I passed a steaming cook-shop. Meat puddings, jam puddings, currant dumplings, hot boiled beef, carrots and pease-pudding, sent out a soft, greasy odour on the rough and choking atmosphere. In hot weather the smell would have been unbearable; in the fog it was positively comforting, almost fortifying. I sympathised with a red-nosed, pale-faced urchin of about seven, who stood staring hungrily in at the puddings, and I felt in my waistcoat pocket and took out a marked penny.

"What will you do with it?" I asked him.

I had expected him to make an immediate purchase in the cook-shop; but he stood for a few moments, considering, his wistful blue eyes looking up at me.

"Take it ter mother," he said at last, evidently after a long internal struggle.

"Come in here," I said, entering the shop.

I left him radiant before a large bowl of pea soup and a slab of plum pudding.

The thought of my little waif's unexpected comfort helped me to a more than usually happy evening. I made my own coffee; it was excellent, and so were my cigars, and so, I thought, was my novel—rather a shocker, perhaps, but I was in a good humour with myself and everything else too.

The following morning, passing the cook-shop, I saw the proprietress standing at the door. It seemed that she recognised me, and I bade her good morning.

"Oh, sir," she exclaimed, "that poor little boy!"

I did not understand exactly what she meant.

"What of him?" I asked.

"He's dead, sir."

"Dead!"

I wondered whether his meal had been too heavy for his evidently starving frame.

"No, sir. It wasn't that. He was run over."

She told me the grimy tale. The boy's father was a loafer and a drunkard. Seeing the child approach his mother and about to give her something, he rushed between them—"Give it to me," he shouted, and snatched at it. The coin slipped from the boy's hand and rolled into the street. He darted after it, never noticing a brewer's van turning the corner into Old Street. He was killed at once, and my penny was lost in the mud.

### ACT II.—THE FATHER.

I made my enquiries and went the same evening to the home of the little dead boy.

I found the room. It was very clean, but hopelessly destitute. There were two beds made on the floor, a deal table, two broken chairs, and a few pots and pans.

Across the two chairs a board was placed. On the top of the board was a strip of linen, and on this lay the little corpse. A black crucifix hung on the wall above the boy's head, and at the end of the board were two lit candles, stuck into the necks of an odd pair of bottles.

A woman was leaning against the wall, sobbing. I did not attempt to comfort her. I felt afraid. It all seemed so awful and, at the same time, grotesque. The little corpse looked very strange and peaceful in the midst of this squalid sorrow and destitution. His face was as serene as though his seven years had been "roses, roses, all the way," instead of the black little hunger tragedy it had really been. I stooped down and kissed his forehead.

Someone had entered the room. I turned round.

A girl was standing staring at me. The large, deep blue eyes were like her dead brother's. Her face was fine and sullen—it lowered with an angry sort of beauty. The tawdry finery on her head seemed out of place in that poor room.

"Take off your 'at an' set down, Verena," said her mother gently.

I started at the strange name. The girl noticed my surprise, and flung herself on one of the low beds, turning her head to the wall sulkily.

"When will he be buried?" I asked the mother.

"To-morrer mornin'. Father's gone to bring the coffin."

She began to sob again. I wanted to go, but she begged me to stay.

"You was good to 'im. See 'im screwn down."

The fire was almost out in the grate, and I shivered in the draughty room. There was no more fuel. I gave the mother two shillings to get some. She looked anxiously, I thought, at the girl on the bed as she went out.

"This is too bloomin' slow fer me," said the girl, when her mother was gone, and we were alone.

"Hush!" I said, "you mustn't speak like that, with your little brother lying there dead."

"Lucky fer 'im. Wish I was."

She flung out of the room, wrapping a shawl round her shoulders. She gave me a curious, frightened stare as she passed; she looked like a hunted, wild animal.

"Verena!" I shouted after her.

She came running up-stairs again, quite out of breath, her eyes flaming. She threw her head back like a tragedy queen.

"Did I say you might call me Verena?" she asked.

I mumbled an apology. Would she not stay in for her mother's sake?

"I go out fer 'er sake," she said, and went away.

When the mother came back she looked at the vacant bed, then at me, and we understood one another. She made up a big fire and returned to her station at the dead boy's head. In the alley below children were howling, women screaming, men swearing. In the little room, save for the occasional choking sobs of the mother, all was silence.

Presently a young man of about twenty came in and looked round as though he were no stranger to the place. He had a fair, handsome face, but his mouth was hard, and there was a wicked glance in his eyes.

"Where's Very?" he asked.

"Gone out fer a bit," the mother answered.

"Oh! she 'as, 'as she? I'll break every bone in her body."

He caught sight of me and paused.

"There, come in an' set yer down quiet, do," the woman begged. "There's a decent bit o' fire."

He shuffled about irresolutely, swearing under his breath. Then he kicked a bushel basket across the room and sat down on it before the fire. He filled a black clay pipe with a dark tobacco, and lit it. The foul smoke nearly choked me.

"Where's the old man?" he asked presently.

"Gone to fetch the coffin."

We waited a little longer, until the candles were nearly spent.

"Got any more?" asked the young man.

There were none.

"Then go an' git some."

When she was gone I spoke to him.

"You might be a little gentler with the woman in her sorrow, especially if you keep company with the daughter," I said.

He stared at me—a long look of surprise, of contemptuous pity. Then he turned his head to the fire again, and spat into it. "Rot—rot," he said conclusively.

When the woman returned she lit two fresh candles, and we waited in silence again.

"How long will your husband be?" I asked her, after about fifteen minutes.

"I expect 'im every moment." She was evidently anxious.

"When did 'e go?" the young man asked.

"About an hour since."

"And not back yit! Well, surelie you ain't sich a fool as to expect 'im now!" he said, scornfully; "why 'e's drunk as a lord by this time."

"But for Freddy's coffin," she sobbed.

"What's that to 'im?"

There was no doubt about it; the father was drinking the money that was to pay for his boy's coffin. The woman threw herself on a bed; her grief was piteous.

"Come out with me," I said to the man.

We went and drank a pint of beer each; it was salt, filthy stuff. Then I made him take me to the coffin shop. The little white box was ready to be taken away. I paid for it, and the young man shouldered it.

As we were going back a priest overtook us.

"I'll be up in a few minutes," he said, hurriedly passing by.

When we had laid the little body in the coffin the priest came in. He took the mother by the hand. She got up and kneeled by the coffin. They all crossed themselves, and the priest said a few prayers in Latin. Afterwards he stayed for a few moments to console the mother.

Verena came in, and the young man, forgetting the priest, ran at her with an oath and a foul blow.

"You she-devil!" he cried.

"Martin! Martin!" the priest called. He admonished him, and the young man sat down quietly by the fire again.

Verena lay down on the bed, apparently exhausted. Then the priest went.

We were about to screw down the lid of the coffin when we heard a roaring on the stairs. It reached the landing, and a tall, thin man burst into the room. He was about forty, but his pale, handsome face was flabby and sodden, with tipping.

"Shut up, you!" the young man bellowed at him, and he became quieter.

"Hi-tiddy-hi-ti," he hummed cheerfully under his breath. "Come along o' me, you mus' be dry." He was getting playful and poked at me with his forefinger. "Oo're you? Jolly good fillah, eh?"

I took hold of his arm, gripping him hard to sober him.

"This is your dead son," I said.

He stood still at once; his eyes were questioning me; his muddled brain was evidently struggling to remember things.

"My dead son," he whispered. He repeated the words as one who is uncertain of a language.

"You fool," said the young man, "lie down!"

He would have pushed him on to a bed, but I restrained him.

The father looked at us mistily. After a pause, he said: "Ah! My—dead—son." He put his hands to his face, and leaning against the door, sobbed aloud like a child. He understood.

The next morning the little boy was buried, and they dragged the Thames below Westminster Bridge for the body of his father.

When his wife came to identify the body she screamed unpleasantly. "Half a pint o' mice, if you please, sir," she said to the doctor in attendance. "I'll take 'em in their coffins, if you really don't mind." She made him a low bow and commenced to dance with a tremulous, old-fashioned grace. Her God had been good to her; she was mad.



That night she slept in a larger and better kept house than she had ever entered before, but she did not appreciate the change.

When he heard of it all, the young man, Martin, expressed his satisfaction.

"Now, Very," he said, "no more of your nonsense."

"Will yer maikie it strite, then?" she asked, putting her arms round his neck.

"If yer mean, go to a parson, yer can shut it. None o' that blimy rot fer me."

"Then yer don't come nigh me no more, so remember that," she said, standing off from him. "Jest keep yerself away. I can soon find another pal who'll maikie it strite,—better 'n you, too. S'welp me if I can't."

Verena was playing high, and she knew it.

Martin knocked her down, and kicked her soundly. She had quite expected it.

When he was tired and satisfied, the young brute shouldered a bag and went off to work.

"Don't let me 'ear no more o' this," he said, in the tone of a man who has administered merited chastisement, and wishes to re-establish peace.

Verena called him a foul name and he walked away.

#### ACT III.—THE GIRL.

She told me all this herself.

In the evening, the fog had lifted and there were many skaters on the Serpentine. I determined to join them, thinking the exercise would raise my rather dull spirits. I had been skating for about an hour when, to my surprise, I saw Verena Wybrow, standing at the edge of the ice, and watching the sport. We recognised one another at the same moment and she came towards me.

"Good evening, Miss Wybrow," I addressed her, remembering her snubbing.

"I've been to your lodgin's," she said. I had left my address with her mother.

"You want me, then?"

I took off my skates, and we walked across the park together.

"Well?" I said, waiting for her to speak.

"You may call me Verena."

The light of a cluster of torches fell on her as she turned to me, and I saw that she blushed furiously; more, it would seem from anger than modesty. She was bitterly proud, and, for selfish reasons, I was glad of it.

I waited for her to speak again, but she kept silence.

"I hope you have some relations you can live with," I said, rather awkwardly. "What have you done about your room?"

She told me of her quarrel with Martin Collier, with many iterations of "e says ter me" and "so I says to 'im." She had no relations to live with, but she might find another girl—some factory hand like herself—to share a lodging with her. Martin had a room in the house where she and her parents had lived, and she had run away for fear of him. Once he had promised her marriage: now he refused, and his violence and jealousy kept her in a constant panic. She appealed to me: she would do anything I told her. She was miserable; she did not care to live. The poor girl was becoming incoherent,—almost hysterical: her every move-

ment, every look, was a piteous dumb appeal for sympathy and guidance.

I took her to an obscure restaurant in Tottenham Court Road, and we had supper. She was not a cheerful companion; I made no advance on her Christian name, and she evidently resented my caution. After a respectable meal and a bottle of wine, she was a little brighter. I told her my plan. I would see her safely home; she could lock the door of her room, and, as Martin had to go to work two hours before her, she could escape unmolested in the morning. Then she was to find another and cheaper room and move into it at once. I gave her ten shillings to help her.

"Thank you," she said simply, looking up at me.

She was certainly beautiful, but, as she was, with her limited intelligence, fair, fresh body, and a barely veiled passionate animalism, she could hardly fail to rouse the selfish but admiring demon in man.

When we reached her home at midnight, she begged me to go in and rest for a moment, and I might have yielded, but for the thought of the poor little corpse that had lain there three days before. It was foolish sentimentalism, I suppose, and it cost the girl her life.

"Why won't you call me Verena, and come in? I don't want you to go."

Verena was certainly downright. We were facing each other at the door of her room; it now stood ajar.

"Don't be afraid to come to me if ever you want a friend," I said, evading her questions. "But for me and my accursed penny your father and mother and brother might still be here to look after you."

"It was given in kindness, and you are very good," she said. "You have been very good to me, too, and—and—"

Vexation—almost anger—flashed from her eyes, which were filling with tears. She held my hand to say good-bye; her bosom heaved; her breath came and went quickly. There was a wild look in her face I could not resist—a piteous look like that of a hunted fawn taking refuge. I kissed her, and she clung to me.

"Yes—that," she whispered; and she laid like a tired thing upon my shoulder and sobbed.

I felt a brute to go off and leave her alone. It had surely been kinder—. Well—there, it was just one of those unforeseen crises—when one acts and one scarcely knows how. I had been brought up on a certain code of morals, and, in the momentary struggle for supremacy, Principle beat Passion.

The rest is soon told, and it came out in court. Martin was hidden in a cupboard. He waited until the poor girl was undressed, and then attacked her. The neighbours heard the scuffle and one loud scream, but, by the time they had forced the door, the girl was dead.

When I visited the wretched man in gaol, he scowled at me and at first refused to speak.

"I'd do the same fer you if I could," he said at last. "Hang you and yer fine cherity. I suppose yer thought it precious grand to give a pore boy a penny and buy him a coffin arterwards, didn't yer? And why couldn't yer leave her alone? Don't stand there with yer pale face, pertending to be sorry for me. Who cares a curse? go and . . . ."

I rushed from the cell to escape his foulness. I was more remorseful than he. "Precious grand to give a pore boy a penny!"

And I had been pleased with myself!





REYNOLDS, although not the father of English painting, was the man who suddenly raised it to the highest level, and by his teaching and influence gave to the period in which he lived an importance and pre-eminence which has been enjoyed by no other school since the Italian Renaissance.

Reynolds' father was master of the grammar school and rector of Plympton St. Mary, in Devon. He was originally intended for a doctor, but instead of studying anatomy in scientific fashion, young Joshua fell in with Jonathan Richardson's "Treatise on Painting," which first aroused in him the artistic sense. Richardson's father was one John Riley, and Riley's son-in-law, Thomas Hudson, was the fashionable portrait painter of his day, and to his studio in London, Reynolds, then in his eighteenth year, was despatched in 1741. Here he seems to have made rather too rapid progress to please his master, who, jealous of his pupil's powers, managed to get free of him after a couple of years, and Reynolds returned to Devonshire, where luckily he fell in with William Gandy, of Exeter, an artist of considerable ability, and in a very short time began looking about for remunerative work. The only portrait, however, which we can reasonably assign to this period is one of himself with pencil and palette in hand, now in the National Portrait Gallery.

By good luck and a gale of wind, however, H.M.S. *Centurion* early in 1749, was obliged to put into Plymouth, and its commanding officer, Commodore Keppel, a young and enthusiastic man, was so pleased with Reynolds, that he offered him a passage to Italy in his ship. In this way he visited Lisbon, Cadiz, Tetuan, and Gibraltar, and afterwards, Algiers, where he was witness of Keppel's coolness and pluck, when the Dey, incensed at being treated with so much indifference "by a beardless boy," threatened him with the bow-string. After a few more weeks in the Mediterranean, Reynolds reached Rome, where he spent two years "with measureless content," combining with his serious study of pictures the cultivation of friendly relations with English travellers. It was one of Reynolds' habits to keep note books throughout his life, and as most of these have been happily preserved, its little details can be followed with perfect regularity. From the Roman note books we are able to gather an idea of the pictures which made the most lasting impression on him, and this is borne out when years afterwards we find him painting Miss Linley (Mrs Sheridan) as St. Cecilia, and Mrs. Crewe as St. Genevieve.

Leaving Rome, after a sojourn of two years, Reynolds spent a few weeks each at Florence, Venice, and Paris, halting at the smaller towns by the way. He had painted portraits at Rome and divers places where he had stopped; but whether for amusement or for money cannot be asserted, and probably none of these pictures, if still existing, would now be identified.

He arrived in England in the autumn of 1752, and almost immediately started off to Plymouth, where he spent three months. It was at this time, under the advice of his friend Lord Edgcumbe, he decided to take up his residence in London. Even at the outset of his career Reynolds seems to have been free from many of the cares which beset and often overwhelm young artists. He was able to take the handsome apartments in St. Martin's Lane which had been previously occupied by Sir James Thornhill, the decorator of St. Paul's and Blenheim. Here he lived for some time with his sister, Frances, who painted miniatures, and a lady who lived "in an habitual perplexity of mind and irresolution of conduct, which to herself was restlessly tormenting, and to all around her was teasingly wearisome."

Reynolds was now thirty years old, a man with many friends, and of many personal charms, full of confidence in his own power, and determined to succeed. We have the list of those who sat to him each year from 1753 to 1789, and the names are those of the leaders in politics, fashion, and literature. The beautiful Miss Jennings were just passing from the scenes of their triumphs, but Reynolds painted them both, one as the Duchess of Hamilton, and the other as Lady Coventry. Walpole and George Selwyn were the leading wits; Garrick was acting; Richardson was writing; Burke was philosophising; and Johnson was lecturing or hectoring. Round these were grouped Oliver Goldsmith, Kitty Fisher, Sterne, Smollett, to name a few of those who, for one cause or another, flocked to Reynolds' rooms, which were now in Leicester Square. His dinner engagements were as numerous as his sitters, and, until he was afflicted with deafness, he was a delightful companion, both as a talker and a listener, although he managed to quarrel with Gainsborough and Dance, and is not above the suspicion of having been jealous of Romney, and one or two other artists, who never figured as members of the Royal Academy. In the establishment of that Institution, Reynolds, indeed, had played a very retiring part. His name did not appear among those who appealed to the King for royal recognition and support; but on the grant of the charter in 1768, he was at once elected President, and as such, remained until his death, although on more than one occasion he threatened to resign if the candidates he supported were not elected. In 1789, whilst engaged in painting, the sight of one eye suddenly became obscured, and within three months its sight was lost for ever. He was, nevertheless, able to continue painting for some time longer, and contributed five portraits to the following year's exhibition of the Royal Academy. They were, however, the last he painted, and the fear of losing the sight of the other eye weighed so upon his spirits, that, without any apparent cause, he fell ill, and at length, on 23rd February, 1792, died at his house in Leicester "Fields." His body was removed to Somerset House—then in part occupied by the Royal Academy—where it lay in state, and afterwards, with great pomp, was conveyed to St. Paul's Cathedral and laid in the crypt not far from the grave of Sir Christopher Wren.

## Pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds.



GIRL AND DOG. 1789.

Known also as "Fanny and her Friend." Miss Frances Harris was the second daughter of Sir Francis Harris, afterwards first Earl of Malmesbury. Married 1815 Hon. Sir Galbraith Levey Cole, G.C.B., K.T.S., an officer who gained great distinction in the Peninsular War. Lady Cole died in 1847, and was probably the last survivor of Reynolds' sitters. The picture was painted for the fourth Earl of Darnley, in whose family it still remains. It is said to have been the last child's portrait painted by Reynolds.





ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH,  
AND HER CHILD. 1775.

Lady Betty Montagu, eldest daughter of George, Duke of Montagu, the last holder of the title, married 1767 Henry, third Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, and died 1827. Her daughter, Lady Mary Scott, married 1791 James, third Earl of Cornwall. The Duchess of Buccleuch was called "the good Duchess" from her custom of spending £30,000 a year in judicious charity. Reynolds painted her portrait in 1759, and again, as a young mother with her baby, in 1771. Property of the Duke of Buccleuch, K.G.





MRS. SHERIDAN AS ST. CECILIA. 1775.

Eliza Ann Linley, the daughter of a music-master and concert conductor at Bath, of which popular resort she became the belle. She was also a charming singer, but in public sang only in oratorios. She refused many advantageous offers of marriage, and eventually ran away with and was married in 1772 to Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the wit, author, and statesman. "The best picture I ever painted," wrote Reynolds in 1790. He was paid 150 guineas for it, and after Sheridan's death it was purchased by the Marquess of Lansdowne for £600.



LADY SMITH AND HER CHILDREN,  
GEORGE HENRY, LOUISA, AND CHARLOTTE.

Charlotte, daughter of Sir Francis Blake Delaval, married in 1776 Sir Robert Smith, Bart., M.P. for Colchester. Her son, George Henry, changed his name to Smyth. This picture was sold at Christie's in 1881, and up to her death was in the possession of the Dowager Duchess of Montrose. It will be offered for sale in the course of the present season.



HEADS OF ANGELS. 1787.

Portraits of Miss Frances Isabella Ker Gordon, daughter of Lord William Gordon, second son of third Duke of Gordon. She died unmarried in 1837. This picture, eminently characteristic of "the grace of Reynolds," was presented in 1841 to the National Gallery by Lady William Gordon, the child's mother.





COUNTESS OF HARRINGTON. 1774.

Jane, daughter and co-heiress of Sir John Fleming, Bart., of Brompton Park, married 1779 Charles, third Earl of Harrington, G.C.B., a general officer and Constable of Windsor Castle. Reynolds painted three portraits of both husband and wife.



MRS. ABINGTON. 1772.  
(AS THE COMIC MUSE.)

Frances Barton, daughter of a soldier in the Guards, began life as a flower-girl in St. James's Park. Appeared in 1755 at the Haymarket Theatre, but made no impression; shortly afterwards married her music-master, Mr. Abington, and was a very popular actress in Dublin. Reynolds painted her portrait on several occasions. This picture is now at Knole Park, Sevenoaks



DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE AND CHILD. 1785.  
("HOT COCKLES.")

Lady Georgiana Spencer, daughter of John, Earl Spencer, married 1774 William Pitt, and died 1806. She is here painted by Reynolds, at the age of six years, and again just after her marriage. The friend of Fox, Burke, and Sheridan, and the leader of the Whig party in social life.





LADY MARIA,  
afterwards Countess of Euston.

LADY LAURA,  
afterwards Viscountess Clarendon.

LADY HORATIA,  
afterwards Lady Hugh Seymour.

THE LADIES WALDEGRAVE. 1781.

The daughters of James, second Earl Waldegrave, and grand-daughters of Horace Walpole, for whom this picture was executed for 800 guineas. Shortly before their portraits were painted the ladies had missed the three great matches of the day, Lord Carmarthen, Lord Egremont, and the Duke of Ancester. The last-named died, but the other two broke off their engagements.



LADY HAMILTON. 1783.

Emma Hart, or, as her real name was, Amy Lyon, daughter of Henry Lyon, of Nene, Cheshire, born 1763, came to London at an early age, and was frequently painted by Romney. Married 1791 Sir William Hamilton, K.C.B., British Envoy to the Court of Naples, and subsequently lived with Lord Nelson, whose plans in the Mediterranean she greatly assisted by her influence at the Neapolitan Court. Died at Calais, 1815, in great distress.



PENELOPE BOOTHBY. 1788.

*Penelope, only child of Sir Brook Boothby, of Broadlow House, Derby. He formed part of a literary coterie at Lichfield, of which Dr. Darwin, Miss Seward, and Dr. Edgeworth were leading members. He was the author of several volumes. Penelope Boothby died when quite young.*





COUNTESS OF HARRINGTON AND HER  
CHILDREN. 1784.

A later portrait of Lady Harrington. The elder child, Charles, Viscount  
Petersham, married 1831 Miss Mauda Foote, a popular actress. The younger son,  
who became a major-general in the army, died in 1840.



MRS. SIDDONS. 1784.  
(AS THE TRAGIC MUSE.)

Sarah Kemble, sister of John Philip and Charles Kemble, the children of a provincial theatre manager, born in 1755, was married two years before her first appearance in London in 1773, where she, at once took a leading place amongst tragic actresses. Her best parts were those of Lady Macbeth, Queen Katharine, and Constance. She retired from the stage in 1818, and died in 1831. There is a replica of this picture, which belongs to the Duke of Westminster, in the Dulwich Gallery.



LADY CROSBIE. 1779.

*Dianna, daughter of Lord George Sackville, married 1777 Viscount Crosbie, eldest son of first Earl of Glandore. The picture was recently, and probably still is, in the possession of W. Talbot Crosbie, of Ardfert Abbey, co. Kerry.*





MRS. BLAKE. 1769.  
(AS JUNO.)

Annabella, youngest daughter of Rev. Sir Wm. Bunbury, married first Mr. afterwards Sir Patrick Blake, of Ashfield, Suffolk, in whose family the picture, much injured, still remains. Her first marriage having been dissolved, Miss Bunbury subsequently married Mr. George Boscowen, of St. Peter's, Isle of Thanet. Henry William Bunbury, the caricaturist, also a captain in the Royal Engineers, was her brother.



THE AGE OF INNOCENCE. 1787.

*There is no record of the model who sat for this picture. After some vicissitudes it passed into the possession of Mr. Jeremiah Harman, at whose sale in 1834 it was purchased for 1,530 guineas, and by him bequeathed to the National Gallery, together with numerous other important pictures.*

# The Album

*A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.*

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 7.

MARCH 18, 1895.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post 6d.



*The property of Messrs. Dowdeswell and Dowdeswells, New Bond Street.*

MRS. ANDREW JAMES,  
FROM THE PICTURE BY  
MARGARET CARPENTER,  
PAINTED IN 1837.





### SPRING SALMON-FISHING.

LUCK is all against the salmon-angler. His sport began two months ago; that is to say, it began then—on paper. If you look into Mr. Watson Lyall's *Sportsman's Guide*, or any other authority, you will find the exact day in January on which the earliest of the salmon rivers were opened to the rods by law; and you will find, also, that by the last day of February all the Scottish waters, and many of the English and Irish, had passed from the fence season. But, perhaps excepting on Loch Tay only, not a cast had been made on any of them up to that date, for all had been covered with ice. In such a case, the withdrawal of the legal restriction does not greatly benefit the angler. It gives him as little encouragement as the reply, "Ay, but it's oot!" to his question, "Donald, ha'e ye a licht?" And so, when we are asked to write about this spring's salmon-fishing, the most we can say so far is that there has been little or no salmon-fishing this spring.

Of course, there will be plenty by-and-bye; but, really, the frozen-out salmon-fishermen are to be pitied. They have been "down in their luck" for a long time now. For two seasons, at least, things have gone against them. The reports of the sport on almost all the rivers in 1893, we remember, spoke of that year as the worst on record. The season of 1894, again, was a "worst on record." It is quite clear that things are going to the bad for the angler, for he seldom has a good year, and when he has a bad it is very, very bad, and, indeed, the worst on record. The oldest inhabitant, then, never remembered a season like that of 1894, not even in 1893. And here are the rivers frozen up for two months of the new year in which past ill-success was to be retrieved! It is very hard upon the salmon-fishermen; and upon the salmon-fisherwomen also, we ought to say, for many ladies are finding in salmon-angling an exciting and a becoming sport, led on by the example of the Princess of Wales and her daughters, who every year make good baskets on the Aberdeenshire Dee.

Although there has been little practice in salmon-fishing this spring, there has been the usual theorising about it. One of the few indisputable points about the salmon, one had said, is that it has an eye for colour. Most salmon-anglers say so still, and proceed, and will proceed this season, to select their flies according to the particular taste in colours which the salmon in the river they are fishing are reputed to have. For it is the common belief that the fish in one water show a taste different from that of the fish in another. Even as the ladies of Brixton, we understand, affect hues slightly different from those chosen of the ladies of Bayswater,

so with the salmon of the Dee and the Tay. In some waters fish are sober in their taste, in some they are loud; and anglers make their selection with the tact of a packman. This is all "an irrational, though harmless, delusion," said Sir Herbert Maxwell in the columns of an evening paper recently. Fish have no eye for colour; cannot distinguish colour; at the most are attracted by size and glitter. When they come at any fly, their's is merely the design of the cruel child who sees the glittering butterfly and snaps at it. The only difference is that the child snaps at it with his hands, the fish with his mouth. The salmon no more than the child is consumed with the desire to feed upon the glittering lure. It is just a year since Sir Herbert Maxwell said all this before, and was thoroughly handled by the experts for his trouble. But he sticks to his point, and, we suppose, intends to stick to it; let the experts do their worst. Sir Herbert Maxwell knows that the experts agree in nothing save in disagreeing with him.

That is what makes the salmon such a fruitful subject for discussion in the off-season: everybody has an opinion quite different from his neighbour, and nobody knows anything about it. Perhaps we ought to except Mr. Armistead, of the Solway Fishery, who has just published an interesting work about "An Angler's Paradise," with practical hints for giving the salmon a place in it. Naturally, Mr. Armistead sees in salmon cultivation the remedy for the falling-off in our salmon supply. He has been strengthened in that opinion by what he saw in America, where he collected much useful information concerning the habits of the salmon in American waters; and one conclusion he has come to is that possibly the best thing that could happen in some of our rivers should be that the large salmon died after depositing their eggs. But the burthen of Mr. Armistead's chapter on "Salmon-culture" is that we know little or nothing about the natural history of the fish, and that the more we know the more complex the problems become. Still, there are degrees even in ignorance. There was a man who asked Mr. Armistead, at the Fisheries Exhibition, "How long has a salmon to sit on its eggs before they are hatched?" His case, we are to suppose, is unusual, to be matched only by the nautical man's who, in giving an order for provisioning, said, "I am resolved to have a cow, for I am very fond of newly laid eggs." And that was a fable, designed to cap Miss Stirling Graham in one of her most audacious flights. According to it, a living lobster fell out of a cadger's cart in a northern parish, and was carried by the finder to the minister. He put on his spectacles to see what kind of beast it was, and, after long examination and many a reference to the Bible, pronounced it to be either an elephant or a turtledove.

D. S. MELDRUM.



*Photo by W. & D. Donney, Elbury Street.*

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES  
AND H.R.H. PRINCESS VICTORIA  
OF WALES IN ANGLING COSTUME.



"THE Minstrel Boy to the war has gone"—with Society, more particularly that part of Society whose devotion to the popular drama makes light of weary waiting at pit and gallery doors. Mere expectancy would be sufficient to beguile the time, but this is a fact beyond the psychological insight of him who twangs the unmelodious lyre, so up he comes, benevolently bent on relieving monotony.

It would be harsh to suggest that the presence of a ready-made crowd attracts the musician whose own efforts would never draw men together. In his heart of hearts, we doubt not, the performer is a philanthropist, and it is not his fault that his audience, to whom flight is denied by weighty considerations, look on him as a necessary evil. He honestly strives to benefit his hearers, and it is the recognition of this motive that leads a discerning and kind-hearted, though ear-split, public to reward the belligerent Orpheus. Yet it seems a pity that the "warrior bard" should even savour of the mercenary.

Less agonising to the feelings, because more easily avoided, is another gifted public entertainer—the Pavement Academician, who ought to be a joyous limner, since he need fear no Hanging Committee. But his looks, like his subjects, are generally lugubrious. He is in painful contrast to the blatant assurance and jollity that characterise his brother of the banjo, zither, auto-harp, or other instrument of torture.

Here and there one notices among these *al fresco* painters a mild attempt to suit the class immediately appealed to. In Kensington, I discovered one who had abjured criminals in favour of Madonnas. But his subtlety was even further reaching than this. In the excellent calligraphy occasionally noticeable among the class, he set forth this legend, "patronised by *real* ladies and gentlemen and educated persons only. Any coin, any! Size and colour no object." It seemed a pity thus to limit his patronage; but, no doubt, the master knew his public. At any rate, he knew better than to restrict the offerings.

Another old landmark is about to pass away, Vauxhall Bridge. The exigencies of traffic and the tyranny of the tide have sealed its doom, "Beauty," even in bridges, "is vain." Seventy-nine years is not a long life, but even from the outset the history of this structure has been stormy. Disputes, delays, and alterations in plan hindered its completion, and ere all was done, four engineers had had a hand in the building. In spite, however, of the "many cooks" the result was beautiful; but circumstances have been too strong. Time and tide respect neither man nor bridge.

It is a pleasant fancy that a moderately acute observer might after some practice learn to tell the time of day and perhaps the day itself from the aspect of the tides and currents of London life. One afternoon at any rate is unmistakable in certain parts of the City. The perceptible full of business and the crowd of City men with a "homeward" look and step setting westward, have a peculiarly "Saturday" air. The bow is visibly unbent alike for business man and Blue-coat boy.

Perverse fate recently sent me strolling eastward in the face of the emancipated throng, till at last a bookseller's shop brought me to a standstill under the shadow of St. Paul's. In the shop window stood the poems of that Londoner of Londoners, Thomas Hood. The place and the book were curiously appropriate, for one of the most whimsical pieces of that whimsical work was, I recollected, a poem entitled "Moral Reflections on the Cross of St. Paul's." Might it not, whispered Caprice, be edifying to ascend the Dome and there renew acquaintance with the verses?

It is not always advisable to buy duplicate copies of the same author, but as I did not carry a pocket Hood necessity knew no law and the volume became mine.

Within the Cathedral it was very quiet, for the subdued bustle of service time was still far off. The nave was tenanted by some who seem to think the church an appropriate sleeping-place, even when there is no sermon. Sad flotsam and jetsam of humanity these slumberers looked, drifted thither, no doubt, by the desire of a little warmth and a brief escape from the shouldering millions outside. Here, at least, no man says them nay—these modern diners with Duke Humphrey.

At last the weary ascent was ended, the first stage, at least. In the little cabin on the first gallery lay a watcher sound asleep. He started up, however, at my approach, and unlocked the outer door. The wind was bitter and the weather suddenly changed for the worse; nothing remained of the clear, crisp air that had partly tempted the ascent; leaden fog was settling on the City, so a hasty turn round the Dome had to be substituted for a prolonged survey of the scene.

It was useless to think of attempting the Cross and Ball under such atmospheric conditions, and a hasty perusal of the poem at an inappropriate altitude tended little to edification. The view yielded nothing exceptionally curious, except the tops of the Tower Bridge turrets, rising up like lone fortified islets in a misty sea, the lower parts being entirely blotted out by river vapours.

Declining the keeper's offer of guidance to a more exalted sphere I began my descent, pausing for a moment at the Whispering Gallery to exchange a word with the exhibitor of that curiosity. He deeply sympathized with his brethren aloft. "It's a bitter cold job, sir," he remarked, "up there—nine to five. The one that shows the Cross has just come down 'ere to get warmed a bit. That other's *doin' a turn* for 'im!" Even St. Paul's cannot escape the phraseology of the Music Hall.

Then downwards ever. On the walls were placards enjoining reverence. On the stairs below footsteps were ascending. A thousand speculations arose as to the newcomers. "Will they have their hats on? If so, will they pull them off, shamefacedly, when we meet?" The interest grew painfully intense until, at the last corner, I encountered—oh, the irony of it!—two visitors whose hats were neither on their heads nor in their hands, a pair of holiday-making Blue-coat boys.

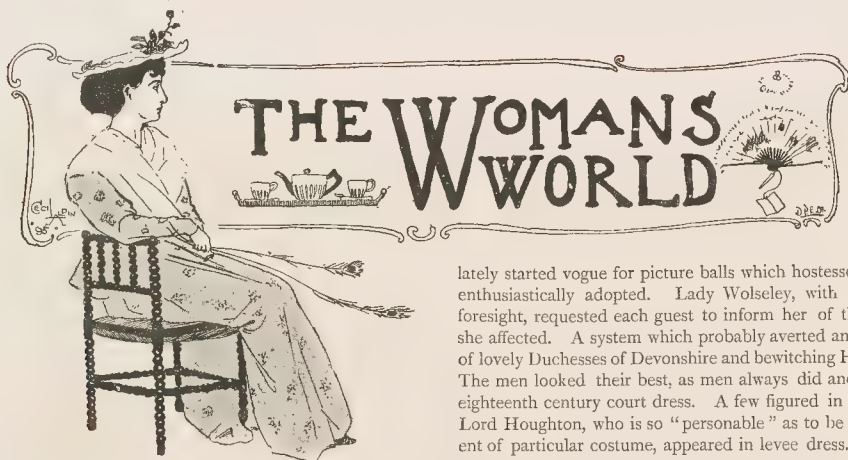
JOHN A' DREAMS.





*Photo by York & Son.*

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.



TO be a host in oneself expresses much in this vernacular. To be a hostess—not so much—though why—the unwritten law makers would doubtless puzzle to explain. A fascinating personality—the art of charming others with themselves—and perhaps, thirdly the divine addendum of beauty spelled with a capital and undeniable B—are all parts of a whole, which few are born to. Now Lady Warwick is a host in herself, and would have been so—even without that pleasant million sterling or upwards, which the heiress came into on her father's death, Col. the Hon. Charles Maynard, one of the most popular and genial men of his day.

It is often said that women are capable of big sacrifices but fail at smaller things. Yet I would place Lady Warwick's division of a great inheritance with her posthumous sister Blanche, now Lady Algy Gordon Lennox, as a subtly splendid abnegation—even if it came under the category of small things to one of her infinitely generous nature.

By Mrs. Maynard's marriage with Lord Rosslyn, Lady Warwick became step-sister to the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Westmoreland. Her favourite place at which other members of the family love to assemble is Easton Lodge; and Dunmow, that forcing house of the domestic felicities is also in her fortune. "Who can tell" said a New Cynic lately "for what unreal reciprocities that classic bacon fitch is annually responsible." But this species is incurably unbelieving, and not to be seriously regarded.

In gardening matters Lady Warwick is an artist of high degree. Her Jacobean, Elizabethan, Queen Anne, Dutch and other landscape effects are one of the sights at Easton. Her pen when occasionally wielded is no less firm and graceful than her seat across country. To her village girls she is the ideal patroness and helpful friend together, taking active interest in their industries, even to establishing a Bond Street shop as a market for their work. And in fact, the girl whose beauty and grace took London by storm in the season of '83, has developed into a woman worthy of herself and the historic name she bears.

Lady Wolseley's ball of Romney, Reynolds, or Gainsborough women, though directly inspired by Lady Warwick's late masterpiece in periods, was itself an achievement in the

lately started vogue for picture balls which hostesses have so enthusiastically adopted. Lady Wolseley, with admirable foresight, requested each guest to inform her of the picture she affected. A system which probably averted an epidemic of lovely Duchesses of Devonshire and bewitching Hamiltons. The men looked their best, as men always did and must, in eighteenth century court dress. A few figured in pink, and Lord Houghton, who is so "personable" as to be independent of particular costume, appeared in levee dress.

"Superiority" is the special inheritance of us islanders, and we are sometimes even so overborne with our own merits as to forget that the word foreigner is out of place when visiting other people in their own countries. But, notwithstanding all acquired and bequeathed excellencies, we are yet as a nation unable to do our own back hair. Now I hold that a woman can never be truly great and towzled at the same time. And it is this lack of detail in finalities of the curling-tongs that gives the battle to the strong so palpably, by which I mean our fair sisters of the Americans and French. My country-women may cry shame; but I still maintain that we have never well construed the secrets of the coiffure. Conservatism is at fault here at least. Take last season, when the "bun" having died so hard in town, was still equally shared by Clapham and the county families, or compare the hirsute blandishments of a ball-room in Fifth Avenue of St. Germaine with one of ours. Decidedly in the matter of hair-dressing we have still to be regenerated.

That the sundial and the peacock have not ceased to charm our imagination was amply evidenced in the number of enthusiastic private viewers who combined the joys of tea and dilettantism at another Fine Art Gallery occasion on Saturday, to see Mr. George Elgood's "Gardens," and discourse the cult of the hollyhock—Lady Fanny Fitzwygram, Mr. Rudolph Lehmann, Lady Blomfield—whose nephew contributes a pretty prefatory note to the catalogue—and many others were present. In the matter of frocks, one jarring duet of grey velvet and ermine trimmings filled me with melancholy. Why will women perpetrate such combinations? Excellent apart, but, like the river in an east wind, together they are disconcerting and inharmonious.

Mr. George Stanley Cary has left Brighton for Bombay to join the second battalion of his regiment, the Irish Rifles. Before leaving home, however, he accomplished the classic conventionality of becoming engaged to Miss Chichester, one of Lord Donegal's pretty nieces. Brighton is fatal to the bachelor, whether soldier or civilian. The Inniskillings used to ache for an allowance of three hearts each when there, I remember. Nor is one altogether adequate to the requirements of a line regiment suddenly removed from pastoral polo and Irish fences to the gentler leisure of a tiffin taking seaside.

VERA.



*Photo by Lafayette Dutton.*

THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.





# CYCLING IN SPRING.

THE idea of founding a cycling club for members of the House of Commons is distinctly a good one. This would and would not be a party affair. There is nothing whatever in any number of disestablishment or disendowment bills to hinder Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Balfour sharing a shilling tea, with or without shrimps, say at the Old Salisbury, Barnet. But Sir William has yet to be converted. Mr. Balfour laid the foundations of belief, in the fall of man, and perhaps even of woman, some years ago. He rides a cycle neatly; it may be assumed from his labour in other fields that he is a stayer. And it is now said that he is to be the captain of the Westminster Club. The other officials are not named. Perhaps Mr. Chamberlain would oblige with the bugle. Certainly, if Mr. Chaplin would come out on a tandem, he would lend weight to the proceedings.

This talk of clubs and the foundation of clubs is very natural at the end of Lent. All said and done, cycling is not a winter pastime. The old machines were bad enough, but pneumatic tyres and mud are not to be described with any reasonable calmness. On a hard, frosty road there is no finer exercise in the world than bicycling. It is the thaw which one cannot contemplate; the thaw which penetrates deep down and with relentless malignity ploughs up a grey and melancholy waste of mud; the thaw which bestirs the agonising appeal "brush me early mother, dear." I have seen men in the last fortnight splashed *cap-a-pied* until you could not tell whether they wore brown clothes or black. I saw a lady cyclist upon the great North Road one day last week, and she was so thickly plastered that a 'bus-driver considerably offered to get down and scrape her. The charms of the safety are not to be disputed—but there never was in the history of cycling a machine less suited for the squirts and fountains of the outrageous thaw.

Here is the reason why so few men are cyclists between November and April. There is a good deal of tall talk, especially in the technical press, but very little performance. Once a man has taken his machine to pieces at the end of October for cleaning purposes—and we are all inflicted with this madness at some time—he is induced with difficulty to put it together again before Easter. Rather, he is content to be a person of parts, sitting beslippered in his arm-chair and contemplating tyres and hubs as they hang upon the walls of his study. Sometimes he will steal off to a boxing club, or develop a mad enthusiasm for foils; he is nearly always a skater. It is only at the *mi-carême* that he thinks of putting his mount in order, and blowing up the pneumatics. But Easter will bring a sharp attack of wheeling

fever, and this may be relied on to endure well into the early summer.

Time, which has done so much for cyclists has, I am afraid, damped that Spartan disregard for hardship which was such a remarkable attribute of the pioneers. I notice a decline in the mania for tents. Men no longer hold it good to sleep with their heads upon india-rubber pillows, and their boots in the river. They do not care to be huddled in attics, or to be dined in outbuildings. Those who are not professional "fliers," and to whom the *Ultima Thule* is not mileage, make no pretence to the honours of martyrdom by the way. They ask for the best hotels, and see that they get them. And they do not find it necessary to make quite so much noise *en route* as their forefathers did.

A determined attempt is to be made this year to put on the market a safety bicycle in which the hands of the cyclist assist his feet. Years ago, when people tricycled, there were scores of contrivances in which the arms thus helped the legs. It was common then to see an elderly person pumping himself along the road, with a motion which resembled nothing so much as the turning of a crank by a pickpocket. All these inventions were failures. Perhaps Turkish baths were cheaper. Anyway, the hand tricycle was speedily doomed; and its memory provokes to-day nothing but smiles and bad language.

The new machine is a safety bicycle, in which the handles connect with the chain-wheel, and move backwards and forwards. I cannot conceive that any man could cut a very fine figure on such an instrument. Undoubtedly he would lay himself open to the satire of the small boy; he might also do a public service in provoking the omnibus driver to hilarity. As for hardening of the deflectors, well, an hour at a parish pump should do the business better. Yet there are men who declare that the new mount possesses amazing possibilities; that the long-distance records will fly like chips once it is known. *Nous verrons.*

Together with the pump-handle helps to pace, the wooden rim is, I take it, on its trial during the coming summer. Many of these rims are exceedingly pretty, and are made by an expenditure of ingenuity which is colossal. If they last, they must prove a triumph for their makers. It is early to speak yet, but men who have been using wooden rims during the winter speak in the highest terms of them. The comfort they bring is not to be denied. Perhaps their very lightness moves the timid to fear. At the same time, I remember the evil things said of pneumatic when the men of Ireland first carried them here. Pictures of unfortunate wretches, stranded twenty miles from anywhere with a burst tube, were the delight of the pessimists—generally the first, by the way, to make a rush for any new invention. Very possibly the wooden rim will prove quite as remarkable in its way as the tyre it carries.

MAX PEMBERTON.



*Reproduced by kind permission of Robert Dundas, Esq.*

MRS. HAMILTON OF PENCAIT-  
LAND, FROM THE PICTURE  
BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN, R.A.,  
NOW BEING EXHIBITED AT  
THE GRAFTON GALLERIES.





WE have all heard of the lunatic who held that he was perfectly sane, and that the rest of the world was mad. He is very near akin to Max Nordau, whose "Degeneration" is the most extraordinary instance of monomania that contemporary literature has produced. Here is a tremendous work, written to prove that the originators of new movements in the letters, music, and pictorial art of our times are afflicted with disease. And why? Because any artist who seeks to escape from the old artistic forms which are good enough for Max Nordau must be crazy; because Wagner had a theory of music which he did not borrow from Beethoven; because Rossetti used a refrain in some of his ballads, and a refrain is a sign of idiocy; because some painters have predilections for certain colours, and such predilections indicate a diseased retina. We are gravely assured that as a medical experiment with a hysterical woman showed that she was particularly sensitive to everything red, therefore the predominance of red in a picture proves that the artist is a lunatic. Mr. Orchardson is much enamoured of a peculiar shade of yellow. I wonder whether his friends are anxious about him.

The condition of Max Nordau's retina is exemplified by his description of the ordinary costumes of society. At the private view of the Royal Academy he sees "dummies patched together at haphazard in the mythical mortuary from fragments of bodies, heads, trunks, limbs, just as they came to hand, and which the designer in heedless pell-mell clothed at random in the garments of all epochs and countries." Who can recognise in this nightmare the extremely common-place assemblage at Burlington House on an early day in May? Personally I have always found an intense buoyancy and joyousness in the pictures of Manet. But it seems that his use of violet is a sign of nervous exhaustion, hysteria, and neurasthenia, because this colour is often worn as half-mourning. So when Nature breaks out in violets I suppose this proves that the very earth is diseased. And violet eyes in a woman are, no doubt, a premonition that she may end in an asylum. There is another notable reason for treating modern painters as madmen. They actually form themselves into associations. "Healthy artists or authors, in possession of minds in a condition of well-regulated equilibrium, will never think of forming themselves into an association which may at pleasure be termed a sect or band." What does the Incorporated Society of Authors say to this? I can see Mr. Walter Besant's eye in a fine frenzy rolling, to the great alarm of his medical adviser.

Such a grotesque travesty of science excites derision, and impairs the real force of Max Nordau's literary criticism. But do we not all indulge sometimes in the secret belief that our contemporaries are not quite right in the head? What do the minor poets think of their critics? I observe

that Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson attributes the prejudices of "sedentary and hot-headed reviewers" to the absence from their souls of the sweet influences which inspire the bard. Sedentary I am, alas! That may be one reason why I am not stirred when, in Mr. Benson's "Lyrics," I find him apostrophising the orchid thus:—

"Avaunt, perfection! Give me something less  
Presumptuous, less complete!"

I can look at orchids without this excitement. I can also read Mr. Benson without hurling the taunt of "presumptuous perfection" at his muse. His lyrics are often very charming, but the trouble is that I have read them all before. They are not "degenerate," in Max Nordau's sense of the word, for they are well-bred echoes of familiar and highly respected ideas.

No, it is not a sedentary habit, nor heat in the head, which makes some of us incapable of ecstasy over Mr. Benson and Lord de Tabley. Here in "Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical," are the old artistic forms, studiously correct, with appropriate rhymes, or blank verse which, at the proper moment, diverges into the elaborate image with the customary "As when," and dresses up old fables in the orthodox raiment of the classic costumier. Even the most sedentary reviewer may be excused for the sluggishness of his blood when he reads the legend of Orpheus for the five hundredth time, or "The Death of Phaethon," rash charioteer of the sun, who, as he fell, observed with pain that the earth

"Rushed up to meet him with incredible speed."

Lord de Tabley is almost uniformly mournful, and has many venerable reflections about the tomb. He is full of wise saws, such as—

"He best enjoys who can refrain,  
He least is nimble Fortune's fool  
Who sees his honest duty plain,  
A scholar in her iron school."

The hottest head will not demur to this philosophy, but the precise necessity for printing it is not obvious.

In his delightful "Literary History of the English People," M. Jusserand reminds us that the early Anglo-Saxons had no gift of repartee, and were fond of "disconsolate poems." The dearth of sprightliness in Mr. Benson and Lord de Tabley, and, indeed, in nearly all our minor bards, is a survival of this ancestral strain. But for the Norman irruption, as M. Jusserand says, we should all be wailing under the churchyard yew, and even the sedentary reviewer would pipe his eye with the rest. Not that our Saxon progenitors were without humour; the anecdote of St. Dunstan, the devil, and the pair of tongs attests its quality, and descendants of that jest may be found in various comic publications of the present time. But the fusion of Celt and Saxon and Norman French, described by M. Jusserand with great felicity, has saved many of us from systematic meditation upon death, varied by horse-play.

L. F. AUSTIN.





Photo by Russell & Sons.

MR. HALL CAINE.

*By birth a Manxman, and by early training an architect, he eventually became a journalist on the staff of the Liverpool Mercury. Friendship with Dante Rossetti brought him to London, where he published a Sonnet Anthology and "Recollections of Rossetti." In 1885 his first romance "The Shadow of a Crime" proclaimed the advent of a new novelist of exceptional power. "A Son of Hagar," "The Deemster"—dramatized as "Ben-my-Chree"—"The Bondman," "The Scapegoat," and "The Manxman" have since won a wide popularity.*



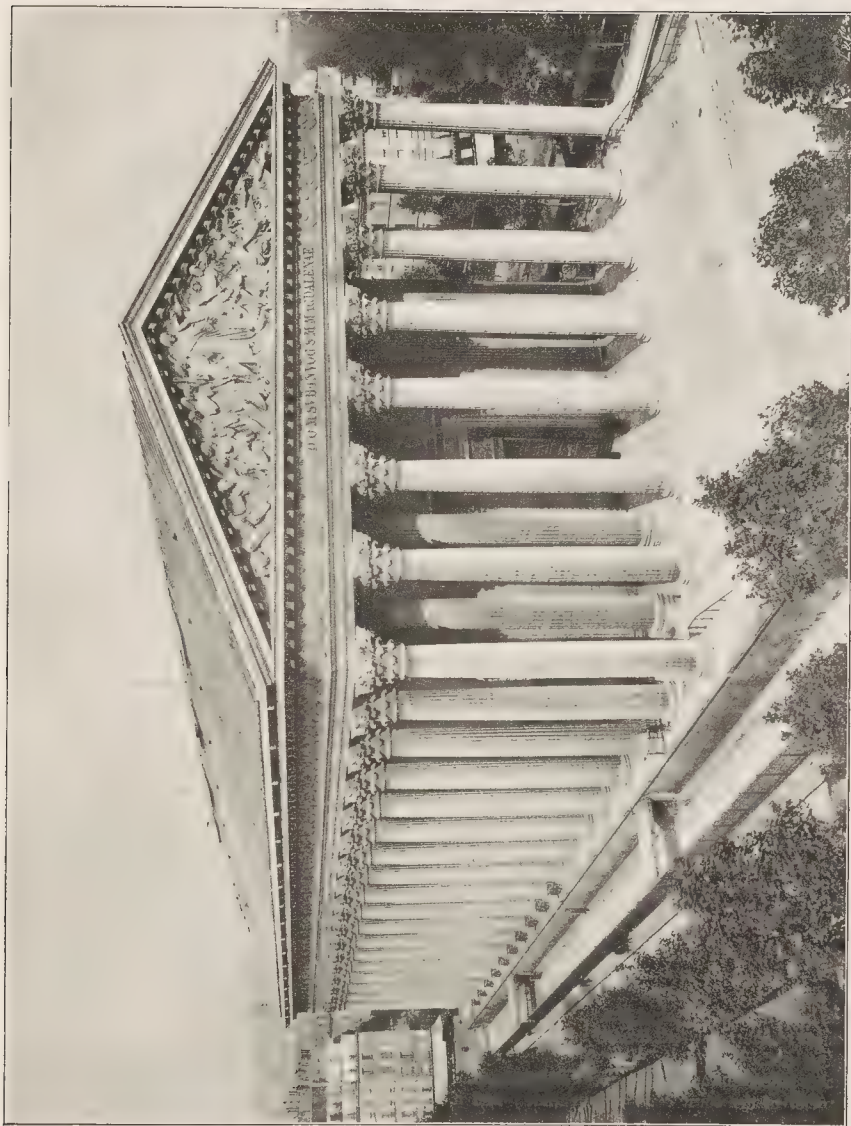
# THE MADELEINE, PARIS.

IN conquering Naples Charles VIII. brought France under the intellectual influence of Italy. Before that conquest the saints most esteemed by his subjects were active and enterprising men and women of holy lives. They were Denis, Martin (who shared his mantle with a beggar), husband-converting Clotilde; Geneviève, Bruno, Bernard, Marguerite (the female warrior whom Joan of Arc invoked), Catherine and the archangel Michael. Magdalen's story did not commend itself in a rude time to the French mind. But between Italian influence and the example of Agnes Sorel and the devotion paid her by Charles she became the fashion. He ordered a church to be built in her honour to the west of Paris, in fields belonging to the Archbishop's great farm of la Ville l'Évêque. This farm was extended from the Seine at the actual Pont des Invalides to the Faubourg Montmartre. The fields there were a holiday ground for the Parisians, the paths being guarded from wolves and footpads. The site of the church was close to a jousting ground, fenced in with a quickset hedge, and amid orchards. The enclosure was subsequently used as a grave yard. It had an historical destiny, inasmuch as it awaited the headless bodies of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette.

Paris spreading west, the church was found much too small for its congregation in 1659. Important additions were ordered to be made. The Queen Regent built herself a villa in the parish. The levelling of the fortifications under Louis the XIV., brought the Madeleine into Paris. His successor was persuaded by Madame de Pompadour to improve the Ville l'Évêque neighbourhood by ordering the old church to be pulled down, and a grand new one to be erected in its stead. She had made large purchases of ground belonging to the Bishop's farm. A taste for Classical Paganism had been aroused by Racine. It coincided with the dying out of religious feeling in France. The English scoffers and rationalists of Queen Anne's reign had been made the fashion by Voltaire. Wren's architecture expresses, unknown to himself, English rationalism. It had been decided to build in honour of St. Geneviève the church now known as the Pantheon, the model for which was rather found at St. Paul's in London, than at St. Peter's in Rome. The projected Madeleine was to be the pendant of St. Geneviève. "Gothic barbarisms" were to be eschewed. Coutant d'Ivry, who was engaged to plan it, saw in the Magdalen a Madame de Pompadour, raised to sainthood. He, she, and the king she ruled, died before the foundations were achieved. Louis XVI. commissioned Couture to proceed with the work, but the French co-operation in the war of American Independence,

exhausted the exchequer and little could be done. In the Revolution the scaffoldings were sold to the man who contracted to demolish the Bastille. While the tide of war was rolling over Europe, the tide of fashion was pouring into the Ville l'Évêque. The Republic was swallowed up by the Empire. David accentuated the taste for Greek and Roman antiquity. Napoleon, bitten with it, ordered the unfinished Madeleine to be turned into a temple of victory, where once a year Jena and Austerlitz were to be celebrated by odes, harangues, processions, and illuminations. But Paris had become as a magic lantern; ere the ink on the Emperor's decree was dry, the Empire had made way for a restored monarchy setting up to be religious. Vignon, Couture's successor, was directed by the king to adapt the plan to the requirements of the Catholic cult. He promised compliance, but disobeyed and built a church, that might have been erected by Hadrian in honour of Jupiter. Another revolution delayed the roofing. At length, in 1843, the Madeleine, as we now see it, was finished, and the flower market that afforded Nittis a subject for one of his brightest, crispest, and most peculiarly Parisian paintings, was set round it. The interior might be a law court, or a concert hall. Its character is secular, the chancel is a stage with a high altar, at which religious solemnities take an operative aspect. No side aisle hides in a penumbra the wretched garments of the poor, nor light streaming from coloured windows transfigures them. Votaries are in the full blaze of day and of altar taper lights. The paintings are by now forgotten mediocrities; the sculptures, in the debased style of modern Italy, by Triqueti, Raggi, Marochetti, and Pradier, Canova's disciple. Correggio was looked to for inspiration, but only offered suggestions. M. de Lesseps used to bring his numerous offspring to Sunday service at the Madeleine, in the early years of the Panama enterprise. An air of fashion pervades the congregation at Lent and Advent sermons. Ladies of style who go to the Madeleine as penitents are most particular about their shoes, or boots, and stockings, because they cannot hide their feet and ankles on the high and wide steps in front of the church. Preachers may be drawn by the Pagan air of the Church to excite nerves rather than to touch hearts. Be this as it may, it is certain that more than a touch of languid Italian *morbidessa* has crept into pulpit eloquence and plastic and pictorial art at the Madeleine. The parish priest of the Madeleine is the richest ecclesiastic in France, save the Bishop of Tarbes, to whom Lourdes furnishes about £12,000 a year. The former has salary and dues amounting to nearly £5,000. The Madeleine is well suited to joyous festivals. A Corpus Christi or a first communion service there is full of a heart-softening symbolism and, indeed, a thing of beauty, which is a joy for ever.

EMILY CRAWFORD.



THE MADELENE,  
PARIS.





# JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

IF John Stuart Blackie was not *ultimus Scotorum*—and it is to be hoped he was not—he was at least the last of the Scots who dressed and demeaned himself like no other of his countrymen. He was the most picturesque of killtless Caledonians, and, had his figure only been a little more stalwart, he might have been taken for a cross between Christopher North and the Ettrick Shepherd. His pastoral plaid was the mantle of his inspiration, without which he was never seen abroad, summer or winter; and no stranger could meet him swinging along Prince's Street, or ascending the Mound, with a quarter-staff-like flourish of his walking-stick, without turning his head and wondering who and what in the world that astonishing apparition was. With the finely chiselled features of a Greek statue, the flowing silver locks of a Puritan father, the collar of a Shakespeare, the frock-coat of a Piccadilly swell, the sombrero of a Catalonian troubadour, and a folded web of Lowland shepherd's plaid about his slender bust—he was enough to puzzle the most intelligent foreigner who ever came to gaze upon the beauties of Modern Athens.

It was a peculiar feature in the charming character of the man who lost no opportunity of dwelling on the divinely elevating influence of song, that he was but a poor singer himself. But so was Burns, for the matter of that. Blackie delivered himself of his songs like one of his own Homeric bards. He chanted them. And he was always in best voice in the morning, especially on a Saturday morning, when he used to invite his students in alphabetical batches to breakfast with him, and listen to the latest effusions of his mimetic muse, or his newest theory of the universe. Doric was his favourite organ of lyrical expression—not the Greek, but the Scottish Doric. Who that heard him at these charming matutinal entertainments can ever forget the rendering of his "Jenny Geddes and her stool," or the "Quaker's Wife," or his own new version of "A man's a man for a' that"?

He was laughed at by some, but loved by more as the simplest, most sympathetic, and most inspiring of all the professors: and, perhaps, the only solid objection which any of his pupils could ever urge against him was that the down-right and direct teaching of Greek formed but a subordinate part in his programme of the session. But while rather neglectful of the mere letter, he was equally ardent and successful as an interpreter of the spirit of Greek literature; and if any of his students had æsthetic tastes at all, he rarely failed to fire them with a desire to fight their way into the difficult region where he promised them on their arrival such a feast of artistic and intellectual delight.

What need for the Scottish youth to grub about among obscure and crabbed Greek books when modern Athens was thus blessed with the presence of a man who thought, and felt, and acted, and looked at things, and spoke, as if he had been

a miraculous survival from ancient Athens? With such a teacher in their midst it would have been clearly preposterous of the Edinburgh students to bother their heads overmuch with the heart-rending vexations of Veitch's Greek verbs, or with the ponderous pedantry of Liddell and Scott. And then, with his "little Latin and less Greek," what a splendid corrective was the "Kathegetes Melaniskos"—as Blackie taught us to call him in our modern Greek colloquial hours—to his colleagues of the "mental philosophy" side of the house with their unutterable syllogisms and systems of the universe!

To pass from the metaphysical or moral philosophy classroom to that of the plaided Professor of Greek was always like passing from darkness into light, from the region of the incomprehensible to the realm of the knowable and the known, from prose to poetry, from despair to hope. David Masson, too, in his English Literature lectures, was always a tremendous relief from the metaphysicians and the moral philosophers; but to the latter even he was not half so bright a foil as John Stuart Blackie with his breezy airs of life, his witty aphorisms, his poems and recitations, his stinging allusions to the shams and charlatans of the hour, and his utter contempt for academic convention.

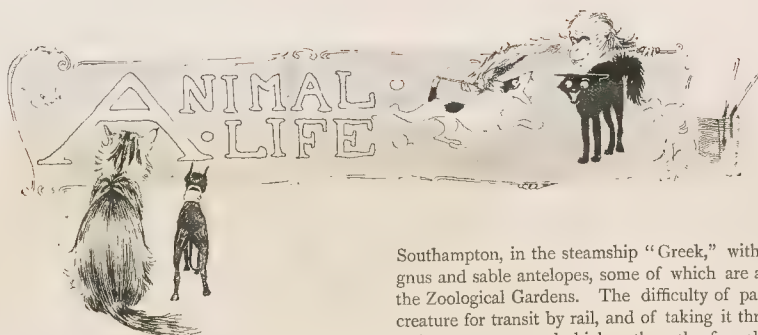
Sometimes he got sharply taken to task by the champions of a dull decorum, and the sour-faced opponents of laughter and *délassement*. But the professor would gaily tell his applauding students that these cantankerous reproofs simply ran off him like water from a duck's back; and, indeed, he was altogether irrepressible. He was the Proteus of the professorate, and his speciality was things in general. It was sometimes difficult to draw the line between his conscious affectations and his natural eccentricities, and his character was undoubtedly marked, one might almost say marred, by a very considerable vein of vanity. But it was the vanity of the child of Nature, and he was always treated as a kind of chartered libertine in the world of letters as well as of social life. A rare mixture of Greek and Scot, he was also an unusual blend of the man of letters and the man of learning. Scotland could never boast of a more patriotic and perfervid son. His heart and character were singularly pure, and his mind was always a seat of the highest and noblest enthusiasms. Like Cato, he was never too old to learn, and he was well on to seventy before Gaelic displaced Greek in his linguistic affection. Above all things, a cheery, elevated spirit of optimism shone through everything he said and wrote. In spite of his failings, no one could come into contact with him without feeling the richer for a new idea or a new impulse. In John Stuart Blackie, Scotland has lost one of the human forces which "make her loved at home, revered abroad"; and thousands upon thousands of those who have sat at his feet will exclaim with a sigh on hearing of his death, "*Vale, vale*, dear old Herr Professor! May we again foregather on the fair Elysian fields!"

CHARLES LOWE.



*Photo by Elliott & Fry.*

THE LATE JOHN STUART BLACKIE,  
AN AUTOGRAPH PORTRAIT.



### THE GIRAFFE'S RETURN TO THE ZOO.

ON Tuesday, February 26th, a fine young giraffe, the first seen in England since 1892, was delivered in good health and condition at Waterloo Station, and taken to the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park. The restoration of the giraffe to the Society's menagerie is an achievement even more creditable than that by which the first specimens of these animals were brought to the Garden Society years ago. Then the Soudan and the Upper Nile were open to expeditions from Egypt, the animals themselves were far more numerous, and the tribes of Kordofan were friendly to Europeans, and eager allies in the sport of giraffe-catching. Now, all that has changed. The Mahdi has closed the navigation of the Nile, which has been for ages the great high road of the trade in wild animals from Central Africa, and the tribes of hunting Arabs are our bitter and fanatical enemies.

Thus, when the last giraffe at the Zoo died in the winter of 1892, the whole of the northern frontier of the giraffe country was inaccessible. The only points from which a fresh supply might possibly be drawn were the North Kalahari desert in the south, the "unknown horn of Africa," with its outlet at Berbera on the Red Sea, or possibly the borders of the new colony in Mashonaland. All three presented such difficulties that one who has long been considered the most enterprising dealer in wild beasts, and has for a quarter of a century had a depot for the trade near Berbera, told the writer that he would not undertake to procure a new giraffe if he were offered £1,000 to take the risk. He referred, laughing, to the experience of M. Thibaut, in 1836. M. Thibaut, with every facility at his disposal, and the Soudan population friendly, succeeded in bringing four giraffes to England. But he was astonished at his own success. "Providence alone," he wrote, "enabled me to surmount the difficulties of the task."

Yet the feat has been accomplished, and the giraffe house at the Zoo is once more occupied by its proper tenant. Mashonaland has the honour of providing the London public with this new pet, though the history of its adventures on the way justifies the hesitation of those in the wild beast trade to embark in such an enterprise. It is the only survivor of six, which were taken in the new territory, and marched a thousand miles to Pretoria. Three died on the way, one fatally injured itself by striking its head against a sharp branch of a tree, and one broke a leg, and had to be killed. The survivor was taken by rail from Pretoria to Delagoa Bay, and was brought thence to

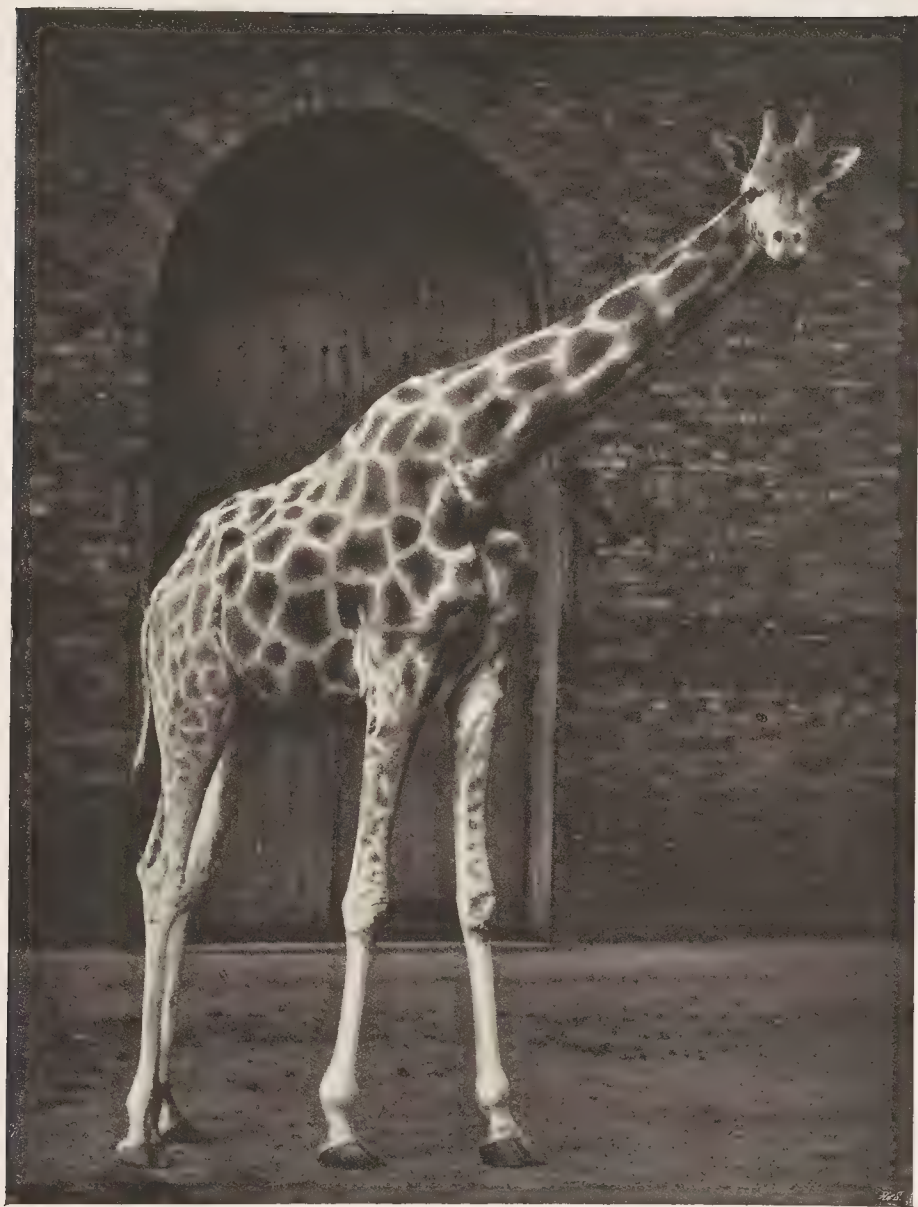
Southampton, in the steamship "Greek," with a number of gnus and sable antelopes, some of which are also placed in the Zoological Gardens. The difficulty of packing such a creature for transit by rail, and of taking it through tunnels, which are not much higher than the funnels of the locomotives, must have exercised the ingenuity of those who undertook to deliver it in London. The "box" in which the giraffe was brought, is still standing in the yard outside the giraffe house, and its construction partly explains the method of the animal's transport. A full-grown giraffe stands 10 ft. high at the shoulder, and 16 ft. at the head. The new arrival is apparently something over eleven feet in height at the head—far taller than anything which could be set upright upon a railway truck, and clear the arches. The top of its box was so made that it would "telescope" downwards, and be reduced to eight feet, the giraffe inside being induced to lower its neck, and put its head down into the manger in front during the journey. I have witnessed the extreme discomfort of a giantess, eight feet high, stepping into a four-wheeled cab. But the position of the giraffe during the journey from Southampton to Waterloo must have been even more disagreeable. Yet, on its arrival, it did not seem to be suffering from a "stiff neck," a form of malaise which must be a severe trial when the neck is of giraffian proportions.

It is interesting to compare the new giraffe with the admirable portrait by Mr. Gambier Bolton, given opposite, of the last creature of the kind which lived in the gardens. This was a very large bull giraffe, which, though bred in England, was descended from animals brought from the northern side of the giraffe country, whereas the new arrival comes from the southern limit. The latter is much darker in general colour, and the tint of the rectilinear patches is different, like the crust of a well-baked loaf. The dark patches also seem closer together, and it has not the clearly-marked, cinq-foil arrangement of the pattern on the flank, which is shown so clearly in the portrait of the older animal. Its legs are spotted down to the hoof, though this may disappear with age, and the muzzle is longer and finer in proportion.

If this difference of colour is not accidental, the produce of the new giraffe farm at the Zoo, for the re-establishment of which it is hoped that the successful importation of this specimen is a guarantee, will probably be even handsomer creatures than those formerly bred in the gardens. If one or two more can be obtained, and the rapid opening up of South Africa by Mr. Rhodes and his pioneers, makes this less unlikely week by week, we shall soon see giraffe fawns in their London home. The former inmates of the house were mainly recruited from young ones reared in the gardens, no less than seventeen having been born at the Zoo, of which the greater number lived to grow up, and it is fully expected that the fresh stock may be equally prolific.

C. J. CORNISH.





*Photo by Mr. Gambler Dolton, F.Z.S.*

GIRAFFE.



ECCENTRIC seekers (in the Gallic idiom) of noon at fourteen o'clock have lodged a strange objection against *Gentleman Joe*, the new musical farce at the Prince of Wales's. They say there is "nothing beautiful" in it. In a piece designed merely as a background to Mr. Arthur Roberts's caricature-portrait of a cabman, where, one wonders, is the element of "beauty" expected to show itself? A "beautiful" provocative to laughter is a contradiction in terms. In Aristotle's "Poetics," a very ancient book, to be sure, but still the bible of dramatic criticism—Professor S. H. Butcher has just published an excellent "crib" to it, by the way—you will find the ridiculous classified among the sub-divisions of the ugly. This, perhaps, is going a little too far. The fact is, Aristotle had never (and I am sorry for him) seen Mr. Arthur Roberts. If he had, he would have seen an artist in the ridiculous whose *faicts et gestes*, although they may not be positively beautiful, are not positively ugly, either. An artist? It is a big word, but I use it deliberately. To the unthinking, Mr. Roberts is a mere droll. "Always Arthur Roberts," is their parrot-cry. Well, that in itself is no mean achievement. To be always yourself is to have a personality of some sort; it is to set up a symbol of permanence amid the eternal flux of things; it is to succeed, where the dismal prig in *The Case of Rebellious Susan* failed, in "stamping yourself upon the age."

But, of course, Mr. Roberts is not always himself. Indeed, it might be argued that he is always somebody else, some type of humanity which he has observed closely until he can reproduce it faithfully, with the reservation that this type is always reduced, so to speak to the Arthurian formula, shown not exactly as it is but as it would have been had its spirit, by some metempsychosis, clothed itself with the flesh and nervous system of Mr. Arthur Roberts. Lately, for instance, he possessed himself of what one might call the "astral body" of a barmaid; for the time being, he *was*, to all intents and purposes, a barmaid, or rather *the* barmaid, an archetype—barmaidenhood, as Elia would have said, "in its quiddity." Now he is a hansom cabman, and "surprises by himself" all the qualities of the class. His hat, his coat, his trousers, cease to be mere clothes and attain the rank of symbols—revelations of the true inwardness piercing through the "neatest and nattiest, shiniest-hattiest" outwardness of the London cabbie. It is the cabman at his jauntiest, the cabman in his hours of ease, wooing the fair, playing the concertina, posing before a camera on Margate sands. You feel, instinctively, that the cabman must be like that, if you could only follow him to his haunts to see; Mr. Arthur Roberts saves you the

trouble. But close observer of types as he is, I prefer, for my part, to consider Mr. Roberts as a philosopher. His is the philosophy of imperturbable cheerfulness—not a crude, obtrusive, militant Mark Tapleyism, but a quiet resolve to see life steadily and to see it funny. He is alert, gay, resourceful; to contemplate his antics for an evening is to renounce Schopenhauer and all his works. "We are all comic," says the gentleman in *Francillon*; it is the function of Mr. Roberts to drive that truth home. To take life as a perpetual joke, to be yourself a perpetual joke—what an enviable occupation! And there are other excellent reasons for envying Mr. Arthur Roberts. On whatever stage he appears he is surrounded with pretty faces; such is the luck of a protagonist of "musical farce." All the ladies in *Gentleman Joe* are comely, and one or two of them can even sing a little. Miss Aida Jenoure, of course, can sing more than a little, and Miss Sadie Jerome can, at least, shout the ballad of Lalage Potts—

It's got to be  
Says La-la-ge  
Potts—

to the great delight of the gallery-boys, who lie in wait for the word "Potts," and then send it reverberating with a sudden explosion through the theatre. For the scene on Margate sands, some real Margate niggers have been imported. I should have liked a real cab-horse.

At the Avenue, there is *Dandy Dick Whittington*, which consists of Miss May Yohe and etceteras. Miss Yohe means the face and figure that you wot of (or the photograph shops are in vain for you), a marvellous series of "quick-change" costumes, and the now inevitable plantation ditty. The etceteras comprise Mr. John F. Sheridan's American-Irish brogue, some powerful but rather incongruous melodramatics by Mr. Robert Pateman, a (very pretty) Miss Ethel Haydon, from Australia, and—best feature of the whole entertainment, to my mind—an acrobatic dance by Miss Florence Levey and a Mr. Henry Wright. Miss Levey turns summersaults over Mr. Wright's head "with ease and dexterity," as the Jolly Young Waterman feathered his oars, and without the slightest breach of decorum. It is an ideal combination of grace and strength. For the rest, Mr. G. R. Sims's book is quite innocuous, Mr. Ivan Caryll's music more than tolerable; and the only indication that the entertainment is concerned with Dick Whittington is the introduction of a real cat. As the folklorists now tell us the *chat* of the legend was only an *achat*, puss might have been left out of the cast.

A. B. WALKLEY.



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street.

MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH.

Is a daughter of the late Rev. Prebendary Barnes, of Exeter, and was recently married to Mr. Arthur Boucher. She made her London debut in 1883, at Toole's, in "The Don," and played in "The Weaker Sex" at the Court with the Kendals, whom she accompanied to America. She was the Anne Boleyn of the Lyceum revival of "Henry VIII.," and understudied Miss Terry during the run of "King Lear." During Mr. Daly's season, 1893-4, she appeared in several rôles, winning special distinction as Lady Sneerwell, and as Olivia in "Twelfth Night." Since the new year she has been engaged at the Garrick.





### McINSTREY'S POACHER.

By C. C. MOTT.

I ALWAYS thought William McInstrey was a fool, but as he was otherwise a most useful servant and head-keeper on my little Irish estate, it did not do to say so. One day, however, he blundered into doing me a service over which I have never ceased to rejoice.

It was late in August, and I was at Magheralin, all alone, having come there utterly disgusted with the world in general and one woman in particular.

I had been in town for the season, during the first few weeks of which I had met, and fallen violently in love with Lucy Britten-Collins, the penniless ward of an old friend of mine. As the weeks passed by, she seemed to be as much in love with me as I was with her. I was rather laughed at, however, by the fellows at the Club, for my desperate intimation, and in fact I nearly quarrelled with Lloyd for bidding me beware of Lucy; yet as I had asked him for his opinion, good sense prevailed and we made it up over a brandy and soda. I was Lucy's slave wherever there was a chance of meeting her. I used to drive her down to Hurlingham, I got enclosure tickets for her and her guardian at Ascot, I procured her lunch at Lord's, we were together at Henley, and I was her pet partner at every ball she graced.

I had proposed to her at the Gillespies' crush, and I was accepted with every customary sign of maidenly shyness and love. All who knew of our engagement were pleased, and there seemed to be absolutely no rift within the lute. What was my astonishment, then, two days after Goodwood, at getting a letter from Lucy saying she was "very, very sorry," but she had ceased to love me and was that day going to be married to someone else!

I was regularly thunderstruck, and felt miserable and desperate, for at that time I loved her passionately. I see now, well enough, that my affection for her did not go much deeper than her pretty skin.

A fall from a polo pony had prevented me going with her to Goodwood, and so I hurried off to her guardian's house to learn what it all meant. He was even more surprised and angry than I was, and it was not till the last post of the day that we got a letter from her saying she was married by special license that morning to young Lord Upshire—a booby peer with an unlimited income and a very limited intellect.

And so, to use a common expression, I had been "chucked" for a title!

Well, I was too much disgusted to finish out the season in town, so I fled across to my Irish home, more afraid, perhaps, of the pity of the dowagers than of the ridicule of the Club.

At Magheralin I alternately fished, and shot, and moped. The trout-stream—a good one—ran about half a mile away from the house. The place was well timbered, possessing a bit of real primeval Irish forest, and lay within a few miles of the Donegal Highlands. On the few occasions on which I went out I made but a poor basket, and one day, in disgust at my empty creel, I summoned McInstrey, and told him I believed the stream was poached. He assured me that was impossible, and that though below my water there was a stretch fished by visitors at the inn at Mawhinney, he had never had any trouble from the guests there up to then.

"What is this, then?" I said, producing a length of broken cast. "I've just found this hanging on a branch over the stream."

McInstrey examined it carefully, rubbed the side of his head, and had to admit that it possibly meant poachers.

"Keep a sharp look out for them, then," I said, "and if you catch them bring them to me. Man, woman, or child—I'll give them what for."

So McInstrey departed, awed at "the master's" prospective severity, and though I doubted whether my threat could be carried out—I happened to be a J.P.—yet I guessed my intentions would lose nothing from McInstrey's telling.

A day or two later, I was sitting in the study smoking a cigar and brooding over Lucy's defection, when there was a hurried knock at the door, and one of the servants excitedly announced that McInstrey had caught the poachers (she spoke as if there were dozens of them), and was bringing them up to me for justice.

"For justice," thought I; "why I don't even know if I've the power to send them to the Petty Sessions!"

Down went my cigar, and I reached down from the bookshelf one of my father's old law books. I had not much time to get up my "case," and, of course, I found every page but the right one in Humphrey's "Justice of the Peace," and I was inwardly anathematizing the author, when I marched McInstrey with the poacher.

I expected to see an ill-clad, savage-looking individual, armed with a net and possibly a blackthorn, or a poor half-starved wretch, perhaps little more than a boy, with a string of trout which he'd cleverly tickled from the stream. But far different was McInstrey's poacher: for this is what I saw.

A girl—about twenty—clad in a neatly fitting Norfolk jacket, whose very looseness and ease only served to accentuate the charming curves of her pretty, natural figure,

and wearing a skirt whose workmanlike shortness gave a dainty display of her wet and serviceable "brogues."

A light ten foot rod was in her hand, and gracefully slung across her shoulders was the usual basket. I took in the details of her dress almost before I looked at her face. Her face! . . . . . Oh shade of Lucy Britten-Collins! what an exorcist did that little poacher prove! Two of the clearest blue eyes in the world, a rosebud mouth, a lovely complexion now suffused with a charming blush, a little dimple—either natural or caused by some unseen sense of fun—and the whole oval face tapering to a firm but pretty chin—that was what I saw.

For a few seconds I sat spellbound, then, with all thoughts of poachers gone out of my head, I rose, bowed, and offered her a chair. What I should have said next I know not, but luckily McInstrey came to my rescue—"I caught 'er, sorr, a-landing of this," and he displayed a fine trout.

"You can go, McInstrey," I said: "I'll speak to this lady alone."

"Arrah now! moind she don't escape, sorr. She was powerful unwillin' to come," and out McInstrey shuffled, with—I am nearly certain—the beginning of a broad grin on his rugged face.

"I hope—sorry—I'm afraid my blundering fellow," I stammered, "has made a dreadful mistake; I told him to bring up any poacher he might catch. I'm sure . . . . ."

But the pretty girl before me interrupted me with a merry laugh.

"If it was your water," she said, "where your keeper found me, I fear I must plead guilty to being a poacher." And as she looked at me straight in the face with her clear blue eyes, I began to think that McInstrey had not made such a bad mistake after all.

"I am very sorry indeed you were disturbed," I said, "and just as you were having some sport, too; and I am more sorry that you should have been put to the inconvenience of an extra walk here." (Oh, hypocrite! when you were just blessing the lucky chance!) "But, please, let me introduce myself, if I may?" and I told her my name.

And then she told me she was staying with her father at the Inn at Mawhinney, and, as she thought, was still fishing the part of the stream used by the guests there, when she had evidently wandered beyond the boundary on to my water, and so had become McInstrey's prey.

"You must let me make what amends I can for the keeper's blunder," said I, rising and ringing the bell. "As you have been brought up to me for sentence, the sentence of the court is—that you shall have a cup of tea, if you will."

At the idea of tea, a half-doubtful expression passed over her face, and she flushed slightly, and evidently did not know whether to say "yes," or "no." But she was young, and fly-fishing is not easy work, and so hunger gained the day.

And a nice, cosy tea we had, too, soon being on good terms. I showed her my rods, and we talked a great deal of fishing "shop." My little poacher told me her father was an artist, and was busy painting in the Alt-a-nairn, a well-known glen in the neighbourhood, which always looked its best in the early autumn. Of course, I gave her free leave to fish anywhere she liked, and I took particular pains, as I drove her back to the Inn in the dogcart, to show her the direction in which the best pools lay.

At Mawhinney we found her father, and to my delight I recognised him as Delleeson of my Club. He laughed heartily at his daughter's adventure.

"Gertrude is always getting into scrapes," he said, as he fondly put his hand on her shoulder, "and now it seems she ought to go to gaol!"

I soon persuaded him to leave the Inn and come with his daughter and stay with me—and on the following day they both arrived.

Then ensued five or six very pleasant weeks. Gertrude Delleeson and I were almost constantly together, while her father was hard at work upon his picture.

Sometimes we spent a day after the trout—not that I did much, for I was content to carry her landing-net and watch her graceful movements, or else she came on to the moor, with the luncheon, when I was out with my gun.

In the evening, in some pretty frock that fitted to perfection, Gertrude was a never-failing source of entertainment. She was one of those rare girls who are always more ready to amuse than to be amused. Thoroughly unselfish—she knew how welcome a woman's music or singing is to a man after a hard day's work or sport. And what a beautiful voice she had, and how by leaps and bounds did the bitter memory of Lucy leave me as I listened to Gertrude's singing.

Yet, somehow, I could never speak of love to her, though I was often very near it, and at length her father finished his picture, and said that they had trespassed quite long enough on my hospitality.

When she had gone I realized how dear she had grown to me, and I blamed myself for not having spoken before. The reason was—partly no doubt—that I had not been able to perceive any sign in her that she loved me, and after my recent bitter experience I was too shy to be caught again.

Wandering along the stream one day, I met McInstrey.

"The trout will be thankful now Miss Delleeson's gone" I said.

"Troth, sorr, an' it's more than the rest of us are," he replied. "Begad, she was a gran' fisherman!"

And, strange as it may seem, that simple speech, in Gertrude's praise, made up my mind what to do.

That night, I wrote two letters, one to Gertrude, the other to her father. To Gertrude I told everything, including the reason of my being alone at Magheralin. I told her how, day by day, and hour by hour, I had got to love her more deeply, though all the while scarcely realizing it myself. I also said that I could not understand now, how it was that I had let her go away without telling her of my love; that she had come to me first as a little poacher, and had left as a little thief—for she had stolen away my heart. I begged her not to keep me in an agony of suspense, but, if she loved me in return, to telegraph for me to come to her, in which case I should know it was all right.

How many pipes I smoked in the next two days I really forget, for I could think of nothing else but the telegraph boy. Would he come or would he not? Yes, about half-past ten one morning, a yellow envelope was put into my hand, and with a beating heart I read—without even an amused smile at the elaborateness of the address—

To  
CHARLES K. DOYLE, Esq.,  
Magheralin,  
Near Trankeel,  
Co. Donegal.

*Come whenever you like. Gertrude.*

And I went, and that pretty little poacher landed one more fish out of the Magheralin waters!





# LULLABIES.

WOMEN were the earliest artists, for they scratched the first decoration on the pitcher, fringed the first cloth, and plaited the first pattern into the strands of wickerwork. Moreover, there is an art in which, as it chances, no woman until now is known to have had any gift of invention, but which first grew articulate and learnt its divisions on the gradual ascending and descending stair of women's voices. Children were coo'd to sleep to something like a tune, more than probably, before the battlecry had begun to keep time, or the war-dance to go to notes. Music and metre have far more significance to the human heart than the other arts have ever achieved, because for each individual, man and woman, they are connected with the remotest of human memories, impressions that seem as old as the world—that are, in fact, as old as the world to every single creature, and his only gauge of antiquity. Childhood is antiquity, and falling to sleep in childhood is mystery; and with the sense of time and the sense of mystery is bound up the first half-conscious perception of a song.

Primitive childhood is a time of peril, to be lived through with no lingering, no love of it for its own sake. To the savage, childhood is inevitable; if not a necessary evil, at least a necessary risk, and its whole beauty is its prophecy and promise. Probably the world has during all ages, until now, kept a survival of the feeling that childhood should be hastened, and that the end of it is its amends. Manhood is the apology of childhood in the mind of the savage. And something of the same opinion inspired the love of precocious powers in children which has only lately ceased. When John Evelyn records with so much tender heart-break of regret the learning of the little son who knew his Latin grammar at two-and-a-half years old, and pronounced French, and heard sermons with profit, and who, needless to say, died of it, he does but show us a lingering remainder of the primitive impatience of men for the hastening and the shortening of infancy.

Modern cradle-songs rest in the idea of the child as he is, but the primitive cradle-song hurried on restlessly to the future. So does now the lullaby of the Indian woman. "Soon will come the time," she sings, "when the boy will be a man. He is only a little one now, but to-morrow he will be a hunter. To-morrow she will have a baby of her own to guard." All the Indian sings is intended to beguile the dangerous days. As she has lullabies of prophecy for the child, she has songs of prophecy for the meal-grinding. The child is put to sleep with the song of manhood, the flax is spun to a song of the robe, and the corn is ground to a song of bread.

Such singing is not only a solace, it is charged with the force of a charm, and is designed to foster the precious

purposes that are in hand. The lullaby suggests and helps the life of the future, points the way, urges, blesses, and speeds. It keeps continual remembrance of the purpose, the goal, the end of childhood.

Between the song of the savage and that of the peasant there is the enormous difference made by the hopes and faiths of the second civilization of Europe. Whatever else those hopes and faiths have taught the world, they have not taught it to hasten childhood, to press it on towards maturity, or to treat its character as a mere state of imperfection. The Italian peasant has constantly before her eyes the image of a Child who does not alter; and in her ears are the words that lead to childhood as a point of ultimate perfection. Her lullaby has not the perpetual reference to the work and pleasure of adult life. The Italian cradle song is called *la ninna nonna*; it is always a perfectly regular composition in the metrical form of a *stornello* or other popular verse, and turns invariably upon a religious motive.

The French lullaby is by far the most romantic. There is in it such a sound of history as must inspire any imaginative child, falling to sleep, with a sense of incalculable time; and the songs themselves are of great antiquity. *Le bon Roi Dagobert* must have been sung over French cradles during the whole course of French history. And the gaiety of the thirteenth century, in *Le Pont d'Avignon*, is put mysteriously to sleep, away in the *tête-à-tête* of child and nurse in a thousand little lonely sequestered rooms at night. *Malbrook* would be comparatively modern, were not all things that are sung to the drowsing child as distant as the day of Abraham.

If English children are not rocked to many such traditional lullabies, some of them are put to sleep to the sound of strange cradle-songs. The affectionate races that are brought into subjection sing the primitive lullaby to the white child. Asiatic voices and African persuade him to sleep in the restless heat. His closing senses are filled with alien images.

Literature has exercised itself in the womanly art. It has made the swing of a cradle mark time for poetry again. It has tried to imitate the measures that first gave it the rule of rhythm. There is no modern literature without its cradle songs, and none is richer in these than the English. Not all are simply lullabies. The sentiment and emotion of our poetry have mingled many a mother's story with the song. The mother widowed, the mother forsaken, have been made to sing at innumerable cradles, so that the lullaby has become a reflex love-song, sounding the saddest notes in the world. This, however, is nothing but feigning. It is drama. No real children have been put to sleep so. The hero of a right lullaby is the child; and when the mother is made the heroine, it is no mother's cradle-song, but a mere poet's.

ALICE MEYNELL.





*Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.*

SPRING.



MUCH has been written about the lack of systematic training in the dramatic profession of this country, and sometimes the fastidious ear is offended by a certain uncouthness of speech on our stage, a cultivated indifference to the art of diction. An evening at the Théâtre Français is a liberal education in the French tongue. How exquisitely measured are the cadences which fall from the lips of the accomplished artists of the Comédie Française! Such joy of pure rhetoric is rarely, if ever, felt in a London theatre. We admire the individuality of the actor, his imagination, his grip of character; but when are we moved by the simple rhetorical effect of his delivery? The English stage has no standard of diction, just as the language itself has no standard of pronunciation. Our orators are praised for many qualities, rarely for precision of utterance. If a public speaker makes himself understood, there is no nice criticism of his articulation. If he is deliberate and measured, he runs the risk of being described as affected and pedantic. Few people care how an actor speaks, so long as they are impressed in some way by his personality. Half the words uttered by Mr. Arthur Roberts are scarcely intelligible; but the particular word charged with drollery, is shot out like a stone from a catapult, and the pit is happy.

The varied individuality of English actors is forcibly illustrated by our Supplement to-day. Take at random Mr. Irving, Mr. Toole, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Hare, Mr. Forbes-Robertson, and Mr. Terriss. To those who dislike him Mr. Irving presents a large number of characters adapted, or rather distorted, to his particular manner. His admirers cannot think of Hamlet, Shylock, Richard III., Iago, Wolsey, Charles I., Dr. Primrose, apart from him. To the present writer certain classic personages habitually comport themselves even on the printed page with Mr. Irving's accent, gait, and facial expression; but that is because he seems to have absorbed their intellect and temperament—the weakness and melancholy of Hamlet, the vindictiveness of Shylock, the delicacy and simplicity of the Vicar of Wakefield. Mr. Tree has a remarkable versatility which, to some of us, makes its best display in a romantic enthusiast, with a touch of bizarre fantasy, as in Dr. Stockmann in "An Enemy of the People." Mr. Toole is the genius of comic predicament; Mr. Hare is the incarnation of the perfectly-bred old gentleman, a little peppery in temper. Mr. Terriss is the hero

who conquers villainy by sheer British pluck, and of whom the Adelphi heroine naturally thinks when she says that "a wife's place is by her husband's side." Mr. Forbes Robertson has a peculiar quality of convincing sincerity, which gives to his lightest utterance an almost apostolic fervour.

There are actors and there are drolls, and it is important to distinguish between them. Mr. Arthur Roberts is a droll. Mr. George Grossmith and Mr. Penley share the same distinction. Long ago M. Coquelin propounded the theory that the dispensation of Nature was not imperative to a dramatic artist; that is to say, a man with a snub nose might be equally successful in comedy and tragedy. But when Nature makes a droll, there is no mistake about her handiwork. The very thought of Munden's face sent Charles Lamb into an ecstasy of mirth. Mr. Arthur Roberts was designed to expel gravity from a given cubic space, and to see him without laughing may be taken as a symptom of impending influenza, or some other derangement of the organism. Doctors have been known to prescribe Arthur Roberts to patients suffering from melancholia; and if this entertaining mimic is adored by women, they must be chiefly hospital nurses.

An interesting point about our actors is that age makes little difference to their popularity. The public takes note of the birthdays of its favourites, but does not count them. Mr. Toole is sixty-five; but who mentions it except in a biographical note? Mr. Charles Wyndham's age is unknown even to biography; but let him be Bob Sackett in the thick of amorous entanglements, or Sir Richard Kato, Q.C., professedly middle-aged and full of worldly wisdom, and no suggestion of his years ever crosses our minds. He defies wrinkles with the mercurial buoyancy, the irrepressible youthfulness, of his method. Moreover, some actors are deliberately and studiously old from their birth. Who can believe that Mr. Cyril Maude was ever a boy or even a baby! He must have been an antique beau in his nurse's arms. For more than a quarter of a century, Mr. Hare has been artistically well stricken in years. Mr. Terriss has a charming daughter on the stage, but who thinks of that when the Adelphi sailor goes a-courting? It is the actor's happy privilege to be young when he is old, and to be old when he is young, and to convince the public of his vitality in either case. In the theatre it is only the critic who ages; but even he is conscious of growing old simply when he finds himself mellowing, more indulgent, less disposed to fanatical theorising, and ready to admit that in original talent the English stage is almost riotously abundant.

## Leading Actors of the English Stage.



Photo by Elliott & Fry, Baker St., W.

MR. HENRY IRVING.

Was born at Kington, Somersetshire, in 1838, and began life in an East India merchant's office in London. He made his first appearance on the stage in Sunderland 1856, and in 1859 was seen for the first time in London, at the Princess's. It was in 1871 that he appeared at the Lyceum, the fortunes of which he raised for Mr. Bateman by his successes in "The Bells," "Charles I.," "Richelieu," and "Hamlet," and which he took over in 1877, reviving "Hamlet." In 1881 he alternated the rôles of Othello and Iago with Edwin Booth, and in 1883 paid his first visit to America. Mr. Irving is an LL.D. of Dublin, and has addressed the Universities of Oxford and Harvard on the drama. He has two sons, Mr. H. B. Irving and Mr. Laurence Irving, both of them on the stage.





MR. H. BEERBOHM TREE AS  
SIR PHILIP MARCHANT IN  
"A BUNCH OF VIOLETS."

Born in 1833, he is of German extraction, "Tree" being a name assumed in his profession in 1878. As the curate in the first success, following it by the very different part of Alacorn, the villain in "Called Back." He took the Comedy in April, 1887, producing "The Red Lamp," and the Haymarket in September, where he has figured in a long series of very varying characters, the latest being "John a-Dreams," the run of which was broken to enable him to pay his visit to America. His brother is Mr. Max Beerbohm, the clever caricaturist.



Photo by London Stereoscopic Co., Regent St., W.

MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM AS  
ROVER IN "WILD OATS."

Son of a London doctor, he was educated in a Moravian academy, and made his first stage appearance in New York, in 1861. Then he served as a surgeon in the Confederate army during the Civil War. It was in 1866 that he and the Criterion in He has played Davy Garrick (in German) with great success. He is the real successor of Charles Mathews, is a sister of Bronson Howard, the American dramatist.







Photo by Barrauds, Bold St., Liverpool.

MR. WILSON BARRETT AS  
PETE IN "THE MANXMAN."

Born in 1846, he became utility man at Halifax, 1864, and had an arduous  
 perience for ten years. He became lessee of the Amphitheatre,  
 ich was burned down. Then he came to town, and in 1879 became  
 of the Court for a period, during which Madame Modjesko appeared in  
 es. To her Juliet he played Mercutio. At the Princess's he produced  
 a number of melodramas by Mr. G. R. Sims, Mr. W. G. Wills, and Mr. H. A.  
 Jones, notably "The Silver King." He also occupied the Globe Theatre for a  
 short time. His Hamlet, 1884, evoked much criticism. In 1890-1 he took the  
 Olympic, which proved a failure. His recent successes, chiefly in the provinces  
 and in America, have been in dramatised versions of Mr. Hall Caine's novels.



Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker St., N.W.

MR. HAYDEN COFFIN.

By birth a New Englander, though his father long resided as a dentist in South Kensington, he made his debut at the Empire Theatre exactly ten years ago in "The Lady and the Locket." But it was in "Dorothy," 1886, that he became famous by singing "Queen of My Heart, to-night." Then he appeared in "Doris," "The Red Hussar," "Margerie," "Captain Therese," and "La Cigale," where he took the role originally written for a tenor. After a lengthened sojourn in America he returned to England to play in "A Gaiety Girl," 1893, and now in "An Artist's Model."



Photo by Barraud, Oxford St., W.

MR. J. FORBES-ROBERTSON

Born in London in 1853, he comes of a family devoted to art in its varied forms. His father, John Forbes-Robertson, an Aberdonian, is the well-known art critic. Two of his brothers, Ian Robertson and Norman Forbes, are actors, a third is an artist, and a fourth a violinist. Educated at Charterhouse and abroad, he entered an art school, but gave up painting for the stage—though he still paints admirably, making his debut as Chastelard in "Marie Stuart" at the Princess's in 1874. He has played with the Lionel Lincolns, Mary Anderson, Mr. Hare, and Mr. Irving and has no equal in romantic drama. He contemplates entering management for himself.





Photo by Mayall & Co., Piccadilly, W.

MR. E. S. WILLARD AS  
CYRUS BLENKARN  
"THE MIDDLEMAN."

The son of a Brighton tradesman, he was born in 1833, and became stage-struck. He made his debut in "The Lady of Lyons" at Weymouth, 1869. Beginning in 1881 at the Princess's, in "The Lights o' London," he became famous as a stage villain of a new type in melodrama, his most famous creation, perhaps, being the swell mobster Spider in "The Silver King." He opened the Shaftesbury on his own account in 1889 with a revival of "Jim the Poacher," and afterwards took a new turn, playing "sympathetic" characters, such as Cyrus Blenkarn in "The Middleman," the clergyman in "Judah," and the love-sick scientist in Mr. Barrie's play, "The Professor's Love Story," produced by him in America, from which he returned last summer after an absence there of nearly four years.



Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker St., N.W.

MR. J. L. TOOLE AS  
PAUL PRY.

The son of an 'ile civic toastmaster, he was born in London in 1830. While in a merchant's office he took to amateur theatricals, and was advised by Dickens to adopt it as his profession, which he did at Ipswich in 1852 (and in London two years later at the St. James's). He was comedian at the Lyceum and the Adelphi, starred in America in 1874, went to the Gaiety, and five years later took the Folly Theatre, christening it after himself. He wrote his reminiscences in 1888, and toured the Antipodes in 1890-1. He has played hundreds of parts in his time, his greatest successes being characters like Paul Pry. Mr. Toole is a humourist off as well as on the stage.



Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker St., N.W.

MR. EDWARD TERRY AS  
MR. EGERTON-BOMPAS  
IN "THE TIMES."

Edward Terry, born in 1819. After his first appearance in town at the Sun in 1867, playing Shalinski, he was engaged by Mr. Irving. He made a fortune for himself with "Sweet Lavender," and opened his theatre in 1887, where he has produced several plays by his luck-bringer, Pinero, including "The Times," in which he was the bumptious Mr. Egerton-Bompas, M.P. Mr. Terry in private life has been a Guardian and a Churchwarden. He is no relation of the other Terry's. His son has taken to the stage.





Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker St., N.W.

MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS AS  
CAPTAIN CODDINGTON  
IN "IN TOWN."

Born in 1870, he was a theatrical devotee long before he took up the stage as his profession, which he did twenty years ago. He learned the business of burlesque in the halls, and made his first theatre success at the Avenue Theatre in a series of comic operas, notably "The Old Guard." In 1890 he took the Royalty, producing "The New Corsican Brothers" and "Tra-la-la Tosca" and laid a lot of money thereon. Recuperating himself in the provinces, he had a series of successes at the Gaiety, among them his Captain Coddington in "In Town." He took the Prince of Wales Theatre last year, where he has just produced "Gentleman Joe." A volume of his reminiscences will shortly appear.



Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker St., N.W.

ACT. WILLIAM TERRISS.

The son of a barrister (Mr. Lewin), he was born in 1849, and has had a most romantic career. He has in turn been a niddy, a tea-planter (in Chittagong), an engineer's apprentice (at Greenwich), a sheep-farmer (in the Falklands), and a horse-farmer (in Kentucky), and he has twice suffered shipwreck. He made his first stage hit in "The Squire," and has been the hero of many plays at the Lyceum, Drury Lane, and the Adelphi. His daughter is Miss Ellaline Terriss (Mrs. Seymour Hicks), who scored a great success in "His Excellency" at the Lyric.



Photo by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS COLONEL  
CAZENOVE IN "THE NEW WO-  
MAN."

He is an old Carlhusian, and gave up sheep-farming in Canada to become an actor. After some rough experiences in the Wild West, he played at the Criterion, 1881, and then at the Gaiety and Vaudeville, where he made a hit in "Joseph's Sweetheart" and "That Doctor Cupid." In aristocratic "old men" parts witness his Gayley Drumme and his Colonel Cazenove in "The New Woman" at the Comedy he stands alone. He is married to Miss Winifred Emery.





Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker St. N.W.

MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON  
AS KING PARAMOUNT IN  
"UTOPIA."

Mr. George Rutland Barrington was born in 1853, and educated at the Merchant Taylor's School. In 1873 he played in "Lady Clancarty," and five years later joined Mr. D'Almeida's company to play Dr. Daly in "The Sorcerer." He remained at the Savoy for several years, appearing in all the Gilbert-Sullivan operas, except "The Yeoman of the Guard"—for in 1888 he took the St. James's, with disastrous results—until "Utopia." For a short time he played the doctor in "A Gaiety Girl," and returned to Mr. Gilbert to play in "His Excellency." He is an enthusiastic golfer.



Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker St., N.W.

MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH.

His father and his uncle were well-known entertainers, and for years he combined law court reporting with entertaining. His first theatrical appearance was as John Wellington Wells in "The Sorcerer," 1877, and he stuck to Gilbertian operas for twelve years, ending his Savoy successes in "The Yeoman of the Guard," 1889. For the next few years he toured the provinces and America with a monologue entertainment—he is a clever pianist—and last autumn returned to the stage to take a part in his old chief's opera, "His Excellency." "G. G." has written an autobiography called "A Society Clown," "The Diary of a Nobody" (in conjunction with his brother Weston), a great number of songs (words and music), and a comic opera, "Haste to the Wedding." His son, "G. G., junr.," has followed in his father's footsteps.



Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker St., N.W.

MR. JOHN HARE,

Like Benjamin Goldfinch in "A Pair of Spectacles," he is a Yorkshireman by birth, and made his debut in the provinces at the Prince of Wales Theatre, pool, 1861, and in London six months later, at the theatre of the same name under the Bancrofts, whose son married his daughter. He remained there till 1872, when he took the old Court Theatre, which he carried on with success with a rare company of stars till 1879, when he and the Kendals took the St. James's. The partnership ran for nine years, and in 1889 Mr. Hare took the Garrick, which he opened with Mr. Pinero's play, "The Profligate."



# The Album

*A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.*

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 8.

MARCH 25, 1895.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post 6d.



*The property of Messrs. Dowdeswell & Dowdeswells.*

"PICK-A-BACK." FROM THE PICTURE  
BY WILLIAM OWEN, R.A.



### KING CARNIVAL.

THERE is no dream so fantastic or so unreal as Nice, with its holiday garb, and its shower of confetti and flowers, appears to the calm spectator when the Carnival reigns beside the tideless sea. The many-coloured flags flapping in the perfume-laden breezes, the noisy, laughing figures, decked out in masks and dominos, the monsters which pass and repass, huge erections laden with devils and pierrots, each with its separate band of music which seems to quarrel for preference with its predecessor; all these things, I repeat, have an aspect of unreality, as if a whole city had suddenly become insane, and rejoiced in its madness.

One is apt to associate such a masquerade with the theatre; it is familiar when seen in the glare of gaslight or electricity; but under a southern sky, and by the glare of a bright afternoon sun, it has a curious incongruity which adds to the unreality of its charm.

The licence which the Carnival permits is no less astounding; the sombre bourgeois, suddenly transformed, takes part in the general frolic and promiscuous embracing in the streets. The good-nature which prevails is never abated, and a bunch of flowers thrown with violence in a lady's face, often wounding, rarely gains the sender anything worse than a smile and a return bouquet.

This year in particular, since flowers are scarce, the bunches were composed of stocks and mignonette so tightly compressed as to be distinctly disconcerting when the aim had been true. And one pretty little Austrian lady complained pathetically, that a rose with its attendant thorns had scratched her cheek in a distinctly unpleasant manner. It is impossible to throw a shower of flowers, and protect the face with a fan at the same time, but the pleasure and the gaiety of the Battle far outweighs such small trivialities, which are soon forgotten in the excitement of the contest. All the world is on good terms, from the ladies in their flower-decked carriages to the crowd of ragged children who line the sides of the route, and lisp plaintively, "Louquet, Monsieur et Madame" — "Bouquet, Mademoiselle." This chorus of small voices mingles with the laughter of the fighters and the noise of the orchestra, and drowns the music of the waves which are so near. In looking back on the scene it seems a mere shower of flowers, with the glittering background of a deep blue sea, and

before the last carriage disappeared the sun set behind the mountains, and the sky flushed red in company with the fair faces below it; while the ocean kept its blue colouring longer than usual, and offered a curious, weird contrast to the rose-coloured sky.

There are many who complain that the masked balls are not what they used to be, that they are sadly respectable. Their picturesque aspect, and the same holiday madness, however, remain. At the Sunday ball a harmony in green and pink prevailed, and on Tuesday the *veglione* at the opera house was honoured by the presence of the Prince of Wales. The weather had apparently grown weary of masquerading, and the day was dismal with rain, so the procession of Carnival cars to the Battle of Confetti was annulled; but the ball lost nothing by the previous disappointment, and the demand for boxes was greater than of yore.

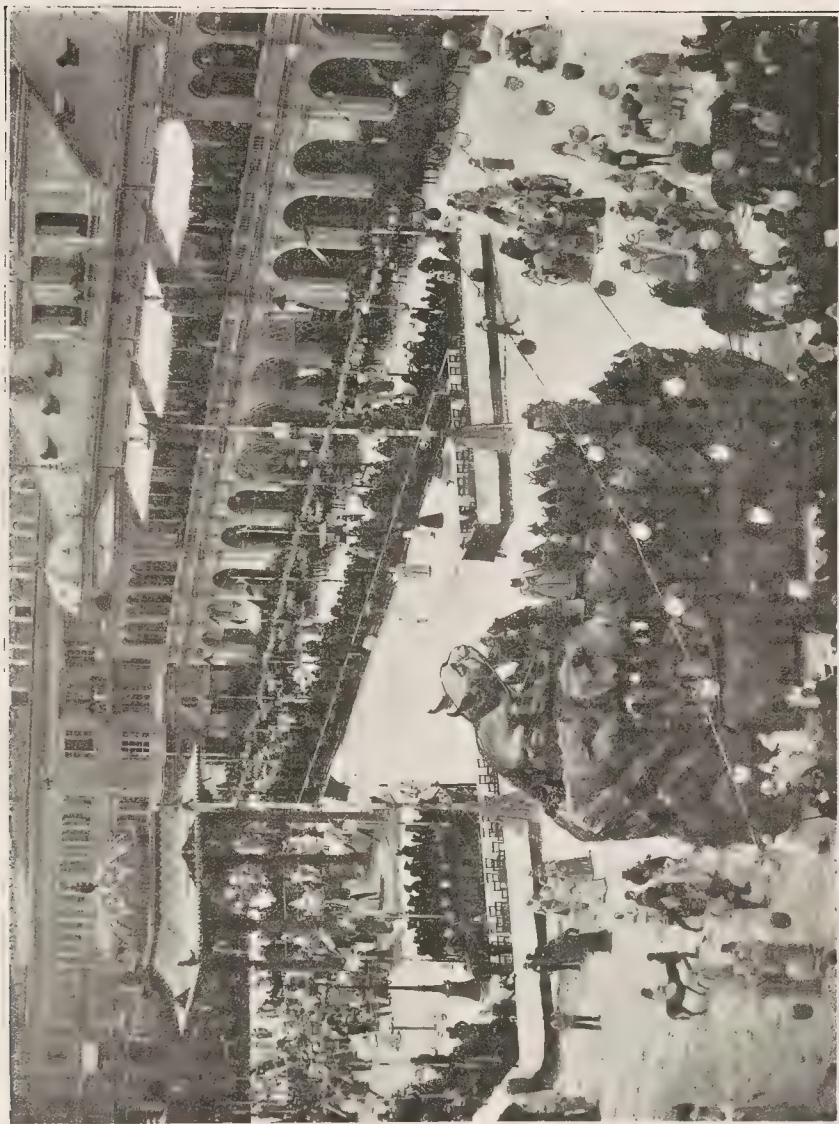
Among all the strange scenes at the balls and the strange quaint encounters to be witnessed in the streets, there were none so distinctive as a portrait of the Carnival time as a picture I saw on Sunday, when a shower of confetti fell under a blazing sun.

Among a laughing crowd of pierrots and domino-covered figures, shaking paper baubles with long streamers in the faces of those near, amid the universal colour and gaiety, under a rain of confetti, and over a pellet-strewn road, came a poor funeral at a canter, the coffin undecorated by flowers, and destitute of mourners. Amid the general frolic, the general air of mad gaiety, some poor soul who had, mayhap, loved it all in his time, was hurried away to rest. It was merely a sombre mass of black trappings appearing amid the excited crowd, to disappear again through a shower of confetti, under a canopy of flags, leaving not one face the sadder, or one laugh less hilarious for its curious advent.

When the Carnival dream ends a curious calm settles on the town, as if the sombre citizens had suddenly grown conscious of the sadder details of workaday life, and the remains of madness form a plaintive reminder of their gaiety, which the serious faces, devoid of their grinning masks, appear to ignore.

The very houses, with their open windows greeting the bright morning sun, seem to be suddenly awake after an enchanting dream, and only a stray bouquet of faded flowers, or a street-corner speckled with confetti like snow flakes, serves as a souvenir that the glorious Carnival has been, and is gone.

CLARA SAVILE-CLARKE.



KING CARNIVAL  
AT NICE.





ARE you fain to ask if the spirit of Congrevean comedy will ever come back to our stage? Mr. G. S. Street, the editor of the new, and handsome, "Congreve," published by Messrs. Methuen, is thus fain. It may be mentioned, in passing, that Mr. Street is one of the little band of modern Euphuists who are always being "fain," who "cannot choose but," who "are like to," and who think "'tis this, and 'twere" that. For my part I confess I am not fain to see a return of the Congrevean spirit. The Congrevean spirit was a cruel, hard, unlovely spirit. It was the spirit of Charles the Second, the spirit of "sceptical humour and ironical smiles," the spirit which "takes common emotions for granted—is bored by them, in fact—and is a foe to sentimentality and gush and virtuously happy endings." Observe Mr. Street's use of the word "common." He speaks of "common affections," "common morality," the "common sentimentality" of Sheridan. What an emotional aristocrat! "You was always a gentleman, Mr. George," says the valet to his master in *Beau Austin*. Here is the gentlemanly Beau showing how he can edit an English classic. By this I mean that Mr. Street's attitude to those dreadfully "common" things, emotions, affections, morality, and "the happy home" that is "understood to be our national glory," is nothing more than intellectual dandyism. And—affectation apart—his little paper on Congreve is excellent reading, for he has mental "detachment," an engaging audacity, a virile, "nourished" style. As to audacity, he needs it sorely who undertakes, as Mr. Street does, to defend the morality of Congreve's plays.

The gist of Mr. Street's contention is that you cannot fairly expect common morality from satiric comedy.

"Satiric comedy is the art of making ludicrous in dramatic form some phase of life. The writers of our old comedy thought that certain vices—gambling, and the like—formed a phase of life which, for divers reasons, essential and accidental, lent itself best to their purpose. . . . Their real justification is that, as artists, they had to take for their art that material they could use best. . . . All were justified in choosing for their material just what they chose. . . . To complain that "love" and common morality have no place in satiric comedy is either to contemplate ridicule of them, or to ask comedy to be other than satiric."

The answer, I submit, is: then so much the worse for satiric comedy. If comedy cannot be satiric without excluding "common morality" (read: without including common immorality), then we are assuredly entitled to ask comedy to be other than satiric. The attempt to set up art as the last of the Alsatias, a privileged region where the moral writ does not run, is often made—has of necessity to be made by all apologists for Restoration Comedy. There was Charles Lamb's famous theory that this comedy "has no reference whatever to the world that is," and that, in appreciating it, "our coxcombical moral sense" must be

"for a little transitory ease excluded." So Mr. Street thinks this contains "more than a half-truth," and asks us to remember that at a comedy we are "in a court of art, and not in a court of law."

As if the obligation to be moral were not as binding in the one court as in the other! The lively Max Nordau puts this point with his customary plain-speaking. "Are criminals to be able to satisfy in the so-called 'temple' of art, instincts which the policeman prevents them from appeasing in the street? I do not see how a privilege so inimical to society can be willingly defended." The common-sense of the matter—so "common," that Mr. Street, of course, ignores it—is that a work of art, a play, a book, a picture, or what not, is a manifestation of human activity, it has an influence on human beings, and by virtue of that influence, is amenable to the moral laws. The truth of this ought to be particularly obvious in the case of a play, which is a public act—like a church service or a "demonstration" in Trafalgar Square. Now, a public act from which "common morality" is excluded, is simply a public offence, though it be ever so "satiric" and ever so much a "comedy," and ever so full of the "Congrevean spirit." It was for this reason that Jeremy Collier—or rather, the sound instinct of English public opinion at the back of that truculent divine—blew the "Congrevean spirit" clean out of our theatre. And it is for this reason that I, for one, am not fain to see it reinstalled there.

Mr. Street's further defence of Congreve's contempt for common morality as a pose, "the amusing pose of the boyish cynic," is rather unfortunate, for it is tantamount to arguing that a man's writings cease to be vicious when it is shown that he himself was a hypocrite. But I should fancy that the statement, in Mr. Street's own phrase, contains "more than a half-truth." For it must be remembered that Congreve, the dramatist, was a mere boy; he had done with the stage at the age of thirty, to become Mr. Congreve the fine gentleman. Why did he desert it so soon? It has always been a problem. Some people think it was because of his disgust at the failure of *The Way of the World*. Mr. Street suggests a more ingenious explanation. He thinks that Congreve's temperament took more kindly to life than to art. "There are people whose talk has inimitable touches, and whose lives are art, but who never sit down to a quire of foolscap. I believe that Congreve naturally was one of these; that his literary ambition was a result of accidental necessity; and that had he lived as a boy in the society he was of as a very young man—for all its literary ornaments—we should have had of him only odes and songs." In short—to be Nordau-ish once more—Congreve was, by nature, an Egomaniac, by accident only a Graphomaniac. This, with Mr. Street, I am fain to think true.

A. B. WALKLEY.



*Photo by Window & Grace, Baker Street, W.*

MISS ELLEN TERRY,  
AS GUINEVERE, IN  
"KING ARTHUR."

"It is their voice that calls, and thou wilt go.  
I thought to hold thee here, I may not now."



HE who would feel the heart-beat of business London, should pause for a little on that peninsula of pavement, as Richard Jefferies called it, that tapers westward from the portico of the Royal Exchange. Around the loiterer swirls a very Maelstrom of traffic. Vehicles innumerable, with every conceivable sort of load, pour in from the seven great avenues that converge on this spot, cross the narrow mid-space and pass away in endless and bewildering succession.

Yet the idea of confusion and bustle exists more in the onlooker's mind than in reality. Though each overburdened street has to be at once vein and artery, conveying both an affluent and a reflux tide of transit, the regularity and order maintained by the Police is such that serious congestion and delay is comparatively rare. Amid all his preoccupation, too, the constable on duty has always an arm to spare for distressed fair ones who require to be towed across the flood to a place of safety.

The eager life that surges around the Exchange—the pre-occupied, hurrying business man, the saucy, will o' the wisp news-boy, the hoarse bus-conductor clamouring for fares, and the thousand and one other strivers after daily bread, so fill one with the idea of the urgent Present that one forgets or fails to realise that a spot of this kind could have a Past. That seems too calm, too restful an idea to associate with such a scene. It is in places which the tide of life has left high and dry, that we fall most readily into historic musing, and we seem to ignore the "Has Been" of a particular spot unless that spot be now quiet and deserted.

But the past of the Royal Exchange has been chequered as the crowds that daily surge around its walls. The present building is the third on nearly the same site. Both its predecessors perished in flames, the first, projected by Gresham, in the Great Fire; the second in 1838. In the latter burning, as the flames reached the belfrey, the carillon appropriately played "There's nae luck about the house," that being the tune for Wednesday evening.

The noble west front of the present Exchange, with Westmacott's sculpture, breaks imposingly on the view as one approaches by omnibus from Queen Victoria Street. Late on a clear spring afternoon, when the sun is westerling, is perhaps the best time to examine the carving. Very few, probably, of those who daily worship at the shrine of Commerce look aloft to the figure of their Deity, where she

holds out the Charter of the Exchange to the merchants of the world. Fewer still note the grasshopper on the tower. I have met far-seeing City men who knew not of its existence.

At each side of the portico, in a retired angle, are two exchanges of a humbler sort, where one may barter pence for fruit and sweetmeats. Rain or shine, these open stalls unfailingly expose their wares to tempt passers-by; with the trifling protection in wet weather of a succession of umbrellas which the keepers carefully unfurl and spread above their goods, an arrangement that yields a comical effect to the eye of anyone who is bold enough to feel humorous on a London rainy day.

Serious and strenuous as the spirit of the place is, there is yet material for amusement here as elsewhere. Just at the corner, for the only time in my experience, did I hear a newsman pronounce the name of a certain journal correctly. For once it was the *Westminster*, not *minister*, as it is usually dubbed by the honourable fraternity of news-vendors.

A little further along, near another Exchange (no matter which), the initiated used daily to enjoy a curious little comedy, or tragedy, or farce, call it what you will. Week in, week out, during business hours, this play, of Greek simplicity (for there were but two actors), was enacted.

A man, reputed to be of fortune, who had long quitted active life, was protagonist. No matter what the weather might be, he enjoyed his moneyed leisure all day on the kerbstone, while his broker ran in and out and "told the price of stocks." Truly a most curious amusement for a retired life. But a man is free to enjoy his fortunate leisure as he pleases, even though he choose "ease with honour" in the gutter.

There is an ancient proverb to the effect that the shoe-maker's wife and the blacksmith's mare are always the worst shod, of which I was forcibly reminded, by happy contrast, as I continued my ramble in the vicinity of the Exchange. Passing through the arcade, where the Oriental Bank used to be, I noticed a small public servant busily engaged in an act of home-charity, that put him above the reproach levelled at the craftsmen with whom the foregoing proverb deals. During a lull of business, a little shoeblack, conscious, perhaps, that the shine had been taken out of his own boots during his day's labour, had got his foot on his own block, and was polishing away merrily, thereby keeping his hand in and advertising his dexterity. For once, the physician had healed himself.

At last the time came to turn westward. As the 'bus bowled along Fleet Street, the historic thoroughfare was all ablaze with a gorgeous sunset. Against the flushing sky the tracery of St. Dunstan's tower was out-lined in fullest perfection. At one point the signs on the north side caught the sunset and threw back great dazzling patches of golden light. An instant more and the reflection was no longer visible, as the 'bus swept onwards. Then followed a dull moment, until, at the Griffin, the sun, hitherto hid by the southern buildings, came fully into view, as it hung like some fervent alchemist over the roof of St. Clement's Danes, and worked the transmutation of Fleet Street.

JOHN A' DREAMS.





Photo by York & Son.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.



### LORENZO LOTTO.

1476—1556.

OF Lorenzo Lotto's career, as of many to whom fame came long after they had been forgotten, the leading facts and dates are shrouded with doubt, although no cause for mystery exists. From all we can learn, he lived a quiet, self-contained life, extended beyond the average of man's allotted span, and died in the bosom of the Church for which he had worked so long and so well.

He was probably born at Treviso about 1476, and as his earliest known picture, that of St. Jerome, in the Louvre, bears the date 1500, it might not be hazardous to throw the date of his birth still further back. At all events, we know that at a very early age he came to Venice, and entered the studio of Giovanni Bellini, where he made acquaintance, which subsequently ripened into a deep and lasting friendship, with Palma Vecchio. Both the youths, in their earlier work, followed the style of their master; but Lotto, throughout his life, seems to have inclined to a more serious style of art, scarcely ever drawing subjects from Greek or Roman mythology, and, except in his religious pictures, seldom giving free play to his imagination.

His portraits, which were his only secular works, are without exception marked by refined feeling and finer treatment. The peacefulness and simplicity of his life are reflected in his pictures, for, unlike the majority of the artists of his time, he passed most of his years in the retirement of a monastery among the Dominican monks.

He probably was first brought into close contact with this order at Ancona, and afterwards at Rome, where he spent the greater part of the first decade of the sixteenth century. At Rome is to be seen in the Rospigliosi Palace his "Triumph of Chastity," which is, with the exception of a small picture at Munich, the only allegorical work painted by Lotto and handed down to our day.

If, however, his habits were peaceful and retiring, he was fond of travelling and learning what other painters could teach. Thus we find that after leaving Bellini's studio—probably when at the age of about four-and-twenty—he went back for a while to his native city Treviso. Thence, after the stay at Ancona and Rome already mentioned, he returned to Bergamo, where, with the break of a single year passed in Venice, he spent ten years of his life with his

Dominican friends, painting a large picture of the founder of the great Church, which is still one of the most important features of that attractive but little-visited city. The whole of the second quarter of the sixteenth century Lotto spent in Venice, where he fell under the influence and spell of Titian. In fact, one of Lotto's great claims to recognition in the history, as distinguished from the art, of painting, is that he forms the transition period from the teaching of Bellini to the freer and grander methods of Titian.

It has, indeed, been objected by some that Lotto's work shows too plainly the various influences to which his pliant, easy-going disposition was subjected. At Venice, at the outstart of his career, he showed himself the follower of Bellini; at Bergamo he adopted a gracefulness of touch so foreign to his ordinary style that several of his pictures for a long time passed as the work of Correggio; but inasmuch as these pictures were painted before the last-named artist had acquired notoriety, any resemblance between their styles must be attributed to some influence external to both painters, or perhaps, as Signor Morelli suggests, Correggio and Lotto were kindred natures, both striving to give expression to mental beauty, the culminating aim of art and the highest ambition of the greater artiste.

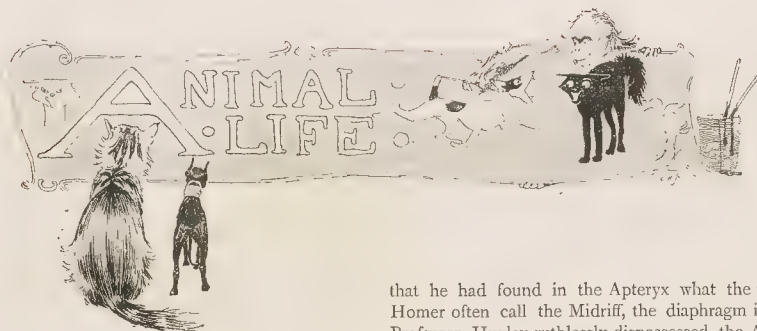
Those who wish to study Lotto's art will find specimens in England in our National Gallery, and at the New Gallery, where some of the choicest from the Holford collection are now to be seen—as well as a portrait of Andrea Odoric—which comes from Hampton Court. But to see him at his best, especially as a painter of religious pictures, we must follow him in his wanderings from Treviso to Ancona and in his sojournings at Bergamo, Treviso, Padua and Venice, in all of which places the finest examples of his work are still happily preserved.

The later years of his life were somewhat pitiful. He had never cared for money or renown, and lived peacefully for five and twenty years in the Convent of S.S. Giovanni et Paolo at Venice. About 1550 his sight began to fail and feeling old age coming upon him he retired still more from the world to the Santa Casa of Loreto, and "having devoted his person and all his property to the Holy Virgin of San Loreto," he lived on charity for several years, and the last that we hear of him is in 1555. Soon after this time he is supposed to have died, but his burial place is not known, and is unmarked by any of those tributes which the Republic of St. Mark was accustomed to bestow on her gifted children.



PORTRAIT OF A LADY BY LORENZO LOTTO, NOW BEING EXHIBITED IN THE NEW GALLERY. REPRODUCED BY KIND PERMISSION OF CAPTAIN G. L. HOLFORD, C.I.E.





### THE KIWI.

THE Kiwi is represented by only a single specimen at the Zoological Gardens at the present moment. And that specimen is of so extremely retiring a disposition that hardly anyone is likely to see it. A bundle of straw at the furthest extremity of its cage serves to shelter it until the shades of evening, when it sallies forth. It is curious that so very defenceless a bird could have survived so long the vicissitudes of time. But in New Zealand the chief foes of a defenceless creature are the human beings of that island; there are, fortunately for wingless birds which abound there and have abounded in the past, no mammals of a sanguinary nature. A bat or two and a rat comprise the scanty list. There was a rumour of certain mysterious footsteps at one time; but the balance of evidence in this case seems merely to point to the night-prowling cat of the domestic variety.

Not only has the Apteryx survived in comparative abundance, but there are at least three different species, perhaps more. Their blameless life is mainly spent in extracting earthworms from the soil, beneath the light of the moon, which the long bill enables them to do with precision. But an Apteryx, when really put to it, can give some account of itself. It has, like its other Struthious relatives, a pair of highly efficient legs, which can deal a kick of some vigour at an offending party of whatever species. What it has lost in wing it has gained in leg. The name Apteryx, it is, perhaps, unnecessary to point out, means "wingless," but as applied to the bird to which it is applied, it is a deliberate misnomer. The best term to use for the Apteryx and its allies, the ostrich tribe generally, is "flightless," for they have wings and yet they cannot fly. The wing has shrunk until there is, in the Apteryx, just enough to swear by; but it is unmistakably there all the same. Nearly every muscle and most of the bones of the most perfect among flying birds are present, at least, in rudiment.

The Apteryx, though a peaceful enough bird in itself, has given rise to some warmth of controversy. The late Sir Richard Owen was the first to investigate the anatomy of the bird; he was possessed with the idea, which seems reasonable at the first blush, that the warm-blooded and active birds are the nearest thing in nature to the nearly equally warm-blooded and active mammals. Sir Richard thought

that he had found in the Apteryx what the translators of Homer often call the Midriff, the diaphragm in fact. But Professor Huxley ruthlessly dispossessed the Apteryx from its temporary elevation, and showed that it was not more like a mammal than other birds, and that, odd though it may sound to the non-expert, the agile bird with feathers and hot blood is most nearly akin to the torpid and scaly reptile. Zoology is full of such surprises.

The Apteryx is an example of a creature that loves the darkness, or at least the twilight, and has in harmony with its habit a "crepuscular" coloration. The soft greys and browns with which its feathers are tinted are precisely those hues which are general among night-flying birds, and even among some nocturnal animals belonging to other groups. The owls and the goatsuckers are equally modest in their colours, and so are many night-living moths. For a creature which is never seen in the fierce light of day, any expenditure in the way of brilliant colour would be a distinct waste of pigment; and Nature is invariably thrifty to the verge of meanness. The soft speckling shown in the illustration of Apteryx Hasati is repeated in the smaller Apteryx Oweni. The other species is not speckled, but is no more striking in its hues.

The reserved character of the bird has given origin to some peculiar stories of its mode of life, besides having led at one time to an opinion that it was a rarer bird than is now known to be the case. The most curious story of all seems almost to have been invented to apply to its antipodean country. In common with the other Struthious birds the Apteryx divides the labour of incubation between the two sexes; or rather the male instead of the female, as is otherwise universally the case, sits diligently upon the eggs while the hen gads about freely, just looking in now and then to see that affairs are progressing favourably. The Apteryx builds an elaborate nest, and, when this has been completed, it does not at once sit upon the eggs, but carefully scoops out from beneath the nest a large hole in the ground. Into this hole the bird creeps and stays there until the eggs are hatched—at least, so rumour said once. The advent of a few specimens at the Zoological Gardens, when this opinion held sway, dissipated the idea; but then it might always be said that only in the other hemisphere, where things generally are supposed to be upside down, did this peculiar method of incubation take place. Anyhow, it is certain that the Apteryx is remarkable for the large size of the egg which it produces—a white egg. For some time the humming bird occupied the first place for size of egg as compared with size of parent; but, on the whole, the Apteryx beats it.

F. E. BEDDARD.



*Photo by Mr. Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S.*

THE KIWI.



*Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.*

ROSALIND.





Lafayette, Dublin.

BEATRICE.



## BLUES AND OTHERS.

A DAILY paper informed us gravely the other day, that the Cambridge crew, having paddled to Hammersmith, proceeded to take their flannels off that they might row through to Barnes. This amazing intelligence has been received with calmness throughout the borough of Hammersmith. I have not read one protest from one free library. The spectacle of eight oarsmen airing themselves in such primeval adornment, has not moved even the town beadle to expostulation. But, perhaps, it was only the gentleman's fun. He might have meant that the Light Blues removed their sweaters and not their—but hush, we are observed!

The amusing side of the 'Varsity race has yet to be written; and any self-appointed wag who undertakes the task must hurry up or time will cheat him. There is still an alarming amount of nonsense talked about rowing, but we are improving. No illustrated paper of to-day would put cox in the bows of a boat, as a great journal did not so many years ago. The reporter of the hour is wary enough to know his own shortcomings. He can do much with the words "ragged, swing, time, feather." The latter is the key-stone of his arch; to read some of his notes, you would imagine that a crew which is ragged on the feather is *ipso facto* defeated. He still believes that the Thames Rowing Club is the ideal of perfection. He continues to ring the changes with "blue fever" and the "aquatic carnival." But time, which has silvered his locks, has taught him to distinguish an oar from a thowl; and the hysterics with which he was wont to accompany his "descriptive account" no longer supply him with untold adjectives.

A decade ago, it was fair to say that the result of the 'Varsity race was as easy to foretell as a division at Westminster. Five years of close and determined contests have done not a little to rob the rowing prophet of his vocation. With the single exception of the year 1894, few recent meetings have been anything but open questions. Successful prophecies have been pure flukes. Races have been won by inches, and the common talk that Cambridge rowing is degenerating has been nothing but cant. It follows, however, that continued victory breeds a certain contempt for the loser, and this contempt has been much in the mouth of the sporting prophet during the preparation for the 'Varsity race of 1895. By some accounts, published before the Cantabs came to the tideway, there never was such a bad lot as the Light Blue eight which will row on the thirtieth. Per contra, the Dark Blues were an example of that infinite perfection rarely attained by frail humanity.

Now that the crews have been rowing here for the best part of a fortnight—I write this a week before the race—there are few men who accept either of these estimates. The Oxford crew is undoubtedly pretty, and on a mere question of style would win paddling. But style does not

win a 'Varsity race, that is to say, mere prettiness does not. For five years the Cambridge eights have been multiplying ugliness. Taught by Mr. Muttelbury that salvation is in the legs, they have striven unceasingly to develop leg work and long sliding at the expense of body swing, and that stiffness of the back which their forefathers worshipped. The new method is described ignorantly as "Metropolitan." In reality it came of the teaching of Mr. Fairbairn and Mr. Hutchinson in the days when the Thames won Grand Challenge Cups. If it be not pushed to the point of extravagance, it is the best style in the world for the tideway course. The danger of it lies in the hyper-development of leg work at the expense of body swing. Probably the ideal style is that combination of body swing and leg work, by which body and legs bear equal burdens. But the long slide and the long finish are to be preferred at any time to mere rigidity of back and superficial smartness; and it is not to be disputed that the Cambridge eight possess these acquirements in a marked degree.

Such a style calls for strength in your crew. Whether the many changes and illnesses, from which the Cantabs have suffered during their practice, will mar their chances at the end, the last few days of practice will show. That they are a strong lot naturally, is not to be denied. They are also heavy, which is a virtue to be esteemed. The fact that few of them are blues, is not to be considered in any estimate of their chances. At the same time, I cannot forget the great prestige of the Dark Blues, and the plain truth that they are an unusually fine eight. Mr. Pitman is almost as good a stroke as his brother, which is saying much. Mr. Cotton is matured and a past-master. The heavy weights, Stewart, Stretch, Burnell and Crum, are sound workers; the body swing throughout is very fine, and the eight are good watermen, as all Oxford men must be. They row on Saturday with the prestige of five victories behind them, and it would surprise no one if they gratified their friends and made the number of those successive victories six. But they will not "walk over," and the race will not be done with at Hammersmith Bridge.

It is cheering this year to be unable to discover any special correspondent who comes to the sage conclusion that the 'Varsity race is decaying in popularity. Generally we have a dozen of them. Perhaps it is that age compels us to resent the enthusiasm of mere youth. We, who do not throw our new silk hats overboard because the "quicken" at Hammersmith is well taken up, deduce from our condition a coldness which is non-existent. Blue fever may have yielded to the medicine of ridicule, but there can be few men who would not give much when they are forty to possess again that wild and turbulent exuberance which led them twenty years ago to the holocaust of hats and of wine bottles. *Teneris heu, lubrica moribus atas!*

MAX PEMBERTON.



THE CAMBRIDGE CREW IN  
FRONT OF THE 'VARSITY  
BOATHOUSE.

Photo by NATHAN C. SMITH, JR.





WHAT critic can keep his hand off a work with the fascinating title of "Books fatal to their Authors"? Of course, his interest is purely antiquarian. Now-a-days no book is fatal to any author. The publisher and printer may suffer; that is obviously another affair. Our graphomaniacs flourish exceedingly. You even read that three editions having been exhausted, the fourth is in the press before you have heard of the author's existence. There never was such a time for verse and prose, minor verse and minimus prose, since scribbling began.

But Mr. Ditchfield treats of a sadly different epoch, when the poet was oppressed by tyrants, clerical and secular, when the satirist lost his ears for the most trivial pleasantry, when a deserving scribe was beheaded for a single couplet, when a harmless work on trigonometry was held to be a subtle attack on the Trinity, and when a premature Darwin, who wrote about insects, was believed to be making game of the all-potent Jesuits. Then the bard who kept his window open to let in the afflatus, had the misfortune to see a sheet of verses blown into the street by an incontinent puff of wind, and picked up by a priest who promptly denounced him as an atheist. No scribbler was safe, even in dog Latin, for most of which the hapless authors might have pleaded that its bark was worse than its bite.

The most interesting martyr was a lady who paved the way for the Pioneer Club a century or so too soon. The story goes that she objected to the assertion of masculine supremacy in Genesis, and altered the text (in the German version) about the authority of the husband over the wife, from "He shall be thy lord," to "He shall be thy fool." "It is said," remarks Mr. Ditchfield with complacency, "that she paid the penalty of death for this strange assertion of 'woman's rights.'"

Why is there no statue of this heroine in the hall of the Pioneers in Bruton Street? Mr. Ditchfield, who is an excellent clergyman, has no sympathy with free-thinkers. Of one of them we are told that he was "endowed with much natural ability, but this did not avail to avert the calamities which pursue indiscreet and reckless writers." This artful person wrote a book in defence of religion, making "many statements which were capable of a rationalistic interpretation." Orthodoxy raised such an outcry that from "a somewhat free-thinking Christian" he became "an infidel and atheist, or Pantheist." Who can be surprised to learn that "he died in extreme poverty"?

There was another bad man, named Théophile, who had an ill name early in the seventeenth century by reason of his "obscenities and impieties, published with the greatest

impudence"; but the most impudent thing he did was to make "an infamous charge" against "Balzac," with whom he "travelled to Holland." The remarkable longevity of Balzac, who was alive some forty years ago, has escaped the notice of his biographers.

A translation by Mr. James Graham, of "The Son of Don Juan," one of the most striking works of the Spanish dramatist, José Echegaray, introduces to the English reader a remarkable example of Ibsen's European influence. For this play is directly inspired by "Ghosts," of which, indeed, it is to a great extent an amplification. The child of a dissolute father dies an idiot, and Echegaray even puts into his mouth the last words of young Alving, "Mother, give me the sun." "Ghosts" is a pretty strong order, which will not stand exaggeration. Max Nordau's attack on it from a scientific point of view, is unconsciously supported by Echegaray, who carries the "heredity" theory to a fantastic extremity. Don Juan is a clever portrait of senile indulgence; but it is incredible that the old gentleman, who drinks sherry and reads "Nana," and has an occasional twinge in the elbow, is responsible for the utter wreck of his son Lazarus, of whom he is so proud. To make our flesh creep still more, Lazarus is represented as a genius, who, but for his terrible heritage, would earn undying renown. This marvellous mind tumbles in ruins amidst impressive rhetoric; but you resent the whole business, because on the plea of "heredity" there is no reason why Lazarus should have this mental endowment, which is nothing but a trick to heighten the sensation. The play, in short, is a distortion of Ibsen in his most vulnerable point.

Miss Marie Fraser's "In Stevenson's Samoa" gives a very pleasant picture of the novelist in his Polynesian home. He was the honoured counsellor of the chiefs, the arbiter of their social etiquette, the law-giver of their manners and morals. He kept them out of political mischief, and he exorcised the "devil" who occasionally prompted a husband to lay violent hands on a wife. In some ways it was an ideal life for a romancer, who revelled in tales of "mingled gore and profanity," especially when he could get them at first hand.

But the pathos of it is that all these labours for the Samoan people have perished with the man, whose personality was a household god to the simple islanders. They mourn their Tusitala, but except his tomb they have no heritage of him. Years hence he may become an extravagant legend to them, such a legend as he would have delighted to use in fiction; but all that he strove to accomplish for their permanent benefit is futile. Some melancholy inkling of this cannot have been absent from his mind at the end.

L. F. AUSTIN.



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

ANTHONY HOPE.

Known in real life as Mr. A. H. Hawkins, he is a son of the Vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet Street. Born in 1853, he was educated at Marlborough and Oxford where he was a scholar of Balliol College. He was called to the Bar in '87 and published his first novel, "A Man of Mark," in '90. Since then he has rapidly won his way to the front by his "Father Stafford," "Mr. Witt's Widow," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The God in the Car," and shorter stories and dialogues. At the General Election of '92 he contested S. Bucks in the Liberal interest but unsuccessfully.



"YOUR STRANGELY HOPEFUL BOY."

NO one now can profess to think it very tragic that children born two hundred years ago lived but five years instead of fifty. It was a tragedy at the time. But to those who look back impartially the death of a child means merely that a father and mother wept and mourned, instead of a wife and child. There is nothing like a backward glance for discovering the truth of the platitude that no life is ever saved; and that there is nothing but a postponement of death. Therefore we need not accuse the old ideals of infant education of having "cost many lives"; but it is certain that they hastened many deaths.

The phrase at the head of this column is Jeremy Taylor's, and it was contained in a letter of condolence to John Evelyn on the death of his little son—"that pretty person," the Divine also calls him gravely. And this is what the weeping father, Evelyn, writes of the dear and brilliant child: "At two-and-a-half years of age, he pronounced English, Latin, and French exactly, and could perfectly read in these three languages." Let any reader who happens to have at hand a little child of two-and-a-half years old—a boy as we have them now—try to imagine that urchin pronouncing languages "exactly." Or let anyone single out a "pretty person" comparatively advanced in years—a boy of four-and-a-half. Evelyn's little son died immediately after his fifth birthday; therefore all the things he did were necessarily done before that day. Some of them are these: the little creature "got by heart almost the entire vocabulary of Latin and French primitives and words, could make congruous syntax, turn English into Latin, and *vice versâ*, construe and prove what he read, and did the government and use of relatives, verbs, substantives, ellipses, and many figures and tropes, and made a considerable progress in Comenius's *Janua*, and had a strong passion for Greek."

There is one thing more wonderful than the achievements of this poor child, and that is the father's delight in them. Why rejoice so greatly in that which was marvellous only because it was untimely, and which a year or two more could hardly fail to bring about in the course of nature? Profoundly unphilosophic was the attempt to suppress the process, the approach, the way. And if the theory of evolution has led our wits into too long a road for any possible goal, the lack of it played worse pranks with our fathers. They must, for the love of miracles, have lost the beauty and grace of order and of progress. And strange indeed must have been the sense of the perfection of the adult man in those days, which would not honour childhood—real childhood—as a state good in its place and time. We have lost some conceit of ourselves since then. Or we have learnt that as we have still something to grow to, and yet have none the less our place in the universe, so the children have theirs. And in our eyes that place is all the more precious for being so brief and so visibly transitory.

A father who is happy and proud because his son of four years old has a strong passion for Greek, and pronounces Latin exactly, must have a positive dislike of all the slips of a child's tongue, to us so charming. He must have found no humour nor grace in them. Nothing that was a defect, judged by the arbitrary standard of the achievement of the grown-up person, can have amused him, or been anything but an offence. John Evelyn himself habitually took things very seriously, and his own lack of a sense of humour no doubt made him even more insensible than most of his contemporaries to the character and gaiety of any prattle that failed in grammar or logic, let the prattler's age be what it might. Imagine a time when the language of children was considered nothing in the world but an inevitable evil! Evelyn himself was inordinately indulged by the "honoured grandmother" who brought him up; for he was "not initiated into any rudiments" till he was four years of age, and Latin seems to have been deferred until the diarist was a "youth" of eight.

It requires some quality of genius to reproduce the talk of children and even to imitate it. Take that last verb, for instance. Swift, being a man of genius, wrote it, in the *Journal to Stella*, "mimitate." Whether he ever heard a child say "mimitate," whether it was once a word of Stella's own childhood, or whether Swift invented it, matters nothing. It needed genius to set down "mimitate." But indeed Swift seems to have been the first—childless and cynical though he was—to feel sensitively and sweetly the ways of the speech of children. When he "makes his month" in writing the "little language," and strips the words of r's as though they were thorns (as Mrs. Browning says of a child), and plays all the other tricks of which he was a master, he never once writes anything silly. Even children, after they have been charming, are apt to have silly moments. Swift edits them, and prevents this. Swift is never vulgar, of course. Nor are children vulgar. But the modern imitators of children are vulgar often. In fact, the little language is a very excellent thing for ordinary people to leave alone.

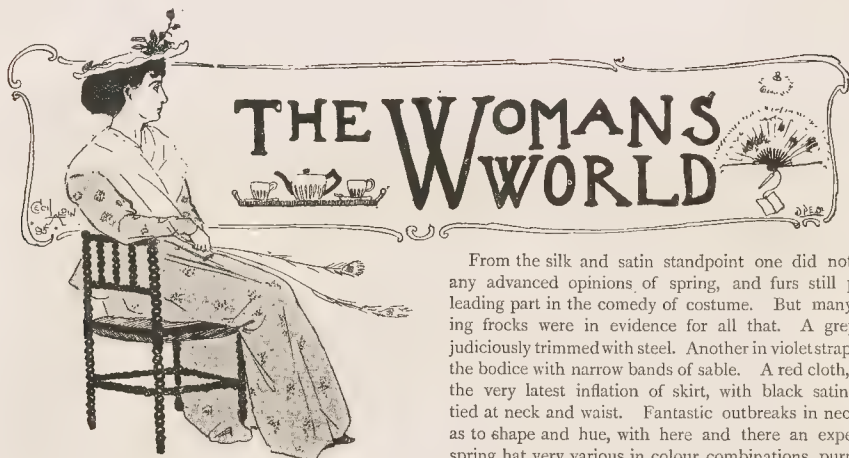
Besides a sense of humour, there must have been some lack of a sense of pathos two hundred years ago. Evelyn says very little about children in his ever delightful diary. Except his praises of his own children, who died, never having been children at all, and his mourning for them, you will see nothing in his many pages referring to childhood, with these two most significant exceptions. He goes to the marriage of a little girl of five—and he is not moved. He goes to the sick bed of a child of eight, and is moved in a way impossible to a modern man—he is actually moved to give pious thanks to heaven that he has not the child's disease! "At the hospital of La Charité, I saw the operation of cutting for the stone." A child "underwent the operation with most extraordinary patience. The use I made of it was to give Almighty God hearty thanks that I had not been subject to this deplorable infirmity!" ALICE MEYNELL.





Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

MOONBEAMS.



THE ancients were partial to proverbs, and many of their crystallized reflections were certainly worth passing on to a heedless posterity. Amongst them one which says something about the busiest being those who accomplish most. Lady Aberdeen is a busy woman in the largest sense of that small word, and a vivid exponent of the truism. Apart from social duties, which, in her case, have always been specially onerous, her grasp of the complex political problem has more than once made excellent case out of impending *contretemps*. In Ireland, where Lord and Lady Aberdeen's term of vice-regal office is still remembered as a golden epoch—no less than at present, in Canada, where her name is associated with the *kudos* of all classes, for Lady Aberdeen brings the good influence of her large heart and generous mind everywhere. She is a daughter of the late Lord Tweedmouth, whose famous collection of blue and white was a parable in Park Lane at the time. By her marriage with a competent and conscientious statesman, the Hon. Ishbel Marjoribanks was brought into a position which exactly suited a disposition and talents broader and deeper than are often perhaps accorded to "mere woman."

The family motto, "Let fortune follow," has been no mere formula to the present mistress of Haddo and Tarland, and I have heard a diplomatic grey-beard, who knows, declare that "everything Lady Aberdeen puts her hand to turns out well." A comprehensive summing up, for since her marriage Lady Aberdeen has lived through her own strong individuality prominently in the view of her generation.

Private views are always an occasion of unmixed gratification to a certain multitude, and a function of such numbers and different interests as that of the Institute would necessarily appeal to many beyond the mere devotees of water-colour. For, beside the pictures and the frocks, there were the people. And a very interesting and representative group of somebodies mingled with the great unknown on Friday, 8th. Lord Mayo, Sir James Paget, Lady Clarke, Lady O'Malley, Lord and Lady Braye, Rt. Hon. John Morley, Lord Halifax, Lady Pollock, Lady Chelmsford, Lord Battersea, Lady Vere Hughes, Lord Knutsford, Mr. Rider Haggard, Hon. Mrs. Napier, Mr. Sims Reeves, Hon. Mrs. Digby, Lord Hindlip, Captain "Tip" Herbert, and, as one jovial M.P. said to another, "all the rest of the House that was not in the influenza division."

From the silk and satin standpoint one did not receive any advanced opinions of spring, and furs still played a leading part in the comedy of costume. But many charming frocks were in evidence for all that. A grey velvet, judiciously trimmed with steel. Another in violet strapped over the bodice with narrow bands of sable. A red cloth, made to the very latest inflation of skirt, with black satin jauntily tied at neck and waist. Fantastic outbreaks in neck ribbon as to shape and hue, with here and there an experimental spring hat very various in colour combinations, purple, blue, and red lying down peaceably together on a cigar-brown straw.

Lady gardeners of that order—accurate to anguish—who count every bud, and would miss an apple from an orchard, are now raising plaintive protest against the naughty bullfinch, who at this time deals death and disbudding to embryo blooms of pear and gooseberry. "In the spring," when many fancies beside those of the pink-breasted songster lightly turn to succulent subjects, doubtless Master Bully yearns for the green comfort of young shoots after the dry and scanty fare of winter. He is an adept at disbudding, it is true; but if those who upbraid will also examine these picked-off buds which he scatters in hundreds around, it will be found that each contains either grub, insect, or the blight of early frost. So the bullfinch instinct may, after all, be said to do good in spite of reproach, and have its hidden uses, for which the fair petitioners who now so freely blame might "ever pray" instead.

It is Lent, and we are dull. Worse still, the promise of May—or Easter to be accurate—lies under what is practically a social eclipse, as far as many prominent hostesses go. Lady Salisbury, besides having lost a sister, has been a victim to influenza, and beyond a few necessary receptions will not give dances. Lady Wimborne and Lady Tweedmouth, two hostesses of parts, will naturally be very quiet for some time, owing to the recent death of their brother, Lord Randolph Churchill. The Duchess of Westminster comes into the non-entertaining category, through the loss of the Duke's daughter-in-law. Even Lady Hayter keeps closed doors until after Easter. The Duchess of Sutherland promises a ball, and it is possible Mr. Alfred Morrison may do likewise, earlier than usual. But at the moment we are decidedly dull.

The Grand Military Meeting at Sandown was a multiplication of vexations from the weather point of view. On the Saturday more particularly, when some misleading slants of morning sunshine led to faint yet ardent hopes that dress instead of disguise might be a possibility. By mid-day the heavens were telling their own tale of downpour, however, and those who were valiant enough to brave the journey to Waterloo, and a walk across the course afterwards, did so in the comparative mufli of tailor-mades and long coats. Lady Chelsea was one of the few women who looked well and suitably frocked.

VERA.



*Photo by Lafayette,*

THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.





## BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

By G. STANLEY ELLIS.

"You're dull to-night, Jack?"

"Yes."

"What's the matter with you?"

"I have just found out what a blackguard I am?"

"We all knew that ever so long ago, old chap."

"Don't joke about it. It's no joking matter. Look here. I'll tell you a tale, with fictitious names, to illustrate my feelings.

A couple of years ago, it happened that two very seedy young men woke up one Saturday morning from their beds on the Hyde Park grass, round by Hamilton Gardens, where all the swagger people would be walking in another ten hours, and looked sleepily at each other. One grinned as he stretched himself. Then the other grinned and said it was a fine morning. Each saw that the other was not just the ordinary kind of park sleeper, and he who had grinned first said:

"I'm going down to the Serpentine for a dip. Are you coming?"

"Yes, I think it would do me good. I feel rather stiff. My name's Fletcher."

"And mine's Beaumont."

So they went down for the dip and swam across together. So unconventionally are introductions made in the Park. Fletcher was very much done up by the swim over. You can't land on the Humane Society's side of the Serpentine. You can only drop your feet and stand in the water to rest. He quite gave in coming back. Half way he said:

"I can't swim any further, I am done up with want of food."

"Nonsense, I'll take you back all right. Put your hand on my shoulder, and I'll swim for both."

So Beaumont towed him in.

"How can I thank you enough? If it had not been for you I should have gone under."

"Haven't you had anything to eat?"

"Not since the day before yesterday."

"Poor chap! No money?"

"None."

"I have sixpence. We'll go to the coffee stall at Hyde Park Corner, and have what we can get with that."

So they did. Then they went for a walk. It came out before long that Beaumont was the son of a Cornish farmer. He had persuaded himself that he had the divine afflatus. He had come to London with what money he could get together, thinking that his verses would take the town by

storm. But they did not. Having turned all his poor belongings into money, he had at last been reduced to the Park. Fletcher had, of course, to be a little communicative also. He had been a shipbroker's clerk, and had filled up the intervals between docks and bills of lading with a devotion to the theatre. He had thought that he could write a play. A play, did I say? Many plays. Plays for the good of art. Plays to leave the world better than they found it, and to make it think. For he had a soul above royalties; though, you know, "it is so easy not to write a play." So he gave up his clerkship and began to bombard managers with his plays. But the plays came back. And at last he came to the Park. So they were both in the same box, and had got there by similar means; the difference between them was this: Fletcher, as was natural under the circumstances, was a pessimist; Beaumont, in spite of the circumstances, was an optimist. During their walk, Fletcher, of course, talked of the plots of his plays, and gloomily gave extracts from his dialogue. Beaumont, forgetful in his art of the rubs of fortune, recited, with gusto, his greatest poems. Neither listened much to the other.

It was getting on for two o'clock, and hunger began to make the conversation flag. They were going down the Strand, Beaumont keeping fairly lively, but Fletcher getting perceptibly gloomier. Being Saturday, the matinees were on. Fletcher recognised, and pointed out to Beaumont, a great actor, who was carrying a bag, crossing the street. Just then there was a shout; a runaway hansom was coming down Wellington Street. The actor had time to jump on the pavement, but he dropped the bag. This was enough for Fletcher. Something belonging to his divinity was in danger. He jumped in among the horses' hoofs, and, before he himself quite knew what he was doing, landed safely out of danger with the bag.

"Thanks, my man," said the great actor, and gave Fletcher half-a-crown. Then, seeing the rescuer of the bag seemed a little superior to his shabby get-up, he added, with the actor's ready kindness, "Here's my card. If I can do anything for you, ask for me any night at the stage-door; they will let me know if you show them the card."

Fletcher was in heaven. He had put a man whom he considered the greatest man on earth under an obligation. The great man had made an implied promise to help him. A chance, at last, of favourable consideration for his plays. And then the half-crown. Not so long ago he would have been insulted at the thought of taking a tip. Now he was hungry. With the generosity of all-but-pennilessness, he must share the tip with his new comrade. And share it they did, having each a sausage and mashed, which cost sixpence the

two. They luxuriated over this as long as possible. When they had finished, Fletcher said:

"What shall we do to-night? We have still two shillings left. I propose that we go to the gallery, and see this prince of good fellows act this evening."

"That is all very well for you; but I don't want you to pay for me, and I have no money."

"What does that matter? You shared your last sixpence with me. It is my turn now. I shall go to see him after the show. I already see the thousands of pounds pouring in for royalties of my plays, and shall you, my friend, stop outside on account of a paltry shilling?"

He was drunk with success, and excited in the ratio of his former gloom.

"Besides, I have not been inside a theatre for ages. We must go to-night!"

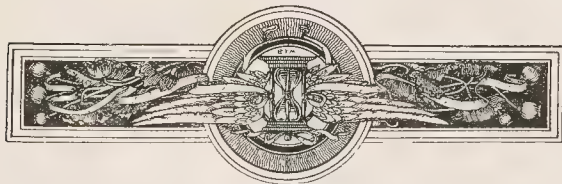
So they went; and, amid oranges and bottles of beer, were two men as happy as any in the stalls. But Fletcher saw little of the play. Afterwards, he went to the stage door. In some while he re-appeared.

"Good luck, Beaumont! He has promised to look at some of my work to-morrow. Meantime, he has lent me half-a-sovereign to get us lodgings for the night."

To cut a long story short, it was the turn of the tide for Fletcher. Taken up by the great actor, he soon began to make a name, soon forgot his dreams of plays for art's sake, and wrote what the public asked for. So he achieved the severe criticism of popular success. But Beaumont, although Fletcher did his best for him, would not be helped. He refused to write except as he himself wanted to write. If his attention were called to any style of verse which was catching the public taste, he refused to, as he called it, prostitute his art.

So, in the course of time, they drifted apart. Fletcher, the popular dramatist, sometimes managed to get a set of verses accepted for his friend. But the friend would not write what was wanted. He would only write what was in his heart. And no one will publish the work of a heart

which the public will not buy. Journalism he disdained. His work must be verse or nothing. For six months the two never saw each other. Last night, Fletcher was going into the Criterion to supper with the actor who had made him, and with them were two charming actresses from the same theatre. Outside the door was Beaumont, and he was even more disreputable than in the old days. The dramatist, with his present companions, could not speak to such a scarecrow. But, inside, at the supper, while the talk overflowed with wit and humour, he was silent and glum, as in the old time of hunger. He could not talk. His mind was on the scarecrow outside. He made an excuse of illness, and left. Beaumont was no longer there. Fletcher's heart smote him for passing by the man who had saved his life and shared his last sixpence with him. He began to accuse himself of ingratitude and untold unkindness. He wandered about all night, looking up the haunts of the old time, hoping to find Beaumont. At six o'clock this morning, he found himself on the Embankment at Blackfriars. It was a glorious summer's morning. The sun was up. How like that morning in the Park. But the morning was so glorious, the trees so green, the river so bright in the sun's rays, the air so fresh, that his spirits soon began to rise. It must be all right, the wanderer must soon be found, and then something must be done for him. Yet what was the good of doing anything for a man who would not be helped? What a fool he was making of himself in worrying about a man who was sure to turn up like a bad penny. He lighted a cigarette. By now he had come to the steps on the east of the Temple Pier. A waterman had just come up, leaving his boat fastened by the painter. There was something tied to the stern of the boat. It was a drowned man. How unpleasant. And to have one's meditations disturbed on such a beautiful morning! He felt quite angry with the corpse. Still, a dramatist must be always looking for material. He must enquire into the circumstances. He looked again. The cigarette fell from his mouth. It was Beaumont. That's all, except that—I was Fletcher.







THE Riviera, which has become as common in our ears as a household word, is, in reality, a very modern "institution." Its rise in public favour practically dates from the annexation of Nice to France, and its popularity to the far-sighted policy of the railway companies, which have done so much to make its access expeditious. It formed no part of the "*grand tour*" of our forefathers, and down to the days of Shelley and Byron the winter health resorts were Pisa, and subsequently the Baths of Lucca in Italy—or Montpellier in France. Toulon, it is true, existed as a naval arsenal, but no one on pleasure bent would have thought of making it a resting-place. In fact, the Riviera di Ponente, as it was called, was at those times somewhat difficult for travellers, for, the famous Corniche Road, which became so much in vogue before the railway was completed, was, as originally made by Victor Amadeus, only to connect with Turin his capital by way of the Col di Tenda. Subsequently it was carried along the coast through Spezia to Genoa.

Adventurous travellers, however, who were determined to see the beauties which fringed the northern shores of the "Gulf of the Lion," were accustomed to strike off from the present main line of Paris and Lyons. Railways about Beaucaire, and to make their way by Aix and Brignoles to Fréjus, where Napoleon landed in 1799 on his return from Egypt, and again fifteen years later on his escape from Elba. The road lay thence over the Estrelle mountains, whence was an easy descent on Cannes, "a town, or rather an open village, prettily situated on the seashore," as the younger Miss Berry, one of Horace Walpole's "little wives," describes it in 1802. The account she gives of her first impressions is better than those of our more jaded tourists. "The whole road from Cannes to Antibes is charming. On descending towards Antibes one sees at the same time Nice on the other side of a beautiful bay, backed by its wooded hills, white villas, and high mountains." Her enthusiasm was, however, somewhat damped when she found that the wooden bridge over which her carriage had to pass had been broken in two or three places; and although everybody talked of repairing it, nobody had attempted to do more than place three planks over the chasm, and the carriage had to go down almost to the sea to get across the stream. Nice at that time stood in high repute with the French, many of whom owned villas here. But there were occasionally representatives of other nationalities, like Lord Orford, who described it as "for one's own eating, one of the very prettiest places I ever saw." It is interesting to note the favourite walks and drives about Nice at the beginning of the century—and

here they are as noted in Miss Berry's Journals—To St. André, the road beautiful and picturesque, "but such as none but those used to scrambling and narrow mountain paths could go." Next to the Vallée Obscure, "between perpendicular hills almost united at the top by trees and brushwood." . . . two hours' walk from Nice, the whole way beautiful by the Villa of the Comtesse da Casta and the Capuchins Convent." On another occasion she goes, with the *beau monde*, to a fair at Cimia (*sic*), held on the Sundays throughout Lent; and later on to Falicon, "a cleaner village," but not so lively as Cimia.

Five-and-twenty years later appeared the first edition of that guide book, edited by Mrs. Starke, which has subsequently become identified with its publisher, "John Murray." Nice and Cannes had scarcely become better known, even to the travelling Briton, and no information was apparently needed. "The situation of Nice," we are told, "is cheerful, the walks and rides are pretty, the lodging-houses are numerous and tolerably convenient, the eatables good and plentiful, and the wine and oil excellent." Worthy Mrs. Starke evidently thought it just possible that some persons might not wish to go over the Col di Tenda to Turin, although it was "superb and wonderful," so she kindly informed them that there was another way of reaching Genoa. "Those who go in a felucca from Nice to Genoa, reach Oneglia the first night, and arrive at the end of their journey on the second, provided the weather prove favourable; paying for a ten-oared felucca, large enough to contain an English travelling carriage, about five louis d'or." There was, however, even in those days, a post-road from Genoa to Nice, the real Corniche road which was more or less passable for carriages, but in some places so narrow as to present serious difficulties, and as the guide book says, "the short turnings of this road are unsafe for persons who travel fast; but those who travel *en voiturier* with a careful driver and quiet horses, have no reason to apprehend danger." The road was about 120 miles in length, and was traversed in three or four days, and the hotels at Oneglia and Albenga offered the best accommodation.

Coming to more recent times, Cannes owes its popularity to the first Lord Brougham, who made it known to his fellow countrymen, and urged them to gather round the Villa Brougham, where he passed much of his later life and ultimately died. In a different way, Dr. Bennett may be said to have made the reputation of Mentone, as "Dr. Antonio" did that of Bordighera. These, for a time, were isolated spots along the coast, frequented chiefly by invalids; but now from Toulon to Genoa there is an almost unbroken chain of towns and villages, each with some special attraction for the "*désœuvré*" of all nations, who is able to adopt the motto of the sun-dial,

"*Horas non numero nisi serenas.*"

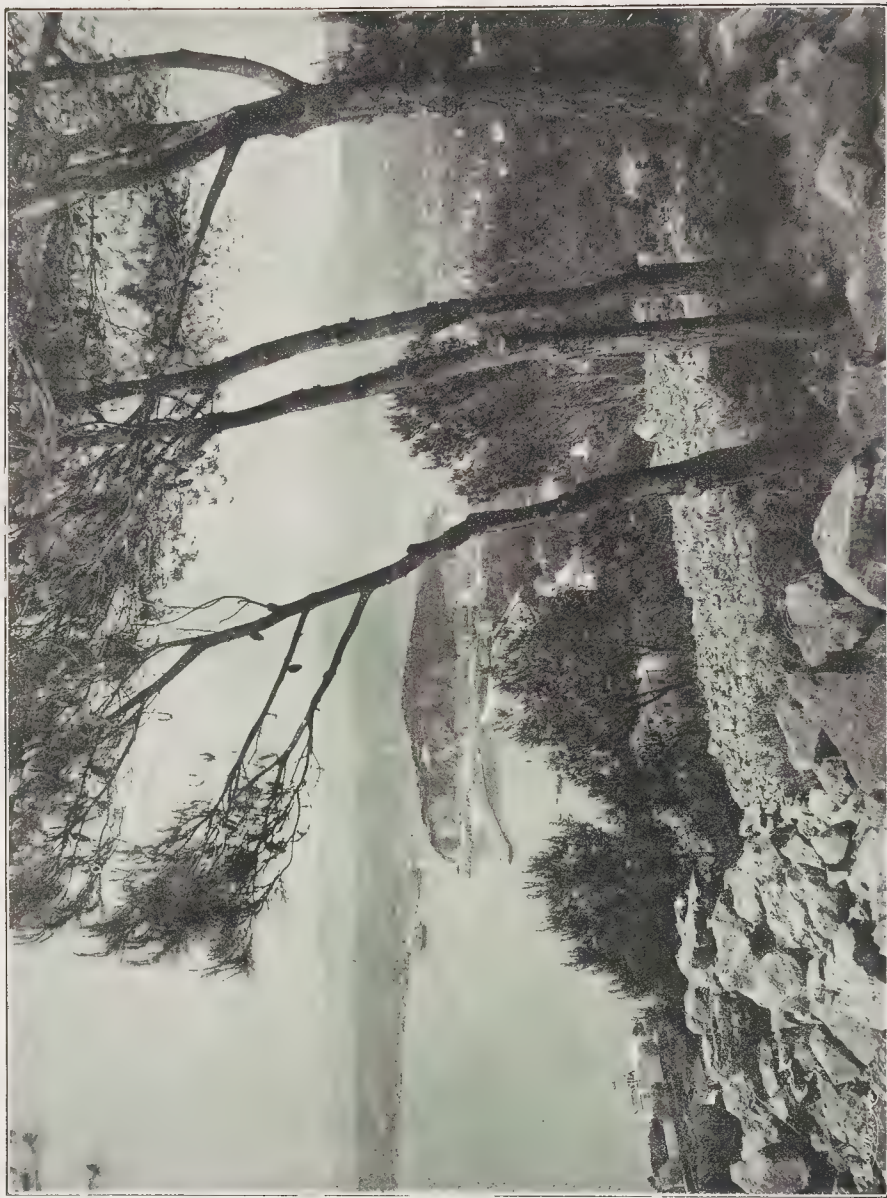


# On the Riviera.—Second Series.



A continuation of the Promenade des Anglais, showing the way here on the left. On the right are public gardens, wherein the Municipal band performs in the afternoon. In consequence of this musical treat the gardens are a good place to patronise—in the early morning or late night.

NICE.—THE JETTY PROMENADE.



*Another view, taken outside Nice, which shows how the mountains protect the inhabitants from the cold winds of west.*





THE BAY OF NAPLES. This is a good idea of the bays in which the visit of the  
Rosa is made. The city of course, give any suggestion of it. A first  
view of the bay of Naples is impossible to find. The Bay of Naples is far  
too large to be seen in such a small space.

NICE.





NICE.

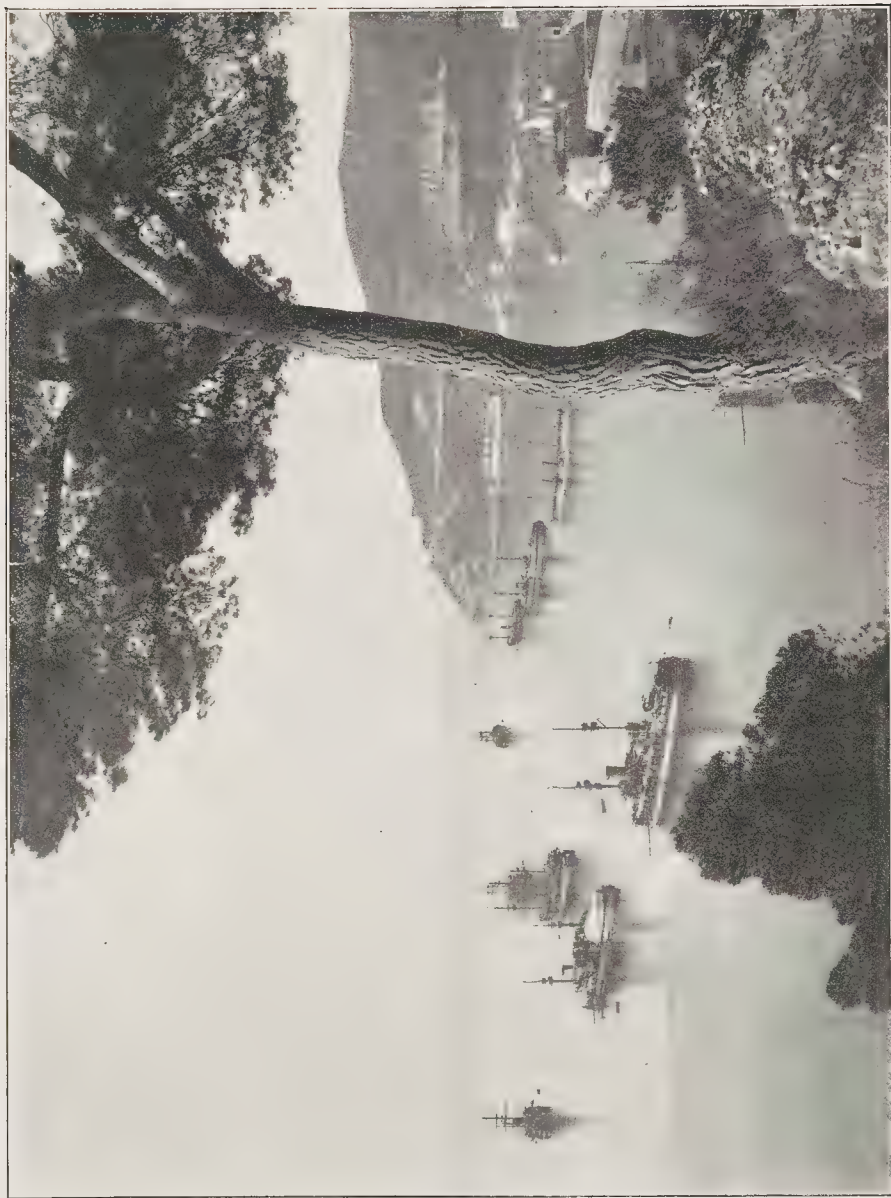
A central view of the Promenade, very popular with pedestrians.



NICE.

*The new Pavilion has been lately erected at a great cost. It stands midway from the Promenade des Anglais, and stands out as a landmark. Seen from the institutions behind Nice its full beauty of its design is manifest.*





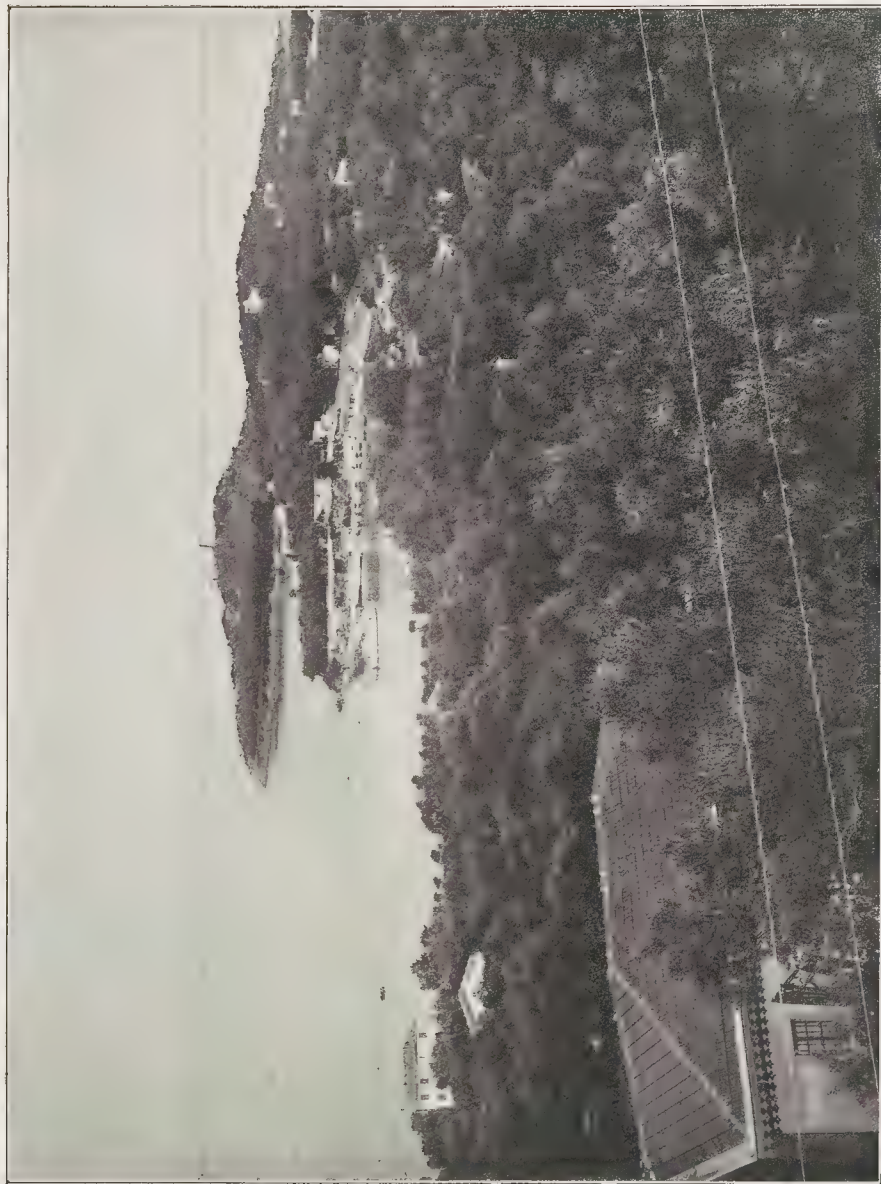
This view shows the Bay of Villefranche with a squadron of our war vessels. The harbor is noted for its fleets, which are in great demand for the London market during the winter months.





ON THE ROUTE FROM NICE  
TO MONACO.

The tunnel from Nice to Monaco by the sea is a favorable one and abounds in sudden geological facts. In the sea here the strata are of the same age as those in the land. During the past few years the strata have been improved, the low boundary wall, and it increased the risk to which its former condition gave rise.



ST. JOHN'S BAY.

On its road along the Riviera coast the railway passes few prettier places than St. John's Bay. Villages are almost none to the water side, and the vegetation is inviolate even for the Riviera.



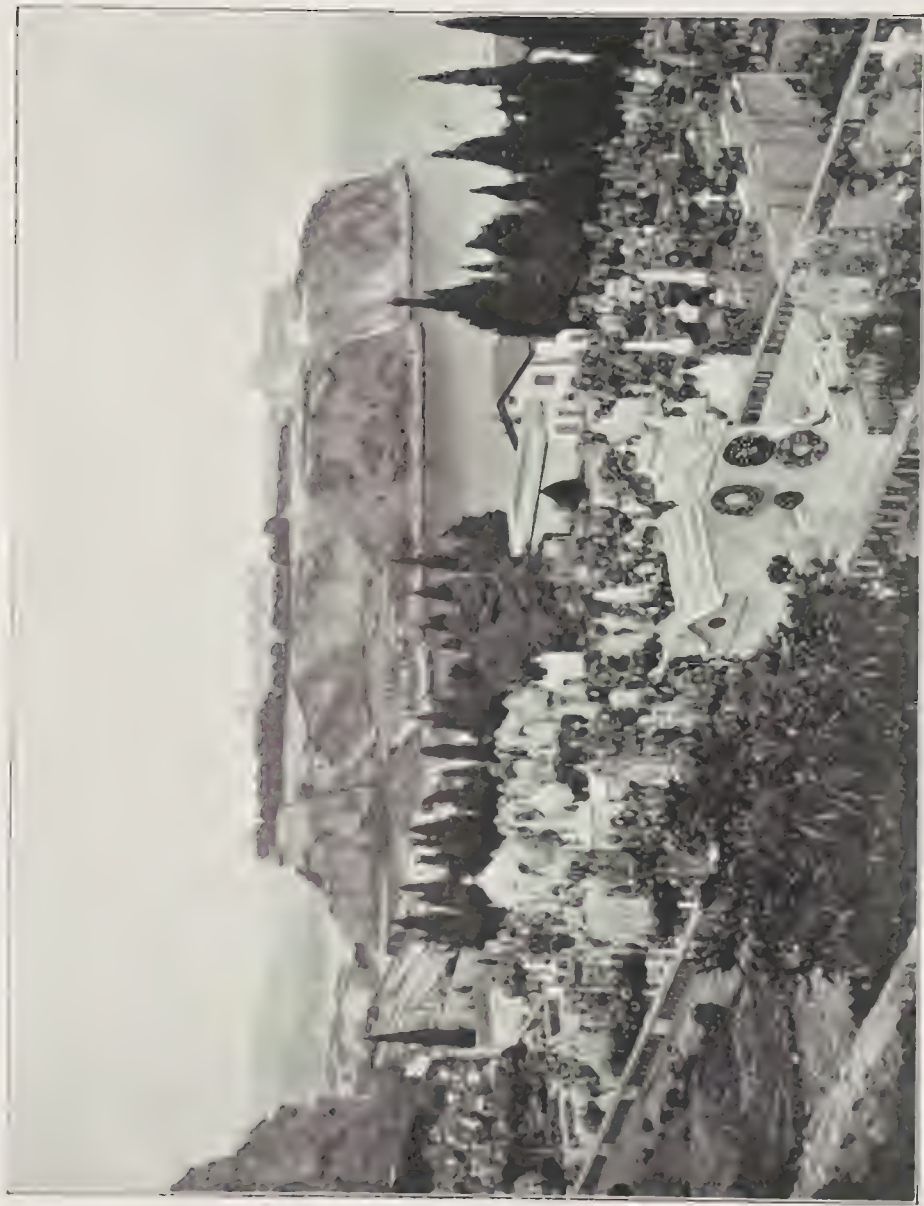
VIEW OF EZE FROM THE  
PINE-TREES.

*Eze is noted for its old castle, to be seen on the top of the hill. A pretty stream flows round, and such little village as there is lies below, almost at the base of the mountains.*





*This powerful battleship, near Nice, is noted for its speed, and shares with the V. I. L. the honor of almost supplying the fleet. The fishes, pines, and olives of this place are very fine.*



THE TOWN AND CEMETERY  
OF MONACO.





MONTE CARLO.—THE THEATRE.

The Theatre of Monte Carlo is, without doubt, the most beautiful and most complete of its kind in the world. It is a masterpiece of architecture, and its interior is a work of art. The Theatre is a masterpiece of architecture, and its interior is a work of art. The Theatre is a masterpiece of architecture, and its interior is a work of art. The Theatre is a masterpiece of architecture, and its interior is a work of art.





LA TURBIE.—THE TOWER AND  
HOTEL OF AUGUSTUS.

A view of the tower and hotel of Augustus, La Turbie, France, from the sea.



A view of Roquebrune, showing the famous Capricorn Point, and the town of Monaco. The sea is also visible in the foreground.



A view of the mountains of Roquefort, France, showing the town of Roquefort and the surrounding hills. The town is built on a steep slope, and the surrounding hills are covered in dense forest. The photograph is a black and white print.





CANNES.—THE PORT.

*The Port of Cannes has a very lively aspect during the season, when it is filled with yachts of many nationalities, and small boats are to be seen moving to and from the shore, at every hour of the day. Out of the season its appearance is almost dead.*

# The Album

*A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.*

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No 9,

APRIL 1, 1895.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post 6<sup>d</sup>.



*Photo by Lafayette.*

MISS BERESFORD, AS MISS CLOSE,  
AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY GEORGE  
ROMNEY, AT LADY WOLSELEY'S  
COSTUME BALL AT THE ROYAL  
HOSPITAL, DUBLIN.



THERE are some people, myself amongst them, who have never derived much pleasure from Dante. A great imagination, chiefly employed in describing the tortures of the damned in a hell of his own creation, cannot make a very seductive appeal to the modern mind. In Dante's day, everybody knew for certain the distribution of rewards and punishments in the next world; but Dante distanced all competitors in this exercise by peopling hell and heaven with a special and peculiar assortment of saints and sinners, historic and mythological, but most notably of his own age and generation. Mr. A. J. Butler who has written an admirable little book called "Dante, his Times and his Work," protests against the theory that the author of the "Divina Commedia" distributed his characters in the next world according to political sympathies. Instances are cited by Mr. Butler to show that Dante judged his contemporaries by an ethical, not a party standard. This point is not, however, of great importance. A mind which was capable of picturing souls slashed to pieces by demons, and re-uniting in order that the process might be endlessly repeated, was not likely to make subtle distinctions. Mr. Butler points out that one of the heroes of Dante's Purgatory, that is to say, a spirit destined to ultimate salvation, was distinguished even in that age of cruelty for his cold-blooded ferocity, unredeemed by a single virtue. But to be merely cruel was no offence in the Middle Ages, and the commonplace of butchery probably stimulated Dante's imagination to the horrors of his Inferno.

But there is superb poetry in Dante, and there is none to speak of in Southey, from whose work Professor Dowden has made a selection for the Golden Treasury series. Professor Dowden's introductory essay is a monument of discretion. His cautious estimate really comes to this: that we ought to appreciate Southey because the "breath of life" in his verse is "the moral ardour of a nature strong and generous." But "moral ardour" is no excuse for the commonplaces of "Thalaba" and "Kehama." Does anybody ever read these appalling exercises now? Southey thought it necessary to infuse his "moral ardour" into Eastern mythology, with the ludicrous result that his virtuous Arabs and Hindoos are mere personifications of a highly respectable defender of Church and State. In this volume there are extracts from "Madoc" and "Roderick, the Last of the Goths," and they will certainly have the useful effect of warning any impetuous reader against the stupendous mass from which the editor has quarried these specimens. Old Kaspar's explanation of the Battle of Blenheim is worth tons of them, and I had far rather read how the water comes down at Lodore than any of the poems which illustrate Southey's enthusiasm for virtue.

I must confess that I turn with relief to a thorough-

paced scamp, the author of "Baron Munchausen." Here is a new edition of that delightful work, with illustrations by Mr. William Strang and Mr. J. B. Clark, and an introduction by Mr. Thomas Seccombe. Mr. Seccombe gives a very entertaining account of Rudolph Erich Raspe, "scholar, swindler, and undoubted creator of Baron Munchausen." The original of this consummate romancer was a German baron of the same name and the highest respectability, who told taradiddles simply in self-defence against the bores of his acquaintance. He little dreamed, good easy man, that Raspe, an exile in London by reason of transactions which savoured strongly of fraud, would, on the brink of starvation, bethink him of the innocent baron and the after-dinner anecdotes that kept the bores in awe. Raspe's book, some fifty small pages, came out in English in 1785, and is a unique instance of immortality achieved by a writer in a tongue which was not his own. Mr. Seccombe traces the various enlargements of Munchausen by other hands, none of them equal to the original. He shows also how Munchausen was the progenitor of American humour. The "tall stories" of our kinsmen over the water draw their pedigree from Hieronymus Karl Friedrich von Munchausen, captain in the Russian army, whose hospitality was abused by Rudolph Raspe, philosopher, antiquary, mineralogist, one of the most erudite men in Europe, with the ethics of a shop-lifter. But I question whether there is anything so diverting in Munchausen as the unconscious jest of the publisher of the seventh edition, entitled "Gulliver Reviv'd, or the Vice of Lying Properly Exposed."

I gather from Mr. Max Pemberton's editorial preface to the first of a series of stories published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., that this "library will cast no side lights upon things best left in darkness." Certainly there is no such sinister illumination in Mr. Percy White's "A King's Diary." I have an unaccountable prejudice against fiction which depends absolutely on a mere physical accident, such as the breaking of a leg or concussion of the brain. There is nothing in the experiences of Archibald Seaton in Mr. White's story to prepare you for the circumstances that he is thrown out of a cab, suffers a fracture of the skull, and ends his history in a lunatic asylum, where he supposes he is a king writing a diary. Before that he has been an editor who offends his wife by turning her into sarcastic "copy," and perhaps there is a subtle irony in his subsequent dementia. But in that case, why the cab accident? Is this one of the "things best left in darkness"? That a gentleman who invests two thousand pounds in a paper called *The Demon*, should retire to a madhouse, strikes me as the natural sequence of events, and the cab is irrelevant. However, the story is very readable without this metaphysical mystery.

L. F. AUSTIN.





Photo by Russell & Sons.

MR. JEROME K. JEROME.

Born in 1851, he has gone through a variety of experiences as, in turn, tutor, solicitor, clerk, actor, journalist and playwright. In '89 he published "On the Stage and Off," which paved the way for the great popularity of "Idle Thoughts," "Three Men in a Boat," "Singles," and "The Diary of a Pilgrimage." His plays include "Barbara," "Sunset," "Woodharrow Farm," and "New Lamps for Old." In '92 he became joint editor and proprietor with Mr. Barr of a new magazine, "The Idler," and in '93 he launched a new weekly paper "To-day."



"LOOPEd and windowed raggedness" is, by association, the proper professional garb of the beggar.

The more chances wind and wet are afforded of penetrating to the ill-clad form, the greater hope is there that the mendicant's petitions will penetrate to the heart of the benevolent. Such, at least, is the popular superstition.

But even in beggary (or in that form of fictitious dealing in small-wares that now takes the place of direct alms-asking) one may attain to such success, or be gifted with so bold and original a genius, that the ragged insignia may be cast aside. Eminence loves to discard convention, for it knows that the striking or the unusual will command more public recognition than the trite and hackneyed. On occasion the beggar may, without danger to his income, present an exterior not essentially wretched.

One who appeals to the public heart and pocket near a certain railway and foot-bridge pursues his police-evading "business" with comfortable equanimity, in defiance of the most inclement weather. Superior to atmospheric vicissitudes; *paratus ad omnia*, from dawn to dusk he plies the "industry," no matter what—perhaps he sells boot-laces, perhaps he reads the Scriptures—whereby he disguises from the law and reveals to the public the fact that his true profession is that of solicitor-general.

This worthy's provision for a wet day is ingenious and substantial. Over his person he draws a comfortable set of oilskins, and as a further precaution he places his stool in a sheltered angle formed by the parapet of the bridge he frequents. Nor is this the end. To crown all, he rigs up a board, placed crosswise, on the parapet aforesaid, so as to support a scrap of tarpaulin. In this booth he sits secure alike of protection and patronage.

It seemed in the eternal fitness of things that the train of reflection, suggested by poverty thus fortified and protected, should be interrupted by one of these sharp, yet appropriate, contrasts which London life offers perennially. Before me, at a turning of the way, I came face to face with another example of fortification and protection, but wealth, not poverty, lay behind the screen, no oilskin one this time, but good brick and Portland stone, "one-storeyed and without external windows," the familiar front of the Bank of England.

This veritable "Treasure Island" of the Metropolis, this detached spot of three acres in extent, is entirely covered by a Corinthian pile, modelled chiefly on the Temple of the Sybil at Tivoli, wherein we Britons of these latter days have

realised Juvenal's dream of a temple to the goddess *Pecunia*. When the Roman poet satirically mooted such a shrine for the Eternal City, he would have smiled yet more ironically had some seer whispered in his ear that the British people would one day rear such a sanctuary and would model it on the works of his countrymen. Yet so it has come to pass; and not rural Tivoli alone has been rendered tributary to the fashioning of the Bank; the Imperial City herself has yielded something, for the Chief Cashier's office is from the Temple of the Sun and Moon at Rome, and the entrance to the Bullion Yard is from the Arch of Constantine.

The Bank has seen many perils. It has been attacked by rioters, the threat of impeachment has hung over it, its credit has been assailed by treachery, and the trembling, yet imperious, hand of Panic has snatched its gold away, till ruin seemed inevitable. Nevertheless, the institution has weathered all storms, and the popular proverb, "as safe as the Bank," has happily never become mere *vox et præterea nihil*.

The Bank has been prolific in popular saws, and gave one to the great fraternity of the artistically dishonest, to whom the place is the centre of deep, yet tantalizing interest. In the last century these gentry, from a praise-worthy and strictly classical desire to shun ill-omened words, were prone to allude to the art and craft of forgery as "shamming Abraham," a delicate euphemism derived from the name of a popular cashier, Mr. Abraham Newland, who held office from 1778 to 1807, and who had slept in the Bank for twenty-five years without missing a single night. This worthy was fated to become proverbial in more ways than one, for his name was long remembered in a line of humorous song, as "one that is wrote on every Bank-note."

"There were giants on the earth in those days," and one of them was a Bank clerk; even Jenkins, who could boast 7 ft. 6 in. of stature and who now, his clerical duties ended, lies interred hard by the scene of his labours—

Though dead, within the Bank he figures still.

Jenkins' huge frame, it was feared, might prove only too tempting to the anatomist, so the authorities gave permission for his burial within the Bank precincts, and in Garde Court, the old St. Christopher's Churchyard, where now, in summer days, the fountain patters refreshingly among the lime-tree foliage, they found him a long home.

To mention "the Bank" is to think of Threadneedle Street, the southern boundary of the building. The thoroughfare should in strict orthography be "Threeneedle Street," a name derived, the erudite antiquary declares, from the three needles on the shield of the Needlemakers' Company, though hereon opinions are divided, and some connect the name with the Merchant Taylors. However that may be, the street is memorable. Here lived the Sidneys,—Sir William of Flodden and his son Sir Henry, father of renowned Sir Philip. Here, too, on the site of the principal entrance to the Bank, was the Crown Tavern, once much resorted to by Fellows of the Royal Society. Such are the shadows of valour, poetry, and learning that haunt this great modern temple, where the tables of the money-changers stand unchallenged, for here they are part of the shrine's legitimate ritual.

JOHN A' DREAMS.



Photo by York & Son, Lancaster Road, W.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.





ON the first night of *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*, I encountered a famous novelist in the lobby of the Garrick, and I ventured to ask him how he liked the play. "Twas well enough," he answered, "but I seem to have found it all before in the last book-box from Mudies." Whatever this criticism may be worth in itself, it fails to differentiate Mr. Pinero's work from any other play. Ideas are bound to make their appearance in the novel before they reach the stage. For one thing, the novel is a more plastic medium for art to work in, taking external impressions more readily. For another, the novel addresses itself to its special public, whereas the play-house is a house of call for the general public. In this way, the hackneyed phrase, "Cinderella of the Arts," becomes of real significance when applied to drama, not as denoting what is generally intended by it—neglect—but as marking the sister who comes latest to the ball. And so it is quite in the natural order of things, that *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith* should travel over much of the ground already pertrustrated by Mr. Grant Allen's "Woman Who Did." Agnes Ebbsmith, like the Herminia of the novel, regards a "free" union with the man of her choice not only as something righteous in itself, but as a sort of Apostolate, a "demonstration," in the Hyde Park sense, against the iniquities of legal marriage. And like Herminia, she finds her extra-conjugal, or anti-conjugal, union a failure. There, however, the resemblance ends. Herminia's partner died, so that her experiment never had a fair trial. Her tragedy was the tragedy of a fight against poverty, mundane prejudice, and the thankless child, declared by King Lear to be sharper than a serpent's tooth. In Agnes Ebbsmith's case we have a much more interesting tragedy, because it is a tragedy not brought about by arbitrary external circumstances, but by internal, psychical conditions. Agnes has chosen the wrong man; and the irony of the situation is this, that she has linked herself to exactly the same sort of wrong man, in a joint crusade against marriage, as the wrong man to whom she had previously linked herself in marriage. Lucas Cleeve, the "free" partner, is her husband, the "legal" tyrant (who treated her first "like a woman in a harem," and afterwards "like a beast of burden,") all over again. "Just like my marriage!" she exclaims in horror, as Lucas Cleeve's real character, selfish, sensual, gradually unfolds itself. Indeed, the play might well have been called *The Second Mr. Ebbsmith*. The irony of this position is tragic enough, in all conscience; I can only compare it to the horror of Mrs. Alving in *Ghosts*, when she discovers that Oswald is only the replica (in putty) of his late, but not lamented, father.

But how did Agnes come to repeat in her extra-conjugal experiment the very mistake she had made in her marriage? When she chose the first Mr. Ebbsmith, she was an ignorant girl; when she chose the second, she had had special study of his species, and ought to have recognised at once the

"stigmata" of the first. This is a question which Mr. Pinero does not quite satisfactorily answer—unless we are to understand him as implying that all men are sealed of the tribe of Ebbsmith, and that, consequently, all marriages—whether solemnized in church or only in "the forum of the conscience"—are fore-doomed to failure. That seems rather a gruesome implication. I should myself have thought it a *reductio ad absurdum*—but certain it is that every man in this play who is not a celibate is a Mr. Ebbsmith—that gentleman himself, of course, and the late Mr. Thorpe, and Lucas Cleeve, and the Duke of St. O'pherts. And so one might read the lesson of this play somewhat thus: that if a woman has lofty ideals and the sense of a mission, she had better work them out in single blessedness, for if she marries, she marries an Ebbsmith. If she "keeps house" without marriage, she still keeps house with an Ebbsmith. And to Ebbsmithery, to the selfishness of man, she has to sacrifice her ideal's.

It is a pretty touch of Mr. Pinero's to make Agnes announce the sacrifice of her ideals to Ebbsmithery by attiring herself in a new gown. A woman never changes her mind without changing her dress. Only the other day I was reading of another lady with ideals and a mission—one of the heroines of George Egerton's "Discords"—who "wore a crimson cloak and fur-trimmed hat" when she was minded to say "no" to her lover, and, when she was going to substitute "yes" for "no," changed her gown for a "long soft, white woollen one, with quaint silver clasps." The commotion that these changes excite in men are assumed to be seismic in their violent abruptness. "Your corset is gone . . . I begin to fear you," exclaims the lover to the lady with the quaint silver clasps. Compare the effect upon the Duke and Lucas of Agnes's spangled skirt and *décolletage*.

I cannot help wishing that Agnes had been allowed to rescue herself from the clutches of Ebbsmithery without the intervention of a curate, who leaves Bibles about the house, as well-meaning people leave tracts under pebbles on the sea-front at Brighton. The scene in which Agnes flings the Bible into the fire, to pull it out again immediately and clasp it to her bosom, makes a wonderful "curtain," to be sure; but it introduces a train of ideas really foreign to the play, and, I am afraid, is only a superior sort of clap-trap.

One might go on objecting to this, that, and the other. But it is better gratefully to recognise the really fine qualities of the play, its essential seriousness, its title to high place in the "drama of ideas," the force and finish of its writing. And we may be glad of it, too, for its service in shewing Mrs. Patrick Campbell to be something more than a "one-part" actress; that Mr. John Hare and Mr. Forbes-Robertson are admirable artists, in their different ways, needed, as Euclid says, no demonstration.

A. B. WALKLEY.



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street.

MISS FANNY BROUGH.

A daughter of Robert Brough, she made her debut at Manchester under Charles Calvert's management. She appeared in London as Fernande at the St. James', where she also played in several of Mrs. John Wood's productions. She was the Clara Douglas of the Bancrofts' first revival of "Mincey," and supported Mr. Toole at the Gaiety. She scored a great success as Mary Melrose in "Our Boys," and has since appeared in many productions, including some half-dozen Drury Lane Dramas; "Dr. Bill" and "The Housemaid" at the Avenue; "The Tons" and the revival of "The Magistrate" at Terry's; "The County Councillor," "Mrs. Othello," and since the new year, "An Ideal Husband" at the Haymarket. She is now once more Mr. Edward Terry's leading lady in "The Blue Boy."





# GARDENS IN MANY LANDS.

AT the Fine Art Society's Gallery may be seen an exhibition of pictures which, while it fills us with admiration of our Continental friends, as gardeners, need not deprive us of the self-satisfaction with which we hug the belief that England, with all her faults, can hold her head as high as her more sunny neighbours. When the first taste for gardening arose in this country—and whether it was home-born or imported, is a question which need not here be entered upon. As far back as the times when our literature took a national type, we find that flowers and gardens were subjects of study and description; and, so far as can be gathered from fragments of letters belonging to an earlier date, they occupied the thoughts and interests of men and women. It was, however, not until the Wars of the Roses had been brought to an end, and comparative tranquility ensured, that love for the roses could have a fair field. Mr. Reginald Blomfield, who has constituted himself the champion of the "Old Gardens" of England, seems to think that from the Tudor times onwards this country has produced an unbroken succession of professional or amateur gardeners who well sustain our reputation as a flower-loving nation. The gardens of Montacute and its neighbour, Coker Court, in the West, of Melbourne and Rockingham in the Midlands, of Penshurst and Hever Castle in Kent, and Nonesuch in Surrey, show how widely spread, even at an early date, was the Old English Garden. It was probably formal in its design and geometrical in its lines; and far back, in the days of Milton, we hear of

"Retired leisure,  
That in prim gardens takes his pleasure."

This primness survived until quite late in the last century, and traces of it have lingered in various unexpected spots down to our own days. The old English garden—with its high red brick walls, its hammered iron gate, its expanse of lawn, grass-bordered gravel walks, and borders of bright flowers mingled without confusion—is still familiar to some of us, and is even to be found in the neighbourhood of bustling towns or rapidly-growing suburbs.

"Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite  
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love,"

wrote Tennyson, and his words may still find an echo—but alas! a gently-dying one, as these relics of the past are ruthlessly swept away by the progress of civilization!

Mr. Elgood, who may claim with good reason to be the garden-lover's guide, has been at some pains to search out some of the most attractive specimens of the old English or formal garden, such as Henry VIII. had at Hampton Court, and Nonesuch, near Epsom; and as the great Cecil, in Queen Elizabeth's time, laid out at Theobalds, "where one might walk two miles in their walks before he came to their end." The next phase was that introduced by De

Caux, who laid out the gardens of Wilton for Philip, fourth Earl of Pembroke. It is not unlikely that the gardens of Montacute, Melbourne, Canons Ashby, and the like, belong to this period, whilst Rockingham, of which a representation is here given, may have retained many of the features of an older period. Rockingham Castle, which is barely nine miles from Kettering, has not only a history preserved in dusty volumes, but a beauty which cannot fail to strike the most casual visitor. Erected originally as a hunting lodge for William the Conqueror, it was the scene of many stirring episodes during the reign of the Plantagenets and their successors, suffering from siege and sack on more than one occasion. The present house is purely Elizabethan in character, and has been little touched. The gardens, which owe something to their picturesque site on the slopes of a hill, are rich in wood walks, probably the work of the second Duke of Montague—known as "John the Planter," who owned the neighbouring property of Boughton.

The old-fashioned English garden has nothing to do with the *jardin à l'Anglaise*, for which Le Nôtre, a landscape gardener of real genius, prepared the way, even if he did not actually anticipate its subsequent developments. The artificial enthusiasm for nature—shown in the *jardin à l'Anglaise*—was characteristic of the eighteenth century in France and England, and happily the taste was a passing one. In its passage, however, it has done much to destroy the older English forms, as well as the Dutch taste for box and yew hedges—and trees clipped into fanciful shapes and forms—of which the first symptoms appeared with William and Mary. "Good" Queen Anne is said to have taken a dislike to clipped box-walks, so they were in time abandoned, and French influence once more became predominant, as seen at Conover, Losely, Arley, and other charming gardens, of which Mr. Elgood, on a former occasion, made some delightful studies.

In all the changes through which garden-making has passed since the times of the Tudors, we must recollect that the actual origin of the modern garden was due to the Italians. The palazzo, or the villa, crowned the terraces and platforms and completed the architectural design. The rich Italian nobles, moreover, of the Middle Ages had taken advantage of the maritime enterprise of their people, to stock their gardens with rare and exotic plants, which brought into greater prominence the gardens in which the plants were grown. For this reason the gardens which surround the villas about Rome are of great interest. The Villa Borghese has lost some of its attractions since it was made the centre of military operations during the siege of Rome in 1849; the Villa Pamfilii-Doria, outside the Porta S. Pancrazio; and the Villa Medici, now occupied by the French Academy, have been kept up in the spirit of their earlier makers. Of the last-named, Mr. Elgood has given an interesting sketch, showing the garden-front of the building, designed by Michael Angelo.





ROCKINGHAM CASTLE,  
BY GEORGE ELGOOD.



THE VILLA MEDICI, ROME. FROM MR.  
GEORGE ELGOOD'S WATER COLOUR  
DRAWINGS OF "GARDENS IN MANY  
LANDS," ON VIEW AT THE FINE ART  
SOCIETY'S GALLERY.



#### THE PRACTICE OF THE OXFORD CREW.

THE President of a University Boat Club may be accounted extremely fortunate if he can settle the composition of his crew at an early stage of practice, and if he can keep them together up to the day of the race in the order fixed upon without being forced by illness to resort to any changes. He thus gets a chance of welding his eight men into that solid union which is of the essence of pace in eight-oared rowing, and without which, however good his material may be on paper, he cannot hope to turn out a first-class eight. In these respects Mr. C. M. Pitman, the Oxford President of this year, has little to complain of. He found five of last year's crew, in addition to himself, ready to his hand. The absentees were J. A. Morrison, who has left Oxford, and E. G. Tew, who, although in actual residence, has been compelled by doctor's order to give up rowing temporarily. The first point, therefore, was to find two recruits. Here, again, good fortune attended Mr. Pitman. After trying one or two senior men he fixed upon two freshmen, C. D. Burnell and C. K. Philips, to fill the vacancies. To row an immature freshman over the Putney to Mortlake course is *prima facie* a somewhat risky experiment. Neither in stamina nor in bodily development is the average freshman fit for the strain and labour which are involved by the preparation and the race itself. But these two were not, so far as rowing is concerned, ordinary freshmen. They had served a long apprenticeship under admirable coaching at Eton; one of them had rowed in two very fine winning crews for the Ladies' Challenge Plate, at Henley, the other in one. The hard labour of teaching the very first and most elementary principles of rowing, was, therefore, not necessary in their case; all that was required was to assimilate their rowing, as much as possible, to the general style of the rest of the crew the style, that is to say, which, developing as the years went on, had carried Oxford crews to victory from 1890 onward.

The prolonged frost, which kept Cambridge from practice for about twelve days, did not prove a serious obstacle to the Oxford men. For some days after their home-course was frozen up they were able to get open water below Sandford, and, when this too began to close, they were able to continue their practice for ten days on the fine stretch of water between Marlow and Cookham.

Actual hard training began on Wednesday, February 20th, while the crew were at Bourne End. I fancy from the remarks I occasionally hear, that there are many who still believe that men in hard training live almost exclusively on raw steaks, that they run a mile or two before breakfast, and never taste sweet

dishes of any kind until the race is over. Nothing could be further from the truth. Of course, early hours, absolute regularity, and moderation are vigorously insisted on, but, on the whole, the dietary is a very liberal one, and the whole system is as sound and healthy a one as can well be imagined. The men are called at 7 a.m., and, while they remain at Oxford, are expected to assemble at the Brasenose Gate at 7.15 sharp, in their flannels. They go for a steady walk round the Parks, with one sharp burst at top speed for 200 yards. Before 8 o'clock they are back in their rooms for their bath and other essentials of the toilet, and at 8.30 they breakfast together. Plain fish, cutlets or steak, or grilled chicken, together with eggs poached or buttered, constitute their food at this meal. Tea is the beverage. But marmalade, which is generally understood to be a necessity for rowing humanity, is not eaten until about a fortnight before the race, when, much to the relief of palates somewhat jaded by an inevitable monotony, it appears (and disappears) with pleasing regularity every morning. Lunch consists of cold meat without potatoes. A plain salad of lettuce, tomatoes or beetroot, made up with oil and vinegar, is considered (and very justly) an excellent thing. One glass of beer is the allowance. Practice in the boat takes up the afternoon, and dinner follows at 6.30. Plain fish, joints, cutlets, chicken, and vegetables are the staple of this meal, which ends with rice puddings and stewed fruit of various kinds. A pint either of beer or of claret and water is the allowance of liquor, irrespective of the one eagerly-looked-for glass of sound port which is supposed to complete the revival of energies impaired by the toil of rowing a long course from Sandford to Abingdon Lasher. By 10.15 every member of the crew is in bed. There, in outline, is the course of training of every Oxford crew, and it is only necessary to add that the crew of this year conformed to it admirably, and with the most excellent results. I may add that most crews find it advisable to have at least one "champagne night" in the course of training, and that individual cases of staleness are sometimes treated with the same pleasant medicine. At Putney the distractions are many, and not least among these are the photographers (I do not speak now of the mere snap-shooters on the river bank), who consign the crew to immortality. This year's crew gave very nearly thirty sittings at Oxford and at Putney for groups. Nor ought I to omit the sporting papers. No thirsty traveller in the desert ever rushed more eagerly for water than a University crew rushes for the sporting papers every morning. The attraction of reading at full length about his doings is irresistible, even to the most solid and beefy of oarsmen.

R. C. LEHMANN.



Photo by Russell & Sons, Baker Street.

THE OXFORD CREW.





# RICHARD CORNEY GRAIN.

**I**N the early sixties, a tall, slim, fresh-looking, and athletic young fellow was elected into our set without a dissentient voice. We hailed him at once as Dick Grain. And a delightful set it was, let me tell you. It was partly musical and partly dramatic. We were all the veriest amateurs, and did the wildest things; acting in plays at a little toy theatre in Archer Street, Bayswater; acting in operas at the Bijou Theatre, attached to Her Majesty's Theatre, in the Haymarket; even acting Shakespeare, when our leader, Palgrave Simpson, insisted on it, and the fit came on him to play Macbeth in a kilt. I own, to my shame, that I was guilty of Fleance on that memorable occasion. The Lady Macbeth was my old friend Mrs. Aylmer Gowing, then Miss Blake. I said just now that we were hybrids, musically and dramatically speaking.

At the piano, after our Bohemian supper-parties, would be found James L. Molloy; Harry Leigh, with his wonderful "Twins," and his sick-room ballads, the best of which was called "Cod Liver Oil"; Arthur Cecil Blunt, who could not quite make up his mind whether it were best to stick to the desk in a musty-fusty office, or blossom into an entertainer; Arthur Sketchley, who once on a time had been my father's curate, but had exchanged the writing of pretty little sermons for the recital of "Mrs. Brown at the Play," and the singing of old world songs like "Little Wee Crooden Doo," and ballads of "Bonnie Prince Charlie"; and, of course, Dick Grain, who was a double-handed entertainer, and able to amuse us at the piano, and assist us with our amateur acting. The dramatic division was headed by Palgrave Simpson and Jack Clayton for serious work (dear old Palgrave thought he could play Desmaretz in "Plot and Passion" better than Robson himself); by Jimmy Molloy, who was the Charles Mathews of our amateur era (they are all young Charles Mathews when they take to "Cool as a Cucumber" on the amateur stage); by W. S. Gilbert, Corney Grain and Douglas Straight, who could turn their ready talent to any comic part; and by Arthur A'Beckett, who was the accepted droll of our party, but whose form of fun was not quite appreciated by the serious actors of our party. Arthur A'Beckett's introduced "business," when he was playing a super, simply maddened Palgrave Simpson and the heavy division. It made them foam, and this was his delight.

And so we all drifted without effort into the places of life allotted to us. Gilbert became a Bab Balladist and dramatist. The entertainment platform claimed Arthur Sketchley, Arthur Cecil, and Corney Grain. From that day to this Arthur A'Beckett has been editing newspapers, Molloy has been writing songs, Gilbert has been writing plays, and I have been criticising them, not always, I fear, to my old friends' satisfaction, and to my personal sorrow. Year after

year, gaps are made in our sadly thinned ranks. Good old Palgrave Simpson, a boy in heart still when he was nearly eighty, has been laid to rest, and so has his adopted son, John Clayton. The Falstaffian Arthur Sketchley, misunderstood by many, but one of the best men who ever drew breath, is asleep in the Catholic churchyard at Fulham. Harry Leigh, Paul Gray, and Tom Hood have long since left us.

The last we mourn is Richard Corney Grain, who more than fulfilled the promises of his brilliant youth. We spoke of him, when he was a boy, as the future John Parry, and in time to come, he not only rivalled but out-distanced his master.

From the year 1870 to 1895 he amused his fellow creatures with ceaseless energy. He played and sang to them at the Gallery of Illustration and at the St. George's Hall; he was "never weary of well-doing."

In drawing-rooms, boudoirs, literary institutions, town halls, at concerts and smoking parties, in princes' palaces, at the seaside, and in the great halls of our public schools—there was no section of society that was not attached to Corney Grain. Old people liked him because he so well understood their "little fads" and eccentricities; the young ladies admired him, and whispered wonderingly to one another, "How is it that such a charming companion was never married?" No man was more popular in the mess room, and your military man is occasionally a little opposed to Bohemia, however cultivated; the Chappies and Johnnies of every shape and size would have voted for Dick Grain to a man, so well did he understand and so delicately did he handle their idiosyncrasies and eccentricities; and as to the public school-boys, you should have heard them shout and cheer, and give out their Kentish fires when Corney Grain appeared on the platform at Eton, Harrow or Winchester, at Rugby or at Marlborough.

I can recall an entertainment given by Charles Mathews and his beautiful wife—now happily alive and one of us—at the Bijou Theatre, in the Haymarket. As a schoolboy at Marlborough one of my greatest treats was to hear the elder Grossmith, when he came down to the Town Hall to lecture on the "dark races." I can recall Love, the ventriloquist, and W. S. Woodin, in his Carpet Bag Entertainments, written by E. L. Blanchard and Thomas Robertson. I was at the entertainment given by Edmund Yates and Harold Power, at the Egyptian Hall. I was familiar with all the entertainments given by Arthur Sketchley, John Parry, and the German Reeds, but the best of them all was Corney Grain. No one was more thoroughly musical, more humorous, more variable, or more effective. In fact, to make a daring comparison, he was the John Leech of the piano and the entertainment. Our only poor consolation is that he was spared the infliction of everlasting deafness. "I would sooner die than be deaf," he murmured to his doctor. And God let him die.

CLEMENT SCOTT.



*Photo by H. H. H. Cameron, Mortimer Street, W.*

THE LATE RICHARD CORNEY GRAIN.



# TOBOGGANING AT ST. MORITZ.

TOBOGGANING is far and away the most important thing in life—at least, one gets to think so at St. Moritz at this time of year. During the night one makes up an ideal handicap in one's dreams; one comes down to breakfast and orders more weight to be put on one's favourite machine; one races for a cup all the morning, and for the record time all the afternoon; discusses the best and safest method of falling at the afternoon kettle-drum, and runs away from one's partner at the fancy dress ball at night to enquire eagerly whether it is true that Jack did the two-hundred yards straight in one-fifth of a second less than Jill.

And why is it that we are all mad on tobogganing, you ask? Simply and solely because we have a great race called the "Grand National," which we each of us have made up our mind to win. We have a splendid toboggan run without compare in the wide, wide world, and we invite all the world and his wife to come and race against us—but we have not the faintest intention of letting any outsider win if we can possibly help it. In the present instance "all the world" is represented by four Davosers, all Englishmen wintering there, and one native Swiss; and "his wife" is relegated to a separate race with our mothers and sisters, and wives and sweethearts.

A brave sight that race-course is on the morning of the great day. The sun is blazing down, almost hot enough to give us sunstroke—so hot, in fact, that we have been obliged to put up huge canvas screens to protect the more exposed parts of the run and keep its icy surface hard and smooth. The competitors are all grouped together up at the top waiting for their turn to rush down that three-quarters of a mile of ice-track, with its corners and straights, its leaps and drops. Above the church leap—that Pons Asinorum—that terror for new comers and dread even of the old and experienced hands, are the grand stands. To-day they are crowded with an eager and excited public, composed of visitors both to St. Moritz and Davos, while native Engadiners swarm everywhere. Trembling mothers are there watching nervously for their sons; shouting bookies are trying to do a stroke of business; proud fathers cheer on their hopeful offspring, and all the other elements that go to make up a fashionable crowd at an Alpine health resort are present. When the Hon. Harry Gibson and Mr. R. W. Bird break the record and tie for the fastest time in a single course, the enthusiasm is tremendous, and is only exceeded when Mr. H. W. Topham, that popular

and good sportsman, at the end of his third run, is known to be the winner of one of the best toboggan races ever run.

Two days later, in less favourable weather, the ladies' Grand National Races take place. The fair ones at St. Moritz imitate their male friends and ride head-first; the Davos ladies prefer to sit their toboggans, and consequently do not travel so quickly. Two races are therefore run, one for head-first riders, and the other for sitters. Of course St. Moritz is triumphant in the former, but everybody is delighted to see that well-known scarlet jacket of Mrs. Maclaren's—the lady champion of Davos—come romping in, an easy winner, in the sitting race.

After the men's race, the Tobogganing Club had a grand dinner, which was voted a great success. This was a sore grief to the ladies, until the happy idea occurred to them to have a rival dinner for the fair sex only. If dinner No. 1 was brilliant, dinner No. 2 was a perfect dream. All the lady tobogganers were there, and so was the club's loving cup, and I am told that it was put to very good use, while even cigarettes were visible until they were smoked, but being a base male I cannot vouch for the truth of all these things. Since then there have been races for Canadian toboggans and also for bobsleighs, but these will probably be the last for this season, greatly to the relief of Mrs. Grundy, who occasionally objects to seeing a woman seat herself astride a little piece of wood and slide down a hill on it, while the enormity of those brazen creatures "who actually ride head-first, my dear!" is past all discussion.

Lady Ashbourne gave away the last batch of prizes to the victors, and Mr. Topham carried off almost enough plate to stock a shop with. Some of the presents were handsome enough to make even the most decrepit want to toboggan.

But the visitors from Davos and elsewhere have something else besides tobogganing provided for their amusement during the race week. The skating rinks were all the time in first-rate condition, and many were the parties which lunched out there regularly every day. The bandy ground on the lake was swept, and several games provided fast and furious fun, and the tennis court and squash racquet court both saw tournaments in progress. Neither were the evenings forgotten, and smoking concerts and theatricals, not to speak of the fancy ball, were organised by the indefatigable committee responsible for the indoor amusements. At all events we St. Moritzers had a good time, and we only hope and trust that our visitors were not bored during their stay with us.

LOUIS EISNER.





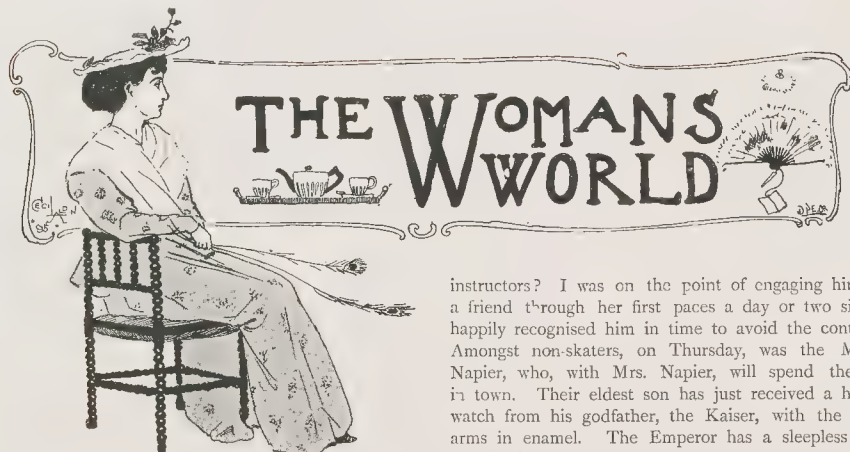
*Photo by White & Eisner, St. Moritz.*

TOBOGGANING AT ST. MORITZ.  
STREAM CORNER.



*Photo by White & Eisner, St. Moritz.*

TOBOGGANING AT ST. MORITZ.  
THE STRAIGHT.



TO be a mandarin of the first rank and privileged to wear the Phoenix on an azure background, naturally suggests near relations with the Celestials, not to add high place in the conservative oriental estimation as well. Lady Hart's position during a thirteen years' residence in Pekin, as wife of the Inspector-General of Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs, naturally led to both. A typically genial Irish manner and the invariable tact and charm which a diplomat's wife should especially own, did the rest. Lady Hart met many famous and interesting people while in the East, and few years could contain more varied experiences than those spent by her within the Sacred City walls with her distinguished husband.

In London, as abroad, Lady Hart is a favourite and much-welcomed figure in Society. Her entertainments are as comprehensive and complete as the most Hibernian tradition can compass, and the pretty house in Cadogan Place is the centre of a charming cosmopolitan *coterie*. The biggest tiger in London measures his length, by the way, in the hall, a recent importation from the no more unknown land of Corea, while the Chinese flag—as emblem of Sir Robert Hart's office—makes an appropriate background. Naturally, the house is crammed with *Chinoiserie*, and of the most interesting kind, amongst which some priceless porcelain sent over by Prince Kung, the Prime Minister, makes notable “blots of colour.”

Lady Hart hails from Ulster, and is exceedingly proud of her nationality, of which, it may indeed be added, she owns all the better part. Her elder daughter, who recently married Mr. Beauclerk, first secretary at Pekin, returns to London for the season.

The week day at Niagara may now be at least said to fairly compete with Sunday in point of smartness generally. The preponderance of women has become a marked feature of the Sabbath assemblage, through the rule of allowing each member to produce two fair friends, while on ordinary days the genders are well admixed, and personages, if possible, more plentiful. On Sunday evening the club closes at 11.30 of the clock, but it is not an impossible circumstance that certain smart persons may arrange for an extension of time, which privilege has recently been known to prolong itself well into the small hours. And apropos of nothing, why does the Duc d'Orleans model his skating-dress on that of the

instructors? I was on the point of engaging him to see a friend through her first paces a day or two since, but happily recognised him in time to avoid the contretemps. Amongst non-skaters, on Thursday, was the Master of Napier, who, with Mrs. Napier, will spend the season in town. Their eldest son has just received a handsome watch from his godfather, the Kaiser, with the Imperial arms in enamel. The Emperor has a sleepless memory for his friends.

Lenten marriages are no longer anathema in Paris, judging from the representative company assembled to see Mlle. Ligneau become Countess de Castellane Norante, on the 19th. To all appearance the wedding was as great an occasion as that of the bridegroom's more richly endowed cousin, with Miss Anna Gould, some weeks earlier. The bride is pretty, dark, and owns that clear pallor of complexion over which novelists are still prone to gloat. Her white satin was nine yards round—think of that, ye frugally-minded matrons!—and at the civil marriage, her frock of pink satin, embroidered with dragon-flies, in vivid greens, was quite an amazement in millinery. Two huge insects of the same order being embroidered in many-shaded spangles over the shoulders.

Town is for the moment in that comatose state of being unimportantly in earnest, which, with us, precedes Easter, and makes Paris or the Riviera one's only possible solatium for present existence. Influenza and the House of Commons' drainage are the only topics left, most of those who could, having fluctuated to Paris for frocks and all those who would, staying on in the mimosa-haunted air round the Maritime Alps.

Many lovely women are allotted by the Fates to each century, as records of their periods show. But surely one of the loveliest, even in this well-endowed generation, has passed away in the too early death of the Duchess of Leinster.

In Dublin, no less than in town, a gap is created by the Duchess's death, that even heedless, ever-hurrying society will not soon see filled, while in the country there is lamentation deep and wide, for your Celt is susceptible to beauty, and lovely Lady Kildare, as she wilt always be remembered in the part of Ireland that bears her name, never went abroad without a shower of admiring blessings on her pretty head.

Her short married life—only nine years—was a full and happy one, for nobody was a more sincere admirer of his much-admired wife than the Duke. Two small grandsons are left behind to Lady Feversham's fostering care. The little Duke is only eight, and his brother, Lord Desmond Fitzgerald, a year younger. Both too young, happily, to realise how great their loss.

VERA.



*Photo by Bullingham, Harrington Road, S W.*

LADY HART.





## FAIR AND BROWN.

THE fair child has long reigned in literature and in life. In England he is the rule, and supreme as a matter of course. He is "English," and best, as is the early asparagus and the young potato, according to the happy conviction of the shops. To say "child" in England is to say "fair haired child," even as in Tuscany to say "young man" is to say "tenor." "I have a little party to-night, eight or ten tenors and family, from neighbouring palazzi, to meet my English friends."

But France is a greater enthusiast than our own country. The fairness and the golden hair are here so much a matter of orthodoxy, that they are not always mentioned. They are frequently taken for granted. Not so in France. The French go out of their way to make the exceptional fairness of their children the rule of their literature. No French child dare show his face in a book—prose or poetry—without blue eyes and fair hair. It is a thing about which the French child of real life can hardly escape a certain sensitiveness. What, he may ask, is the use of being a dark-haired child of fact, when all the emotion, all the innocence, all the romance, are absorbed by the flaxen-haired child of fiction? How deplorable that our mothers, the French infants may say, should have their unattained ideals in the nurseries of the imagination; how dismal that they should be perpetually disillusioned in the nurseries of fact! Is there then no sentiment for us? they may ask. Will not convention, which has been forced to restore the advantage to truth on so many other points, be compelled to yield on this point also, and reconcile our aunts to the family colouring?

George Eliot, in one of her novels, has a good-natured mother, who confesses that when she administers justice she is obliged to spare the offenders who have fair hair, because they look so much more innocent than the rest. And if this is the state of maternal feeling where all are more or less fair, what must be the miscarriage of justice in countries where a *blond* angel makes his infrequent visit within the family circle?

All the schools of literature are in a tale. The classic masters, needless to say, do not stoop to the colouring of boys and girls; but as soon as the Romantics arise, the cradle is there, and no soft hair ever in it that is not of some tone of gold, no eyes that are not blue, and no cheek that is not white and pink as milk and roses. Victor Hugo, who discovered the child of modern poetry, never omits the touch of description; the word *blond* is as inevitable as any epithet marshalled to attend its noun in a last-century poet's dictionary. One would not have it away; one can hear the caress with which the master pronounces it, "making his mouth," as Swift did for his "little language." Nor does

the customary adjective fail in later literature. It was dear to the Realist, and it is dear to the Symbolist. The only difference is that in the French of the Symbolist it precedes the noun.

And yet it is time that the sweetness of the dark child should have its day. He is really no less childlike than the other. There is even an antithesis between the strong effect of his colouring and the softness of his years or of his months. The *blond* human being—man, woman, or child—has the beauty of harmony; the hair plays off from the tones of the flesh, only a few degrees brighter or a few degrees darker. Contrast of colour there is, in the blue of the eyes, and in the red of cheek and lip, but there is no contrast of tone. The whole effect is that of much various colour and of equal tone. In the dark face there is hardly any colour and an almost complete opposition of tone. The complete opposition, of course, would be black and white; and a beautiful dark child comes near to this, but for the lovely modifications, the warmth of his white, and of his black alike, so that the one tone, as well as the other, is softened towards brown. It is the beauty of contrast, with a suggestion of harmony—as it were a beginning of harmony—which is infinitely lovely.

Nor is the dark child lacking in variety. His radiant eyes range from a brown so bright that it looks golden in the light, to a brown so dark that it barely defines the pupil. So is his hair various, answering the sun with unsuspected touches, not of gold but of bronze. And his cheek is not invariably pale. A dusky rose sometimes lurks there with such an effect of vitality as you will hardly get from the shallower pink of the flaxen-haired. And the suggestion is that of late summer, the colour of wheat almost ready for the harvest, and darker, redder flowers—poppies and others—than come in Spring.

The dark eyes, besides, are generally brighter—they shelter a more liquid light than the blue or grey. Southern eyes have generally most beautiful whites. And as to the charm of the childish figure, there is usually an infantine slenderness in the little Southerner that is at least as young and sweet as the round form of the *blond* child. And yet the painters of Italy would have none of it. They rejected the dusky, brilliant, pale little Italians all about them; they would have none but flaxen-haired children, and they would have nothing that was slim, nothing that was thin, nothing that was shadowy. They rejoiced in much fair flesh, and in all possible freshness. So it was in fair Flanders as well as in dark Italy. But so it was not in Spain. The Pyrenees seemed to interrupt the tradition. And as Murillo saw the charm of little dark heads, and the innocence of young dark eyes, so did one English painter. Reynolds painted young brown hair as tenderly as the youngest gold.

ALICE MEYNELL



Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

DEEP SEA FISHING.





## THE ROMANCES OF ELECTRA.

BY GILBERT BURGESS.

"**B**EAUTY may be only skin-deep," said poor Electra, "but how much deeper would you have it?"

"Electra," said Aunt Susan, in her most frigidly virginal tone of voice, "I am surprised at you!"

Aunt Susan always was. She lived in that atmosphere of uplifted hands and eyebrows, which is so congenial to the proper development of early Victorian ideals. And, I need hardly add, she wore black silk and spectacles, and her hair was parted with ruthless severity in the middle.

"For all that I know," continued Electra, "I may be perfectly lovely underneath my skin, but oh, why won't some of it peep out occasionally?" And Electra rose and looked into the glass with a half disgusted, half plaintive expression. "Item, one silly little pale face. Item, two wishy-washy grey eyes—no, I can't call them blue. Item, no nose to speak of, and precious little chin. Item, an average amount of hair—much too sandy. Item"—

"Electra, I am pained!"

Pain wrestled for supremacy with surprise among Aunt Susan's emotions.

"Electra, we are as Providence made us"—

"That is consoling," interrupted Electra, with a hard little laugh.

"We are as Providence made us, and we should, above all, be contented with our lot, and thankful for the manifold blessings that are showered upon us from day to day. When I was a girl"—

"Oh, oh, Aunt, *please* don't!" Electra called out, putting her hands to her ears in mock horror.

"When you were a girl things were exactly as they should be, I know, but I belong to a wicked and perverse generation. Girls used to be young ladies then, I know, but dearest," and Electra stooped to kiss her aunt, "don't you see how dull my life is? We never see anyone except the curate—an excellent young man?—well, he is certainly that, but he is not exciting. A few tea-parties, a dance or two, and the Hunt Ball, constitute the amusements of a whole year. You say I'm worldly? I would be if I could! If you knew how hungry I am for one morsel of admiration, and how happy I should be if somebody would once say I had a pretty hand or foot or *anything*, you wouldn't be angry with me for being rebellious. It is hard."

Electra was an orphan and lived with an unmarried sister of her father's—the Aunt Susan of the foregoing dialogue—in a small house in a village in the West of Herefordshire. Like many orphans, she had a strong morbid vein in her character, which otherwise was intensely nervous and sensitive, and above all romantic. Self-analysis was a passion with her, and, after the manner of the ill-fated Bashkirtseff, she kept a diary of her monotonous and loveless existence. But in her little volume was to be found no record of any Prince Charming having come into her life. Nor could she

write complacently about her physical charms, for, alas, Aphrodite had been all too niggard with her, and her personality struck the average observer as plain, uninteresting, and perhaps even a little unpleasant. The fact of possessing beauty is perhaps no particular pleasure, but to be conscious of being without it is a tragedy. And one night, as Electra sat at the writing table in her bedroom, with the intention of making her usual daily entry, the dreariness of the record came home to her in all its force, and she put her head down on the book and burst into a passionate fit of crying. When all her tears were spent an unreasoning anger seized her, and in a few seconds all that remained of her diary was a pile of torn sheets of paper in the fireplace.

She awoke next morning with a vague feeling of regret, and was inconsolable for days. There is, after all, a certain luxury in abusing Fate, and she missed the outlet to her feelings that the diary had become. For several days she moved about the house listless and without emotions, until at last the monotony became unbearable, and Electra decided to begin a new diary. And as she sat that night with the blank page before her, it struck her that the reason her former diary had been such a woeful record was the fact of its relentless adherence to truth. She had been so often tempted to add a little colour to some grey episode, to touch, ever so lightly, a chance meeting with a stranger with the magic rod of romance.

But a certain stubbornness in her character had hitherto withheld her from yielding to the temptation. On this particular evening she began to write down, slowly and deliberately, the trivial events of the past day. But after a few lines she stopped, and, resting her head upon her hand, thought intently over a new idea that had flashed across her brain. Then she tore out the page containing the entry she had already made, and wrote as follows:—

"*July 6th.*—To-day I was walking through the orchard near Holbrook's farm—"it is generally an orchard," said Electra to herself—and just as I came to the stile that leads to Madley, a young man climbed over it; and as he passed me he raised his hat, and I was able to notice him more closely. He was very tall, with a long blonde moustache, sparkling dark eyes"—here Electra stopped and wrestled mentally for a few minutes as to whether his eyes were, or should be, dark brown or blue, and, finally, she erased the words "sparkling dark," and substituted "dreamy blue" instead—"and fair curly hair, cut very short, which makes me think he must be in the army. After I had climbed over the stile I turned and looked at him. He had turned 'also, but as soon as he caught my eye he went on his way with long swinging steps. I wonder who he is."

"There, that is enough for one day," said Electra aloud to herself, as she put out the candles and crept into her little white bed. But she could not sleep; this new idea of keeping a record of imaginary events stirred some hidden chord in her nature, and set her imagination aflame. And every night her little fiction grew and grew, until this tall youth, with the dreamy blue eyes, became to her almost an actual being. When she went out she expected to see him, and she frequently wandered to the orchard "near Holbrook's farm." Her romance soon reached a crisis, as the following extracts from her diary show. Her style was plainly founded on the mildly harmless novelettes that are so beloved of the unsophisticated.

"*July 21st.*—I met Him again to-day. I shall call him 'Him' until I know his name. He stopped and said that it



was a lovely day. I didn't know whether to say 'Sir' and blush, or to pass on without taking any notice. Aunt Susan would not have hesitated. I did, and in a minute found myself walking alone with him and chatting merrily, which surprised me."

"*July 24th.*—His name is Loftus Cholmondeley. He is in the Guards. I knew he was; and he is staying down here with his uncle, who lives at the big white house across the river. He looks at me sometimes as if —."

"*August 5th.*—He kissed me to-day for the first time! I suppose I ought to have been angry, but I wasn't."

"*August 6th.*—Loftus has gone to town for a few days, and I am so miserable."

"*August 8th.*—I had a letter from Loftus this morning. I was up early, and waited at the gate for the postman in case Aunt Susan should see the letter and want to know from whom it had come. This is what it said:

MY OWN DEAREST,—

Here I am in big smoky London—and I am so wretched. I want to get back to the orchard and to you!

You can't imagine how much I miss you. I want to put my arms around you and kiss you and kiss you. Write to me every day, dear.

Ever and ever yours,

LOFTUS.

"I was so happy that I carried the letter about with me all day, and read it fifty times."

But an unforeseen circumstance brought the romance of Captain Cholmondeley to an untimely end. One morning Aunt Susan had a letter from a nephew of hers, who had been for ten years engineering in India, asking her whether he might come and stay with her for a while, as he had been appointed to superintend some alterations which were going to be made at a large colliery in South Wales. He said that he could easily go over by train every day. Aunt Susan hesitated for a moment before replying on account of the fact of Electra being in the house. But the lucky incident of David Rhind—that was her nephew's name—being Electra's first cousin, decided her to invite him. Electra was greatly excited at the idea of the relief from the monotony of her life, and spent hours in speculating as to what manner of man David Rhind would prove to be. At last the great day came, and Electra's usually pale face flushed with excitement as she heard the wheels of the cab as David drove up to the door. Prince Charming had arrived! Electra could hear the clatter of his charger's hoofs in the court-yard below, and the clink of his sword-scabbard against his greaves! And, flying upstairs to her little room, she peered into her looking-glass, and tried to arrange the obstinate, scanty little curls that fringed her forehead. When she entered the sitting-room Aunt Susan glanced at her reprovingly, as if she had divined the reason of Electra's hasty flight to her room. David rose to meet her, and held out a large strong hand. Electra's first sensation was one of disappointment. In the first place David was not tall, and certainly did not possess "dreamy blue" eyes. He was thick-set and broad-shouldered and wore a low, turned-down collar, which showed the strength of his neck; his face, if not really handsome, was full of resolution and firmness of purpose. At the evening meal David amused Electra and his aunt by the recital of some of his adventures in India. But although he emphasised the humorous side of his difficulties in bridge-building with coolie-labourers, he unconsciously revealed the strength of his character and the extent of his ambition. He had a theory about the utilisation of water-

power, which he made perfectly intelligible to his listeners, and he spoke with evident delight on the subject of a visit he intended making to Niagara, to inspect that enormous American enterprise which, when completed, will make one great river supply electric light and motive-power to towns hundreds of miles away.

"And, would you believe it, Aunt," he said excitedly, "it was offered to English capitalists and they refused it. The fools! If it had only been a useless railroad, overburdened with a lot of broken down rolling-stock, or a brewery that no one had ever heard of, they would have jumped at it!"

Often, in the sad autumn evenings, when the days seemed to go to rest early, as though they were tired of having been out so late all summer, Electra would go to meet her cousin at the railway station on his return from work. They would saunter home through the hazel-girt Herefordshire lanes, and a great bond of sympathy grew between them. Poor Loftus Cholmondeley! I am afraid he was hopelessly and heartlessly jilted.

David had been too busy all his life to have much time to spare wherein to think of womankind; beauty was to him a merely relative fact, and it was only by accident that he ever noticed it. But Electra attracted him. She was certainly intelligent, and she took great interest in his aims, and, above all, she had the supreme gift of being able to listen.

If women would only believe what a weapon this latter faculty can be. . . . And David began to wonder if his life would not be fuller and more complete were he to marry. Electra was his first cousin, but that, in his eyes, was no obstacle. He was not, perhaps, in love with her, but he liked her and liked to be with her, and he was sure she would make him happy. So, one evening when they were sitting round the fire reading, and Aunt Susan, after a protracted spell of maiden meditation, had dozed off to sleep, David drew his chair nearer to his cousin's, and said somewhat abruptly to her—"I want to speak to you, Electra."

The girl looked up from her book.

"I have been thinking of late that I should like to marry. A man ought to marry. What do you think about it?"

"I—I don't know, David. It depends upon so many things. Firstly, whether you love the girl, and secondly, whether the girl loves you. And the latter is the more important of the two conditions! Love seems to me such a wonderful, complex affair. Love—real love—"

"From the romantic point of view," interposed David. "seems to me well nigh inexplicable. But suppose that a man has a temperate, honest affection for a girl, isn't it far better than a mere passing tornado of passion and folly and sentimentality?"

Electra seemed dubious. Then, nodding her head sagely, she looked into the fire. "Perhaps—I say, perhaps—you are right, but—well, I don't know!"

David watched her closely for a minute. "Electra, will you be my wife?"

Electra flushed scarlet and said nothing.

"I think you would be of great help to me. You are interested in my work, and if you only like or love me enough I am sure we should be happy. But don't let us talk over it any more just now; think over it for a few days and tell me when you have made up your mind." And as he spoke Aunt Susan awoke.

"Dear me, dear me, I've been asleep! Is it late, David? Ten o'clock? Then it is time for prayers."

Electra could not sleep that night. She was excited and pleased, and yet vaguely disappointed. She loved David with all the impulsive instincts of her nature, but he seemed so cold and matter-of-fact and sensible! And she reluctantly confessed to herself that she was just a little afraid of her cousin—he was so strong and self-reliant. “I should want to soften him, to make him more tender to me,” she thought. Re-lighting the candle, she unlocked a drawer and took out of it her diary. As she opened the book a lock of hair fell out from between the leaves. It was carefully tied with a silk thread, and the girl smiled, half in anger with herself, as she remembered that she had cut it from her own head in order that it might play substitute for one of the “fair curly locks” of the late lamented Cholmondeley. She read through page after page of her childish fiction, without realising how silly it was. But she decided that it would never do for David to see it, as it would be impossible for him to understand the conditions under which she wrote it. The next evening she accepted David, and he urged her to consent to a short engagement. Aunt Susan was horrified.

“But you are cousins,” she said, with tears in her eyes.

“I have thought over the matter,” answered David deliberately, “and I cannot allow that fact to be an obstacle.”

“Cannot allow, David?”

“That was the word I used, Aunt.”

There was unmistakable determination in the tone of her nephew's voice; so, with a suspicion of a sniff, the poor lady surrendered.

After the date of the betrothal, David, according to the manner of the masculine, began to be exacting about the veriest trifles of life. He didn't want Electra to do *this*, and he certainly couldn't allow her ever to do *that*, and he made her give him her solemn word of honour that she had never loved anyone else in all her life. This was a point upon which he was very particular; he did not value the fact of possessing Electra too inordinately, but he deeply resented the idea of anyone else ever having wanted her. Electra freely promised everything; David's very roughnesses fascinated her and she felt a subtle pleasure in trying to realise how masterful he could be, and how dominating he was. Winter was almost upon them, and they had decided to be married in the spring, as soon as David's work at the mines should be finished. Aunt Susan had at first maintained an attitude of frigid disapproval, but when she found that the marriage was inevitable, she adopted an air of cheerful Christian resignation. Those winter days were happy ones for Electra; she and David would plan wonderful things for the future, and she saw all the joys of the life that was before them through the alluring magnifying-glasses of youth and hopefulness.

The trouble that eventually came between the two lovers was the result of the merest accident. David had been obliged to go to London for a few days, and had promised to telegraph to Aunt Susan the exact hour of his return. During his absence Electra had wandered about the house restlessly; it was the first time they had been parted for more than a day, and the evenings seemed terribly dull and wearisome. David's strong, assertive personality had lent another character to the prim little parlour, and the recollection of his presence there made the room seem vapid and insignificant. She felt a longing to do something to pass away the time until he should return; she went for

long walks, and tried to take an interest in the most trivial household duties. She tidied her room, folded out her dresses, and rummaged the drawers of her writing-table. In one of these lay the diary—its black oil-skin cover reminded her of the hours she had spent in inventing events that had never happened. She took the book out, and after reading a few lines decided to burn it. There was no fire in her room, so she ran downstairs to the dining-room. She laid it on the table and looked at it for a few seconds, reluctant to destroy that which had once been a solace in the dullest time of her life. Her aunt called her from the kitchen and she left the book lying on the table. She thought that some domestic intricacy was annoying Aunt Susan—a disgraceful inaccuracy in the butcher's bill, a quarrel with the cook, or what not. When she had soothed her aunt, and arranged matters satisfactorily, she returned to complete the *auto da fé* of her manuscript; but, on opening the door, she saw David leaning over the table reading her diary.

“David!” she almost screamed, “how dare you?”

“How dare I? I dare by the right I have to demand truth from you. I got back from town earlier than I expected, and, looking into this room, saw you were not here, and thought you were out. The book on the table caught my eye, and the idlest curiosity made me look at it. I saw this line—‘August 5. He kissed me to-day for the first time.’ The words amused me, and then I saw the title at the head of the page—‘My diary.’ Whose diary, thought I? Then the idea flashed across my mind that it might be yours. I reasoned, in a swift moment's reflection, that I had a right—the right of a betrothed lover—to know whether you had deceived me or not. In these few minutes I have read enough to convince me that you have—heartlessly and irrevocably. Who was this Cholmondeley? Look at the date of that entry—‘August 5’—three days after my arrival! You, who gave me your word that you had never loved before, you, who—”

“Oh, David,” interrupted Electra in a tremulous voice, “don't be angry—I could explain—I could—”

She stopped, and the egregious folly of it all stunned her. What would David think? What would he say? He would never believe that the whole thing was a fairy-tale of her own imagination. And if he did, he would despise her—laugh at her—sneer at her. No, she could not bear it.

“Excuse yourself—explain!” said David, passionately. “Make your excuses, and lie your lies!” And he flung the book upon the floor.

Electra walked slowly towards the fire-place, saying nothing.

“What have you to say?” shouted David.

Electra was silent.

“So this is the end of it all! You have been a traitor to me—you Delilah!”

David lowered his voice. “Electra, I had really grown to love you more than anything in this world. But you have bewildered me; I must go away at once. I don't think I shall ever come back. Even if I could forgive you, your deceit—and, yes, your indelicacy—would always be a *something* between us; for each atom of respect that I have lost for you, I have also lost that same amount of love.”

Electra stood perfectly still, leaning against the mantel-piece, white and tearless. David went out of the room, and the front door of the cottage slammed. Poor Electra!



MRS. VERE, OF STONEBYRES, FROM THE  
PICTURE BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN, R.A.  
(HER STEPFATHER), NOW BEING EXHIBITED  
AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES, AND RE-  
PRODUCED BY KIND PERMISSION OF MR.  
JAMES KEILLER.





A PERSONAL acquaintance with the sitters, whose portraits by Mr. Gambier Bolton are given in our Art Supplement, is not needed for the merits of the plates to be appreciated. Like the work of the greatest painters of the human form divine, these instantaneous photographs proclaim themselves as something valuable for their own sake, giving types of form and beauty apart from the subject. The lovely dark Persian kitten, for instance, which occupies the first place in the series, might be taken as the ideal and incarnation of all the "bundle of concepts" which are associated in delightful profusion with our notions of what a kitten should be.

But in the case of some of the other creatures depicted, there is a separate and peculiar interest from the setting of the picture or the history of the creature which forms the subject.

The Wapiti stag, for instance, seen on the next page, is probably the finest ever seen in captivity, very possibly as big as any which roam the Rocky Mountain wild. Its weight may be guessed in some measure from the way in which it has sunk into the sandy ground on which it stands. Note that its hoofs are completely covered, and have disappeared right up to the fetlocks, which detracts from that appearance of height as well as bulk, which is such a feature in these giant deer, and almost suggests that the creature's horns are out of proportion to the size of its limbs. This little "side incident" is an example of the extra value which instantaneous photography often carries with it in animal portraiture.

Note, too, that the stag's horns are "in the velvet," fully grown, but not yet stripped of the velvety skin. It is standing in a fine park, overgrown with heather and wild plants, at San Francisco. I have heard that Mr. Gambier Bolton slipped through the enclosure to take his photograph, and was immediately after attacked by the stag, but managed to escape with himself and his plate undamaged.

The Mountain Zebra looks better in life than when photographed in profile. His neatly striped head and shoulders are as elegant as need be; but on his quarters the stripes are so broad that it almost "takes two to show the pattern." This zebra, or one of its relatives, was harnessed and driven round Regent's Park not long ago. This disproves the theory of the innate untameableness of the zebra, though, oddly enough, a male zebra was, for a time, the most savage animal in the Zoo; and one day knocked down, and was proceeding to demolish, one of the keepers, when fortunately one of his comrades appeared and drove it off.

The row of tawny owls in the next plate needs no introduction, and the "Egyptian scene," with the flamingoes and sphinx, speaks for itself. The only occasion on which I ever

felt a little "shy" in bird company was when I once intruded on the flamingoes in their inner room at the Zoo. It was in the great frost, when the birds had to be somewhat crowded together for warmth in the inner rooms of the aviary. I was visiting an African eagle, and to do this had to pass through a little parlour, in which a number of elegant, ladylike, white and pink flamingoes were gathered. It was like a gathering of *débütantes* before a drawing room. They all turned their beaks, and stepped elegantly away, just turning their heads round for a moment, and making a remark which sounded like, "Intruder!" "Impertinence!"

The two bison, American and European, have another kind of interest. They both belong to species which will probably be extinct before long; and if that is their destiny we could not have a better substitute for reality than the portraits now given in *The Album*. Mr. Gambier Bolton has taken the American bull-bison just as he has, in his sulky way, charged the timber door-post of his yard, and caught his short horn against it, like the trunnion of a ten-inch gun. Note the thrust of the hind legs, the lifted tail, and the gravel which he has pawed up beneath him.

The European bison is a far larger animal than the American bison. The height at the shoulder of the largest bulls is nearly six feet, and the old aurochs at the Zoo looked almost as massive as a rhinoceros. The specimen, whose picture is given, is now dead, and unless the Czar presents us with another from his forest of Bialowicza, in Lithuania, we are not likely to see another in this country. It is said also to exist wild in the forests at the roots of the Caucasus; but I have never yet met with an authentic account of its being seen or shot there.

The "Zebu" is the name given by Europeans to the humped cattle of India, for the name is, according to Mr. Lockwood Kipling, quite unknown in India. The great Buffon is said to have met some showmen taking one of their cattle to a fair, and asking the name was told it was a "Zebu." He adopted this for his natural history, and thenceforward the Indian ox has been enriched with a new name. The beauty of these Indian cattle, especially the large silvery white breeds, is such, and the attachment of the Hindoos to them as a form of property as well as a sacred animal is so great, that it is not wonderful that the crime of "cow-killing" has recently led to such serious riots.

The Zebus at the Zoo have been crossed with English cattle, and hybrids have been produced, which were also fertile. The Yaks also breed regularly at the Zoo; and the young calves are sold for thirty pounds each. But the wild cattle farm might be extended with advantage, for it is both interesting and profitable, most of the animals there bred being in demand for stocking the parks of English proprietors who have a taste for acclimatizing foreign animals, which is part of the object for which the Zoo was originally founded.

C. J. CORNISH.

Studies in Animal Life.—Second Series.



" . . . . . A WORLD  
OF WONDER IN HER EYES."









MOUNTAIN ZEBRA.





FLAMINGOES.







EUROPEAN BISON.



MARABOUT STORK.





GRIFFON VULTURE.



INDIAN ZEBU OX.



YAK.







TOY SPANIELS.







BACTRIAN CAMEL.



"A GOOD OPENING FOR AN  
ENERGETIC YOUNG MAN."

# The Album

*A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.*

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 10.

APRIL 8, 1895.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post 6d.



*The property of Messrs. Dowdeswell and Dowdeswells, New Bond Street.*

A BACCHANTE, BY  
LOUIS GALLAIT.





# GOSSIP FROM CANNES.

THE sun smiles on the regattas at Cannes, and the Promenade de la Croisette is lively with spectators and noisy with chattering tongues. Among the yachts in the harbour are Lord Wolverton's "Fedora," the "White Ladye," "Eros," "Queen Mab," "Northern Star," "Danakil," the "Lethe," the "Colibri," "Soprano" and "La Perle." The guests on board the "Britannia" when she won the President's prize, included Colonel Paget, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Winslow, and Mdle. de Fougère. There is a malicious rumour on the fresh sea breezes which tells a tale of a far from enjoyable trip where the ladies of the party were concerned; and their jaunty bearing, when the "Britannia," like some magical swan with its wings spread, sailed into port, is attributed to relief that a trip, which had been far from pleasurable to them, was well over.

From a pretty villa at Beaulieu, the owner of the *New York Herald*, surrounded by part of his staff, works hard in a large window looking on the blue sea, a stately steam yacht, of which he is owner, waiting his pleasure in the harbour. The *Herald* chronicles Mr. G. W. Smalley's letter to the *Tribune* concerning Mark Twain's criticism of Bourget's *Outre-Mer*, in which he questions the good taste of "Letting loose a jester like Mark Twain against a man who writes seriously like M. Paul Bourget." The *World's* reply is also worth quoting: "Because M. Bourget's criticisms are so amusing that Mark Twain is the only man who can properly reply." Meanwhile, the nervous writer of these articles on America is hidden away amid the palm-trees at Cannes in a charming flat boasting an extensive view, with his bright little wife, whose English is astonishing in its purity. M. Bourget is said to find the air of Cannes an incentive to idleness. He has a kindly, pleasant manner, writes the most courteous letters, but leaves the impression all the same that he is secretly ill-pleased with the world at large.

There was a big dinner given at the Cercle Nautique to the Prince of Wales last Saturday, and on Sunday evening Baron de Rothschild entertained a number of friends on board the "Eros." Among the most distinguished were the

Mayor of Cannes, Vicomte de Janzé, President de l'Union des Sociétés Françaises des Sports Athlétiques, the President du Cercle Nautique, M. de Clercq, M. Lehblond, Baron Lagé, and so many other people in some way connected with the promotion of yachting, that this list, if continued, would be tediously long. The dinner was served in the wonderful salon of the "Eros," with its silk walls and its Louis XV. furniture, and the conversation grew animated on the subject of a certain jetty, much needed in the harbour of Cannes, and long talked of without any result. The salon being crowded with yachtsmen, the subject was worn threadbare many hours before they parted, but this did not hinder its continuance, and I incline to the belief that in some corner of Cannes—say at the Cercle Nautique, or in a carriage on the Corniche road—it is going on even now.

The famous Charbonnelles of Cannes, owned by Rumpelmayer, looks out on to the sea, and is crowded from four to six every afternoon. The tables are covered with chocolate, and small jars of whipped cream, sandwiches, and cakes, which appear to be composed of short-bread covered with preserved currants or cherries. There a pretty American bride takes tea during her honeymoon at Cannes, and among the chocolate drinkers are the head of the Paris Lawn Tennis Club, the Vicomte de Janzé, and his lieutenant, M. Deschamps, just risen from a severe attack of the grippe. The Croisette outside is gay with passing carriages, and among the bicyclists are to be seen Mr. J. Guthrie, Captain Vynner, the Vicomte de Brimont, Monsieur Guillemin, Lady Wolverton, Miss de la Brosse, Miss Kitty Savile-Clarke, Mrs. Charles Crutchley, and Miss Willoughby.

The conquest of the "Britannia" by the new yacht "Ailsa" is causing great excitement, which a slight accident to the "Ailsa" (easily rectified) has further supplemented. Meanwhile the port is bright with yachts and noisy with rockets, and by the side of the small waves rippling towards the Promenade de la Croisette, there is so much English to be heard, that it needs the blue sky and glorious sun shining in the orange trees to convince the visitor that Cannes is a French town.

CLARA SAVILE CLARKE



THE COURSE AT CANNES.



OF editions of Shakespeare there is no end. They march in procession on the high road of literature, with a tremendous retinue of prefaces and notes and such attendants as befit the state of so noble a company. And we hedgers and ditchers, whose business it is to prune the brambles and keep the weeds from becoming what Corporal Gregory Brewster would call "owdacious," doff our hats as the Shakespearean worthies go by, and forbear to eat our humble meal of bread and bacon till the imposing train is out of sight. So much of respect we pay these editions of the Bard in all honesty and conscience, but with no hint of familiarity, save when the volumes are homely in size and garb, and not armour-plated with ponderous erudition before and behind.

To this welcome class belongs "The Temple Shakespeare," of which the First and Second Parts of King Henry IV. are before me, modestly edited, delightfully printed; two such companions, indeed, as you clap joyfully into your pocket with a comfortable sense that you have there the richest humours of Falstaff, his incomparable lies, his "intolerable deal of sack." To every victim of black care I commend these little books. If he be down with influenza, let him turn to Act II., Scene 4, and read Falstaff's story to the Prince and Poins of his valour at Gadshill. I have never known that passage fail to conquer the most obstinate megrims. They vanish from you like the men in buckram, conjured up by the fat knight's vain glorious fancy. And I must confess that to me the most medicinal part of it is that bout of Billingsgate which follows between Falstaff and the Prince. No such abuse is permitted to decent people now. You must not quote the dialogue at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap when it becomes vehement. But you can turn over these astounding epithets on your tongue, and find them more stimulating than any tonic from the chemist's.

Do not be tempted, however, when in this gracious condition, to read the new Mermaid volume of Ben Jonson. Heaven forbid that I should have the effrontery to disparage Ben; but he is not suited for the mood of convalescence into which you have just been happily transported. Ben, in his lyrical vein, is always delightful, but Ben, the dramatist, must be taken only when you are well enough for robust study. The editorial introduction to "Volpone" in the present volume records Gifford's opinion that this comedy ceased to be popular "when the age of dramatic imbecility was rapidly advancing upon us." You need not be frightened into the apprehension that you must be imbecile because "Volpone" strikes you as dull, and "The Silent Woman" and "The Alchemist" as tedious. Wait till you are in exuberant health, and then turn to Ben's plays to allay your skipping spirit. His hand is heavy, but judicious; his satire laborious, but thorough; he never lets you forget that nobody ever accused him of "small Latin and less Greek." His fancy is not prodigal, but his calculation is exact. Probably there is not a speech, nor even a line, that

you want to remember; but you can see why Ben was pained because Shakespeare had not learned how to blot. And, at all events, when you have spent an instructive hour with Ben, you will go back to Jack Falstaff with fresh zest.

Here is another old friend, Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Elsie Venner," which comes to remind you that the "heredity" romance, so popular just now, is not new, and that the learned professors who tell us crime is a disease were largely anticipated in this speculation by the New England Autocrat. Elsie's mother, you recollect, was bitten by a rattlesnake before the child's birth, and Elsie is a weird creature with the taint of the serpent in her nature. Holmes did not put this forward as a scientific hypothesis; but he used it to illustrate the argument which we hear so much of in these latter days, that crime is often hereditary like disease, and should be treated by the pathologist, not the gaoler.

In "Elsie Venner," too, you will find the germ of the New England novel. There are scenes which might have been written by Mary Wilkins. The Autocrat was not afraid to banter New England on its pronunciation, and the mere foreigner can only tremble at such daring. What would Mark Twain say of the Englishman who ventured to assert that the "unspellable pronunciation" of the word "view" was the touchstone of high caste in Massachusetts! Then the Autocrat had very distinct opinions about women, whom he regarded from the standpoint of a humane physician. What does the Pioneer Club say to this? "So long as a woman can talk, there is nothing she cannot bear." My hand shakes as I write, and I expect to see this new edition of "Elsie Venner" torn to pieces by indignant champions of silence as a feminine virtue.

More new editions—two volumes of Rudyard Kipling, a little too much of Kipling, the satirist of Anglo-Indian society; of Kipling when he wants to make your flesh creep; and too little of him in his greatest strength—the portraiture of Oriental character; the flashes of vision into the mystery of the East. Or is the mystery a matter of artful stage-setting after all, immensely impressive to the unsophisticated European spectator? That misgiving crosses one's mind now and then; and yet in "Black and White" you have wonderful glimpses of native Indian life, as if the thick curtain that divides Orient from Occident were drawn partially aside for an illuminating instant. Moreover, the full-blooded humours of the immortal Mulvaney are not absent, and they are almost surpassed by Durga Dass, whose power and fluency of opprobrium deserve to be collated with Falstaff, whom I must not quote. L. F. AUSTIN.

"The Temple Shakespeare," First and Second Parts of King Henry IV. J. M. Dent.

"Ben Jonson." Vol. III. Mermaid Series. T. Fisher Unwin.

"Elsie Venner." By O. W. Holmes. Walter Scott.

"Soldiers Three and Other Stories." By Rudyard Kipling. Macmillan.

"Wee Willie Winkie and Other Stories." By Rudyard Kipling. Macmillan.

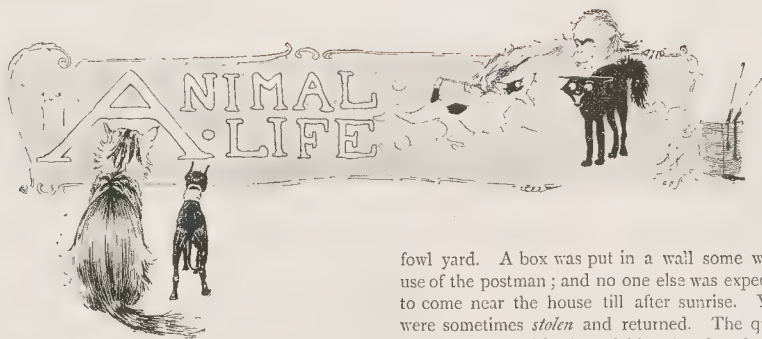




Photo by Russell & Sons.

MR. WILLIAM EDWARD  
HARTPOLE LECKY,  
LL.D., D.C.L.

Born in 1838, he was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, of which University he is an honorary LL.D. He has also received the Oxford degree of D.C.L. His "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland," was published in 1861, and "The History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe" in 1865. His "History of European Morals" followed in '69, and a "History of England in the 18th Century," in eight volumes, was concluded in '90. Among other works he has also published "Poems," and sundry contributions to periodical literature.



### THE OLD ENGLISH BULL-DOG.

"BEDGEBURY LION," the subject of the portrait on the opposite page, belonged to Mr. P. B. Beresford-Hope, and was perhaps the finest specimen of the *old fashioned* bull-dog ever seen. These dogs had narrower chests, and straighter legs and backs than the exaggerated type, which now finds favour with the judges, in which the lower teeth project like tusks, and the front view looks as if the chest were supported on a round Norman arch. "Bedgebury Lion" was for years the champion in his class. Probably he was an exact counterpart of the 'ban dogs,' called under various names, once so common in England, and thus described by Dr. Caius, in the earliest treatise on English dogs ever written, in 1535.

They are vast, huge, stubborn, ugly and eager, of a heavy and burthenous body, and therefore of little swiftness, terrible and frightful to behold. They are called *villanici*, because they are appointed to watch and keep farm-places and country cottages, sequestered from common recourse, when there is any fear conceived of thieves, robbers, spoilers, and night wanderers. They are serviceable to bay and take the bull by the ear, when occasion so requireth. One dogge or two at the uttermost, be the bull never so monstrous, never so fierce, never so untameable. For it is a kinde of dogge capable of courage, violent and valiant, striking could feare into the hearts of men, but standing in feare of no man, so that no weapons will make him shrink, nor abridge his boldnesse.

The writer once saw these dogs employed in their ancient duties, so quaintly described by Dr. Caius, at a time when this country was infested by bands of "sturdy beggars," let loose upon the country by the displacement of labour after the confiscation of the property of the monasteries. It was at an isolated farmhouse, near Leeds, occupied by a fine old Yorkshireman, who had a dairy and poultry yard, from which he made large profits by the incessant labour of himself and his family. A very brutal murder was committed at another farm not far off, and, by way of protection, the ban dog was used, exactly as it must have been in the middle ages. They were all bred from a cross between the bull-dog and the short-tailed sheep dog, and were, without exception, the fiercest, both in appearance and character, which we have seen. They stood higher than the bull-dog, were very fast, and had jaws not inferior to those of their nobler ancestor. But the heads were higher and rounded, the eyes were bright yellow, like brass buttons, and their coats were rough. They looked like tall, *woolly* bull-dogs, but had the vociferous, yelping bark of the collie. At night their chains were lengthened, and it was impossible to approach either the front door, the cow house, or the

fowl yard. A box was put in a wall some way off, for the use of the postman; and no one else was expected or desired to come near the house till after sunrise. Yet these dogs were sometimes *stolen* and returned. The quarrymen and navvies employed in the neighbourhood had a huge admiration for them, and by some means used to "borrow" them, for fights on Saturday afternoons, considerably letting them loose again near the farm, and sometimes sending an anonymous present—generally a bottle of spirits—as an acknowledgment of the sport which they had enjoyed.

But the pure-bred bull-dog does not seem to bear out the tradition of innate ferocity. It is rather a quiet, somnolent dog, intensely courageous, but not irascible, except that, like the true Englishman, if there is a fight, it must join it. Many years ago, when the Charterhouse boys were returning to school at Godalming, some of them were in a carriage in which a fine brindled bull-dog was being conveyed by its master. Of course, the dog was the object of much attention, and soon made friends with the boys. The tunnel beyond Guildford (which has just collapsed and engulfed a stable with a pair of horses), suggested a general scuffle to the boys in the carriage. In the middle of the "rag," the growls of the dog were heard, together with the voice of its master, who, holding on to its brass collar, shouted to the boys to stop, for he could not hold it for a minute longer. The reappearance of daylight disclosed the bull-dog, its short hair erect, its lips curled back, and its owner's hands blue with holding on to the collar. "Order and propriety" were observed for the short remainder of the journey.

The courage of the bull-dog is a quality which cannot be exaggerated. It is among the most wonderful instances of heredity known. Nor has it been explained how the maintenance of this breed by human selection has preserved, along with such peculiarities of structure, a *moral* quality which seems even more permanent. The classic instance is that of the crossing of a valuable breed of greyhounds with the bull-dog in order to give them courage in which the breed in question seemed to be deficient. In course of time the bull-dog *form* disappeared, but the quality of courage remained in a marked degree. It would be interesting to know whether the numerous instances of the "last" and gameness of many greyhounds in coursing matches, can be traced to bull-dog ancestry. "Greentick," for instance, when running at Haydock Park, struck the escape hurdle with such force as to fall back apparently dead. Yet he won the final course amid the cheers of the spectators. Others have been known to run till they dropped dead, or to try to resume the course with a broken leg. This is hardly less courageous than the act of the bull dog, mentioned by Colonel Smith, which held on to the nose of a bull bison until the animal drew its feet forward and stamped it to death, when it at last relaxed its hold.

C. J. CORNISH.



111. P. L. S.

"BEDGEBURY LION," OLD  
ENGLISH BULL DOG.





THERE is a phrase, memorable in itself, and especially endeared to some of us because it was first endeared to Matthew Arnold,—“the ancient and inbred piety, integrity, and good humour of the English people.” To see an English audience at a farce, and to read most of the “notices” of that farce in the newspapers next morning, is to be reminded of this phrase. The thing is taken so seriously, its nonsense is so scrupulously weighed, so minutely measured with mint and anise and cummin, as though it were a lame endeavour to be sense, instead of the wilful and deliberate flouting or suspension of it—its light and gladsome butterflies of fancy are broken upon so heavy and so cruel a wheel. The truth is we have not yet learned to be gay, we not only “jock,” but suffer “jocks” “wi’ deeficulty,” the fundamental seriousness of our race is still too much with us. How otherwise to account for some of the comments passed on *The Blue Boar*, a new “fantastic farce,” by Messrs. Louis Parker and Murray Carson? How otherwise to excuse the intolerance with which the sterner patrons of Terry’s Theatre received this little play on the first night? It is sheer nonsense; it pretends to be nothing more. I should prefer to say that it achieves nothing less. For to be nonsensical without a lapse for two hours, to riot in sheer fantasy for three acts, is an achievement, and *The Blue Boar* has compassed it. The root of the matter is to be heroically inconsequent, to show the wrong effects proceeding from the right causes, serious motives leading to actions the reverse of serious, adults conducting themselves with the grave, absorbed absurdity of children. The bar-parlour of a country inn seems the very spot for adventures so gay; all extremes may meet there, all identities may be disguised, or sunk in the names of their bed-chambers, “The Griffin,” or “The Pelican in the Wilderness.” Even the waiters may be other than what they seem—nervous gentlemen, for instance, fleeing from strong-minded wives, and betraying themselves by their terrible hand-to-hand combats with a recalcitrant napkin. When such a disguised fugitive is played by Mr. Edward Terry, the “posture of affairs” is at its drollest. To see Mr. Terry, forgetting that waiters do not wear lavender kid gloves or sport an eye-glass, getting into hopeless difficulties with the knives and forks, and transmitting impossible orders to the kitchen, is to see Apollo among the shepherds of Admetus—a strange Apollo, to be sure, moving in convulsive jerks, speaking in the tones now of a bassoon, now of the car-piercing fife. And then think of Mr. Terry as a

“medium”! The resources of spiritualism, of hypnotic suggestion, have hardly yet been tapped for the purposes of farce. What rich material they offer for fun, you do not begin to suspect until you have watched Mr. Terry “willing,” to raise the spirit of his wife’s first husband. Such energy, such concentration, such expenditure of “odic” force! Mr. Terry’s brows are knit with the effort. His eyes glare, even his legs express strenuous volition. He assumes the god, affects to nod, and seems to shake the spheres. Can such exertion be in vain? It cannot, for all things are possible in the bar-parlour of an inn like the Blue Boar, even the resurrection in the flesh (and in liquor) of one’s wife’s first husband, and so at last Mr. Terry is free from the tyranny of his wife—free to transfer his vagabond affections to the landlady of the Blue Boar. Miss Fanny Brough is the wife—a lady-doctor, who faints at the sight of blood, and, in her stronger moments, compels her husband to make himself hideous in hygienic clothing—and Miss Alexes Leighton is the landlady; clever artists both, who know that the true way of playing farce is to be absurd with “conviction,” and act upon that knowledge. Perhaps, however, the most diverting thing in *The Blue Boar* is Mr. Harcourt Beatty’s caricature of a Decadent Poet. It is difficult to be new in such a part—which is of course only one of the hundred variations of our old friend Postlethwaite—but Mr. Beatty plays it with such fervour, with so intimate a sense of its ludicrous possibilities, that he gives even this hackneyed type an air of freshness, of new mintage. The poet is provided with a barmaid to flirt with in the pleasing person of Miss Madge McIntosh, who barbers sandwiches and sherry for her admirer’s quatrains and sonnets; and altogether this farce is as gay an affair as the most serious philosopher—for only your serious philosopher knows how to appreciate gaiety—could desire.

Playgoers who to gaiety prefer “inspissated gloom” were probably better pleased than I could induce myself to be with Mrs. Oscar Beringer’s *Salve*, produced the other day at an Independent Theatre performance. In this remarkable work Mrs. Theodore Wright, as a distraught mother, was exhibited in the act of murdering her own son with a carving-knife: and why it should occur to estimable, kindly gentlemen like Mrs. Beringer and Mrs. Wright to bring their nightmares into the playhouse, I cannot guess.

A. B. WALKLEY.



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street.

MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.

Is a daughter of the late Rev. Prebendary Barnes, of Exeter, and made her London debut in 1868, as the White Queen in the Globe revival of "Alice in Wonderland." She next studied with Mrs. Sarah Thorne and in 1870 went to Australia with Mr. Toole, reappearing in London in "Ibsen's Ghost." She scored a great success as Belle Golightly in "Walton, London," and then passed to the Haymarket where she played in "The Tempter," the revival of "Captain Swift," "The Charlatan," and "Six Persons." She has since been engaged at the St. James' in "The Masqueraders," "Guy Domville," and "The Importance of Being Earnest."



### THE ANGLER IN APRIL.

APRIL has been described by the poets as proud-pied, fickle, rainbow-hued, weeping, smiling, and, in truth, at times it responds to each qualification. People who love the sentimental are generally silent about the cold, rough, east winds that are so often characteristic of the month in the British Islands, and suffer them with what philosophy they may.

Yet, whatever it happens to be, April is always most welcome to the angler; though it may be ushered in with more of winter than of spring, it is notorious that its moods may at any moment change, and that the traditional showers, fleecy clouds, sunny intervals, and soft breezes, do sometimes actually occur. The conductors of journals devoted to field sports are, at this time of year, bombarded with appeals from anxious inquirers who wish to know where they can discover first-rate fishing within easy reach of town, free of charge, unknown to the rest of the world, and connected with cheap and luxurious quarters, romantic scenery, perfect climate, and the full advantages of civilization, side by side with the purest of sylvan delights. Alas! There is no such paradise this side of Jordan, and if there were, it would not remain long a secret retreat.

In April, especially when Eastertide comes, as this year, neither too late nor too early, the majority of fly-fishers take their trout rods out to open the campaign, and they will be found wherever there is an opportunity of sport. Fortunately—spite of absurd fancy prices demanded and freely paid for trout streams—there are rivers still open to the man who can afford to pay a reasonable fee for occasional fishing; but, roughly speaking, the beaten tracks of the itinerant trout are Devonshire, the streams of the fruitful Herefordshire and Worcestershire counties, the picturesque wildnesses of Wales, and the breezy dales and valleys of Derbyshire, Yorkshire, and the north country generally.

Perhaps in April, Devonshire, with its tendency to respond soonest to the blandishments of spring, is first favourite. The trout in that county are not large, but they are numerous, and seldom require the elaborate equipment and excessive skill necessary elsewhere. In the regular fishing reports, which in these days extend even to the high-class daily papers, the baskets of four and five dozen trout are calculated to take away the breath of the sportsman who is well content to count his spoils by the brace. The initiated, however, know that if these dozens are whipped out of the brooks of Dartmoor or adjacent Cornwall they will be a little longer than the finger, and it will be quite satisfactory if ten or a

dozen weigh an honest pound avoirdupois. Yet these merry troutlings dash at and seize a fly whose dimensions would frighten a three or four-pounder in Itchen or Test. Such fry are best for the table, since they can be treated on whitebait principles, and, literally, no bones need be made in the eating thereof. There are, no doubt, Devonshire fish of more appreciable size; but even the elegant denizens of rivers like the Tamar and Exe, if they keep up a fair herring-size average, are held in fair esteem.

Much the same may be said of the trout of the Welsh streams and the Derbyshire and Yorkshire rivers and becks, but there are certain exceptional fisheries like the choice lengths of Wye and Derwent, Yore and Wharfe, or, going still further north, the Eamont and Eden, where the trout are all that can be desired, and fingerlings are ruled out of court. The question of flies will, in all months and districts, be a matter of uneasy concern to the ordinary angler, but in April he has distinct advantages. Even if trout have memories, they should, after six months' recess, recall experiences of the previous year in the faintest degree. For a while, at least, they rise with confident vigour, just as in May they will begin to be suspicious, in June shy, and in July impossible.

On the popular rivers trout may have lost innocence after the Easter harrying, but, as a rule, you may be less careful as to tackle and methods than later. The spawners have recovered from their fatigues, the insects which are their daintiest food have begun to hatch out, the fish themselves have left the deep water, and are distributed about the ripples, stickles, and gliding runs, on the look-out for unconsidered trifles borne along by the clear sparkling stream that seems, like the rest of Nature, to rejoice in the long-delayed awakening.

Anglers are dreadful faddists in the matter of rods, creels, and artificial flies, but with regard to the latter, the man who does not believe himself to be supremely wise, and who is not ashamed to take a wrinkle from his fellows, will always reap an advantage by studying the patterns of local fishermen. They may not know what, according to the written canons of dry fly or wet fly, ought to be orthodox for the day, or the condition of the water, but they know from personal observation what is necessary. There is always, of course, a local artist in flies. Sometimes he is a poacher, very often he is the village shoemaker. He may be met occasionally in the guise of a dear old ruddy-faced parson, or affable young curate, who can take at least that form of national sport with a clear conscience, and find the keenest enjoyments in these waterside rambles during April.

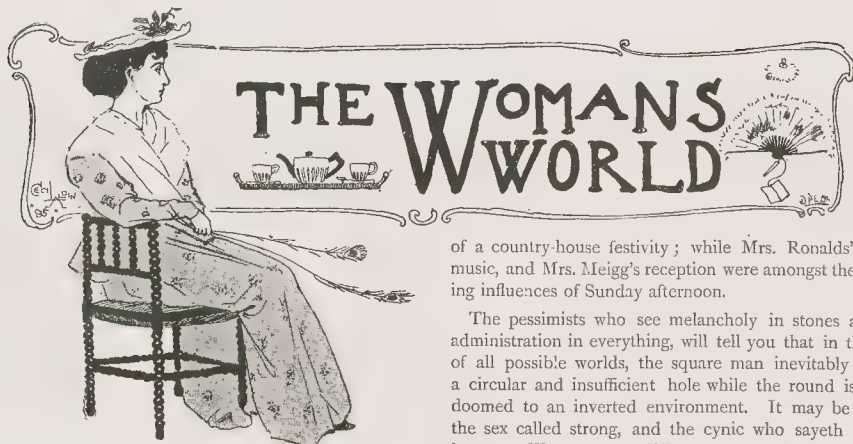
RED SPINNER.





*Photo by West & Son, Southsea.*

MR. A. B. WALKER'S YACHT "AILSA,"  
WHICH DEFEATED H.R.H. THE PRINCE  
OF WALES' "BRITANNIA" AT CANNES.



HOW constantly one is reminded, in going through life, of that pregnant phrase, which says so little and means so much, *noblesse oblige*. A thousand things are conveyed by it, but none more than the simplicity of manner and kindly bearing which belong to true nobility.

It was surely this utter absence of pose and unaffected charm that endeared Lady Londonderry—the daughter of a nineteenth Earl—to many faithful hearts in Ireland during her handsome husband's three years administration at the Castle. In the Emerald Isle, too, a somewhat obsolete fancy for blue blood doth still obtain, and a Shrewsbury Talbot would be certain of her welcome beforehand, even on the merits of mighty ancestors.

Lady Londonderry looks impossibly young to boast a grown-up daughter, yet the coming out ball given for Lady Helen Stewart last winter will not soon be forgotten round Seaham. Lord Castlereagh, who is just seventeen, gets his undeniably good looks from both sides of the house, but is thought by many to be most like his charming mother in manner and person. In the season Londonderry House is an eagerly-sought centre, even of Park Lane tradition, for its fair mistress has the heaven-born intuition of social admixture, while autumn ides bring many pleasant gatherings within the hospitable walls of Mount Stewart, for there is excellent shooting, albeit no coal mines in Co. Down.

Amongst this season's *débutantes* Lady Helen Stewart will take a prominent place, and the Countess promises gay doings in the many-windowed great house in Park Lane. 19, Arlington Street will also be all the gayer for Lady Maud Dundas's *àbut*, and two other new comers to Society's rosebud garden of girls will appear in the fair persons of Miss Muriel Chaplin and Miss Mabel Duncombe, both cousins, by the way, of Lady Helen Stewart's.

*Mi-Carême* is an almost unknown quantity, from the hostesses' point of view, in town. Unbroken solemnity shapes our sombre ends, as a rule. Yet a few hostesses disregarded conventional trammels last week, to the extreme joy of the dancing contingent. Mrs. Evelyn's ball in Hill Street was a greatly appreciated function. Lady Edward Churchill was in black, and wore it well. Lord Doneraile's cheerful presence was well evidenced in the *trois temps*. Lady Mary Sackville, Miss Coxon, and many other pretty girls were present, and dancing went on with all the vigour

of a country-house festivity; while Mrs. Ronalds' tea and music, and Mrs. Meigg's reception were amongst the enlivening influences of Sunday afternoon.

The pessimists who see melancholy in stones and maladministration in everything, will tell you that in this worst of all possible worlds, the square man inevitably inhabits a circular and insufficient hole while the round is equally doomed to an inverted environment. It may be so with the sex called strong, and the cynic who sayeth probably knows. Women are different, or, perhaps, only more adaptive. But be that as it may, they acclimatise very soon to surroundings, and have been known to develop unexpected resources when called upon. Even the most untranslatable forcible critic will pass this as a proverb.

A stranger meeting Miss Julia Peel for the first time would scarcely realise that in this quiet graceful girl he saw one of the most finished and perfect hostesses which the exigencies of a difficult, if distinguished, position could possibly evolve. When the duties of a Speaker's wife rest on a Speaker's daughter it is easy to understand how capable those young shoulders must be of worthily sustaining the diplomatic mantle. It is due to Miss Peel's fine perception as *châtelaine* at Westminster that under her tactful guidance, the Speaker's entertainments, whether small and intimate or expanded to the widest limits of party plan, have been recognised as the most admirably arranged and pleasantest reunions in London.

With ever-recurring obligations of hospitality at home, Miss Peel does not go greatly into general society, but it is eloquent of her character that those she visits receive her as a cherished friend rather than as a social adjunct to their parties. She has a particular faculty for languages, and can preserve the just balance of an argument that is carried on in half a dozen different tongues, tempers and opinions.

The hall of the Speaker's house is an impressive combination of stained glass and Gothic arches, but the great dining-room, teeming with memories of many bygone banquets, interests one more. A portrait procession of past Speakers lines the panelled walls, while a private passage leads into the House through which "Mr. Speaker" often suddenly appears before his family. With her father's retirement from office, comes also the change in Miss Peel's maiden administration. Her marriage with that fortunate and good-looking young Irishman, Mr. Rochefort Maguire, is to come off on the 24th.

The new Chinese Minister whose name I dare not attempt to spell—is well bestowed in the matter of worldly goods, and will probably entertain largely during the season should peace be proclaimed, as one hopes will be the case. Those who remember pleasant parties at the Embassy during the late Minister's term of office will be sorry to hear that both he and his popular Countess are no more.

VERA.



*Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.*

THE MARCHIONESS OF  
LONDONDERRY.





## L'HOMME PROPOSE.

By HAMBLYN WYLIE.

I HAD known and admired her for a long time:—six weeks, quite—and I felt quite certain that she would be glad enough to marry me. She wasn't pretty, exactly, nor very young, nor rich, certainly—but she had something attractive in her manner—something elusive as the novelists say, when they attempt to describe the indescribable, or perhaps it was in her eyes, not her manner, I can't say. I was telling Lovell about her. Lovell is a queer sort of fellow; he goes very little into society, he is asked a great deal, I know that. People say he's clever—he writes for Papers and Magazines and Things, but I never can find out for myself where the great cleverness comes in, for whenever I ask him anything, he says he doesn't know. I go and sit with him very often in his rooms; he never comes to mine. He doesn't talk much, but as I talk a great deal myself that doesn't matter. Well, I was telling Lovell about Miss Chetwynd; he was writing, and said nothing for a long time, perhaps he wasn't listening, but when I mentioned her name, he turned round sharply.

"Who did you say was interesting, Freshfield?"

"Miss Chetwynd," I returned.

"What is her other name?" he asked abruptly.

"Helen."

"And did you say you were going to marry her?"

He had fully turned round upon his chair now, and had taken his pipe out of his mouth.

"Yes—that is—if she——" I hesitated.

"Have you asked her yet?" he said, roughly.

"No—but I'm going to this evening—at the Trevor-Jones'—I know she will be there—by-the-way, are you going?"

"What's the time?" said Lovell, putting his pipe in his mouth, and turning round to his work again.

"Close on half-past nine."

"Oh! well, if you'll shut up, I shall get this finished in half an-hour, and——"

I got up and went out. I don't mind Lovell's want of manner. I know he means very well, but it must make him very unpopular with women, for instance, I reflect, as I drive to the Trevor-Jones'—Helen—now—I can't imagine Helen liking a man with manners like Lovell's. I laughed at the idea as I remembered her own graceful ease. I was there in very good time—long before Miss Chetwynd appeared. I meant to secure the Cotillion with her, so I waylaid her in the hall before anyone else had time to speak to her. I handed her a programme and a card, and preferred my request for the Cotillion at the same time. She looked rather unwilling to give me that Cotillion, but she never gives herself the trouble to tell lies, so she said:

"Oh, no; I am not engaged for it. Oh, yes; I shall be very——"

I was writing my name too energetically on her card to

catch more than the "yes." Whether she said pleased or happy I cannot say now. She reclaimed her card a trifle more abruptly than usual and floated away. I amused myself very well until the moment came when I meant to declare myself. I had written my name before the last dance preceding the Cotillion; this I thought would give me ample time to make myself clear to her, and we could sit out the rest of the evening in the conservatory, as of course I should have a great many things I should wish to tell her about myself. I found her without too much trouble. She had been dancing with that ass, Vincent—Mr. Trevor-Jones' cousin. She must have been very glad to get rid of his endless stupid jokes, I should say; but she looked as bright as ever when I asked her if she were not tired. Should we not sit the dance out? and she rose quite hastily, saying:

"Oh, no; let us dance by all means. You will find it dull sitting here."

"As if I could," I said reproachfully, gazing at her in a manner which, I think, conveyed something of my intended meaning to her. To my astonishment, she did not look at all grateful or flattered.

"Well, perhaps I might," she said, smiling, as she noted my astonished expression.

I might have felt angry; but then I remembered she could not guess how much in earnest I was. Then she really was attractive. I had never seen her look so charming as she did that evening, with some sort of a yellow gown on, which suited her admirably. Still, again I reflected. She is neither very young, nor rich; her chances of a more eligible parti than myself are not great; all women would rather be married than not—it gives them a pull when they marry a rich chap.

"The fact is, Miss Chetwynd," I said rapidly, "I have just given my ankle a most fearful twist—dancing with Miss Dovenby—and I am almost afraid. Still, if you will not mind the risk of your partner falling down——"

"Oh, I am really sorry," she said kindly. "Why didn't you say this at once, Mr. Freshfield? Of course we will sit it out."

She seated herself as she spoke, placing the lovely bouquet of yellow roses (which I feel sure that ass Vincent had sent her) on the arm of her chair. I carefully raised it and deposited it at some distance, carelessly seating myself on the arm of the chair.

"Oh, pray, Mr. Freshfield, take a more comfortable seat; there is, as far as I can see, no scarcity of chairs." She pointed to the long empty rows which faced us. I meekly drew one near to her. I did not mean to be snubbed by a woman, who, although she was not young or beautiful, yet suited me so very well. I never remember, when I look back upon that evening, how I managed to bring the subject of marriage before her. I sometimes think when I recall her look of surprise, that I must have dragged it in with a jerk. Still, a fellow cannot be his most self-possessed self at such a moment, at least, not with a woman who looks as undisturbed by your offered worship as did Miss Chetwynd.

She did not speak immediately—which was rather an unwomanly trait—so I added to the assurance of my devotion the remark that, "every woman is happier married than alone, for she is dependent by nature and by education upon love and care."

She looked amused.



"THE FRIGIDARIUM," BY SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, BART., P.R.A., REPRODUCED, BY KIND PERMISSION, FROM THE PHOTO-GRAVURE PUBLISHED BY HENRY GRAVES AND CO., PALL MALL.

"But surely she is not dependent upon anyone or every-one?" she said.

"No, no, Miss Chetwynd, I did not even imply that; but once in every woman's life there is a time when she must be touched by sincerity, devotion, loyalty."

"I think she ought to feel the beauty of loyalty all her life," she said simply.

As she said it, the something—in her eyes, I think—the something, elusive, shone on me again. I felt quite enthusiastic about her as I leant forward and said warmly:

"Then, Miss Chetwynd, be touched by my feeling for you. Any woman might be glad of the—of the respect—the admiration."—The light in her eyes had died out. I felt chilled, and added lamely, "any woman an angel in fact—and you are to me as an angel—and—and—I have the very highest regard for you!"

"Naturally one would have for an angel," she rejoined with cruel calmness.

I was silent. She had a smile of utter amusement in her eyes as she turned them upon me. She was not receiving my advances in the spirit I had looked for.

I was determined to give her every chance.

"There comes, too, a time in a woman's life, when, a little wearied of the vapid element, (I meant Vincent, and I glanced sternly at the yellow roses), a little bored by the emptiness of society—a desire for something more reliable—a wish for something—er—more congenial—for er—er earnestness—for companionship."

"But surely not for anyone's companionship, without regard to the quality of the offering?"

She was still too airy, still too smiling. I descended to a baser standpoint.

"Again, in marriage, Miss Chetwynd, one has to consider the purely material—position—means. And yet—yet how delightful it is to be able to give the — the —"

I floundered a little.

"The angel," she interpolated, nastily.

"I was about to say the adored one—all that woman's heart can desire. To think that her beauty can be set as befits its lustre. That her feet need never be weary."

I stopped again.

"Every woman does not hanker after diamonds; and, believe me, if she can afford to buy thick boots, walking is much better for her than a carriage, Mr. Freshfield."

I stared at her aghast. She was openly laughing at me! I rose from the chair beside hers, and drew myself to my full height (5 ft. 5 in.) as I responded.

"I think my proposal deserves, at least, serious consideration, Miss Chetwynd."

Just as I finished I saw her face change; she lost her look of mocking, pretended astonishment, changed colour rapidly, and let her fan fall from her nervous hand. I followed the direction of her gaze. Coming towards us I saw my hostess, Mrs. Trevor-Jones, and with her, looking almost handsome, certainly distinguished, Lovell—yes, Lovell it was, certainly. Mrs. Trevor-Jones bore down upon me with smiles—wreathed smiles—which I only forbore to notice becomingly because I was so taken up with Lovell's demeanour. When had I ever before observed the courtly grace of his manner—of the manner with which he was surely fascinating Miss Chetwynd, for she was gazing at him as though she had seen one from the grave—so intently, so gravely. Suddenly the

charm was broken by Mrs. Trevor-Jones' loud, cheerful voice:

"Miss Chetwynd—Mr. Lovell says he is an old friend of yours. So I need not introduce him."

I saw their hands meet. I saw Lovell ask, with his eyes, whether he might take the chair—my chair. I saw her say, "Yes," and a thousand other things were in that wordless "yes." Then I was led away, perforce—by my hated hostess—to dance the Cotillion with "poor Miss Marchant, who never can get a partner" (unless by stratagem, it appears).

"I think I've done him a good turn this time," said my oppressor, as she led me away. (She never appeared to think of the turn she had done *me*!)

"Ah indeed?"

"Yes—I think they will make it up, and be wiser for the future."

"Ah indeed?"

"Yes. Not that I think it was his fault. I believe she is—between ourselves this—a trifle *exigante*; not that I have seen anything of this myself, but Rudy tells me"—(Rudy is that ass Vincent)—"that Lovell has always worshipped her, so their quarrel must have been of her making."

"Oh, indeed. Was it long ago?"

"Oh, ages ago. I forget. Rudy did tell me. Oh, here is Rudy! Rudy, dear, just take Mr. Freshfield across to Miss Marchant. I've told her he would like to dance the Cotillion with her," and away went my hostess.

"I say, o'd fellow, hope I've not spoilt sport for you!" said the vulgar wretch as he steered me up to the neglected Miss Marchant. "I couldn't help seeing, of course, that you were interested in that direction,"—he jerked his head toward the conservatory, where I could dimly discern Lovell at his ease, sitting on the arm of Miss Chetwynd's chair, whence I had been so promptly ejected. "But if you have any serious notions, let me advise you, as a friend, to direct them elsewhere. Ah, here we are! Miss Marchant, may I introduce Mr. Freshfield?" He withdrew.

I bowed, in silent hatred of my proposed partner. Miss Marchant smiled; and in answer to my muttered request for the pleasure of the Cotillion, she rose and took my offered arm. She was 6 ft. high.

I heard afterwards that owing to my confused and fragmentary style of conversation she took me for a person of weak intellect. I only remember making my escape at the earliest opportunity, and betaking myself to that conservatory which held such a fascination for me.

They were still there. I cautiously passed, and repassed. They never even saw me, or any of the passing figures. I caught one of Lovell's speeches. Cruel irony! *He* was actually likening her to an angel, it seemed. And she? She did not scoff at him, as she had scoffed at me. She looked seriously attentive, steadfastly tender; no longer "elusive," as she answered—

"No, no! don't let it be that. Don't expect me to be angelic. Cannot you be content that we are 'earthborn companions'?"

Lovell's answer seemed to satisfy her; but it did not reach me.

I can't think what possessed him that he should go to the Trevor-Jones' that evening; but when I see him again I will ask.





*Photo by Reid, Wishaw.*

EVENSONG.



*Photo by Reid, Wishaw.*

THE LAST LOAD.



### LITTLE TRAVELLERS.

NO author works so certainly for a future as does the man or woman who has a child to furnish with snatches of remembrance. The work is, like all natural work, an enterprise for chance, an opportunity offered to the choice of fortune. One thing seen in some early journey will be remembered when the child is old, and twenty things forgotten within a year; now is there any way of foretelling which of these many seeds will be lost on the winds, and which will remain for a lifetime? But the way to sow plenty is to take children amongst other languages and manners, over seas.

Memory plays the most irresponsible tricks, but she should have various things to play with. Remoteness of place, like remoteness of time, should be amongst these. The sense of it will not be acquired later with any real significance, and the loss is great if that sense never grows fine within the mind. Greece and Rome will not be ancient to that mind, and the East not far. To approach the early world with the limited apprehension of late life, is like the act of an American who goes to India in his middle age, by way of San Francisco. He heads off the East, as it were, takes it unawares, and meets it from the other side; skips the ages, and finds nothing but a more extreme West when he gets there—a people who will be hustled away in time like the other Indians. There is something highly significant in the giving of a common name to the people with a history and to the people without a history. It agrees with the attitude of men of the present who have never gained a real sense of space or of time.

Children make excellent travellers, after they have once acquired the habit of looking out of the window. It is a habit quite as necessary as reading for the solace of human lives. To look out of a carriage window intelligently is to educate faculties and senses alike, without the fatigues of common learning. It is rest and occupation at once. And it prepares passages of memory for the future. These will necessarily not be what the child's adult companion would consider most conspicuous and most likely to last. The glacier may be forgotten, but a little tract of pasture that has taken wing to the top of a mountain valley may be remembered for sixty years, and may even be "a place of peace" in some of the troubles of that lifetime.

Children should have a chance of remembering wonderful things, such as a wood full of wild lilies-of-the-valley, or a summer sunrise, or the Leaning Tower of Pisa, with the space near it, up in the blue air, where once was Ugolino's prison in the Tower of Famine. When it is possible to give a child these brief and single remembrances, it is hard to give none but dull ones. Monotony is a thing incalculably

monotonous to young children. Indeed, monotony is hardly known to the accustomed man and woman for whom the years grow swifter and briefer without pause. The child alone knows dulness, sameness, and *ennui* as they can be during the far-apart years that make the first ten.

Those years cannot be altogether effaced from memory. Something of them must remain; and how is the child to choose when all the days resembled each other in ugliness? A vague past is no good background for a man's thoughts.

A child should have associations with by-gone manners where they still linger. If he cannot go further afield he should stay in a town of Europe where there is no gas, he should go to bed by an upright, long handled oil lamp; he should follow Virgil's plough in the remoter Tuscan hills; he should make some little journey by bullock-cart. He should cross mountains which are still something else than "the long tunnel" of a railway day. It was by that name that we once heard a Colonial traveller casually call the Alps of Cæsar.

The child should know this town from that by the head dresses of the people, for there is plenty of costume left in Italy and Spain, not to speak of the East of Europe. No costume models keep to their country dresses more conscientiously than the women working on the level fields, within sight of the train from Rome to Naples. But it is not enough to pass by; a liberally educated child should have the customs of the past, with all their differences, to play with. He should have local toys, and grow expert in the most provincial games of bowls. He should know more than one *patois*. Nothing will better increase his span of life than this familiarity with passing things.

It will add much to his store of chance memories if he is allowed to make friends, reasonably, with the local children. Or rather, his recollections, of these alien companions will not be chance memories they will be securely retained as a matter of course. A child always remembers children. Being English, he will probably treasure the remembrance of triumphs over the curious timidity of little peasants—not altogether wholesome triumphs, perhaps, but proper to his race. If he has a dog for his friend, he will have seen whole villages of little children fly from it.

Above all, a travelled child should spend a holiday in some of the harvest fields of Europe. He should glean and gather with the grape-pickers at the vintage, or help to heap apples in Normandy, or follow the wheat to the threshing-floors in Switzerland. English harvests show neither women nor children of late; a man and a machine do the work so well that there is no gleaning. But you cannot suggest pleasanter memories than those of the vintaging for the day when the wine is old.

ALICE MEYNELL.



Photo by Dublin.

ONCE UPON A TIME.





THE Goddess of the London Crossways wears many faces. Sometimes she displays the frown of business pre-occupation, and her chariot wheels run to and fro in sole quest of wealth; but at other times and in other places she relaxes her brow, and though the wheels of her car run no less eagerly, they whirl to a lighter measure, and the song they sing seems not so much to be "Time is money" as "Time is pleasure."

The serious face is not so wholly doffed at Piccadilly Circus as it is on Summer afternoons at Hyde Park Corner; but compared with the expression worn by the Lady of Blending Thoroughfares at the Mansion House, for example, the face of the Piccadilly Deity is that of a gay and lively damozel indeed. Eastward her car of state is often the lumbering dray; here at this centre of west-end life she presides over smart equipages, and an endless stream of hurrying hansoms, occupied for the most part by people who are outwardly fair to look upon. The dust and grime of "money-making" is little in evidence here, "money made" (real or supposed) is the more obvious suggestion.

Every part of the metropolis has its peculiar note, could one but catch it, and the note of Piccadilly Circus is perhaps the lightest of them all, though it is of a strange complexity. The place itself is complex. It is not exactly club-land, nor is it wholly stage-land, nor shop-land, nor book-land, but there is about it a *soupeçon*, and perhaps, in some cases, a little more than a *soupeçon* of all these, and at "the Circus" the people who represent these vast and varied regions seem to find a common focus; not that they make the place a definite resort, but merely that upon it converge so many avenues leading to the quarters in question. There is no denying it, the tone of Piccadilly Circus is strangely compounded of smartness and Bohemianism; call it smart Bohemianism if you will.

But it would be rash to call it wholly smart. There are certain Bohemians who pitch their camp on the wide landing places in the centre of the circus, to whom smartness (as interpreted by "the smart") is unknown, and to whom, if certain pictorial authorities are to be believed, it is anathema. We have had portrayed for us the awful fate of the flower-girl who tried to adopt a natty and saucy costume, and really, when one looks with awe at the terrible get-up of the by no means worshipful company of flower-girls congregated at the Circus, one feels inclined to believe it true that the society must have sworn some awful oath never to suffer one of their number to sin against the regulation costume.

Nothing short of a general taboo could keep women, some of them at least, in such depths of bad taste. And this, too, in defiance of their calling, the most humanising and refining, one would fancy, that could exist. But alas, the fragrant and dainty blossoms preach in vain to the vendors; the flower-girl remains hardened in tenacious adoration of slatternly attire and the "at and feathers," her tribal fetish.

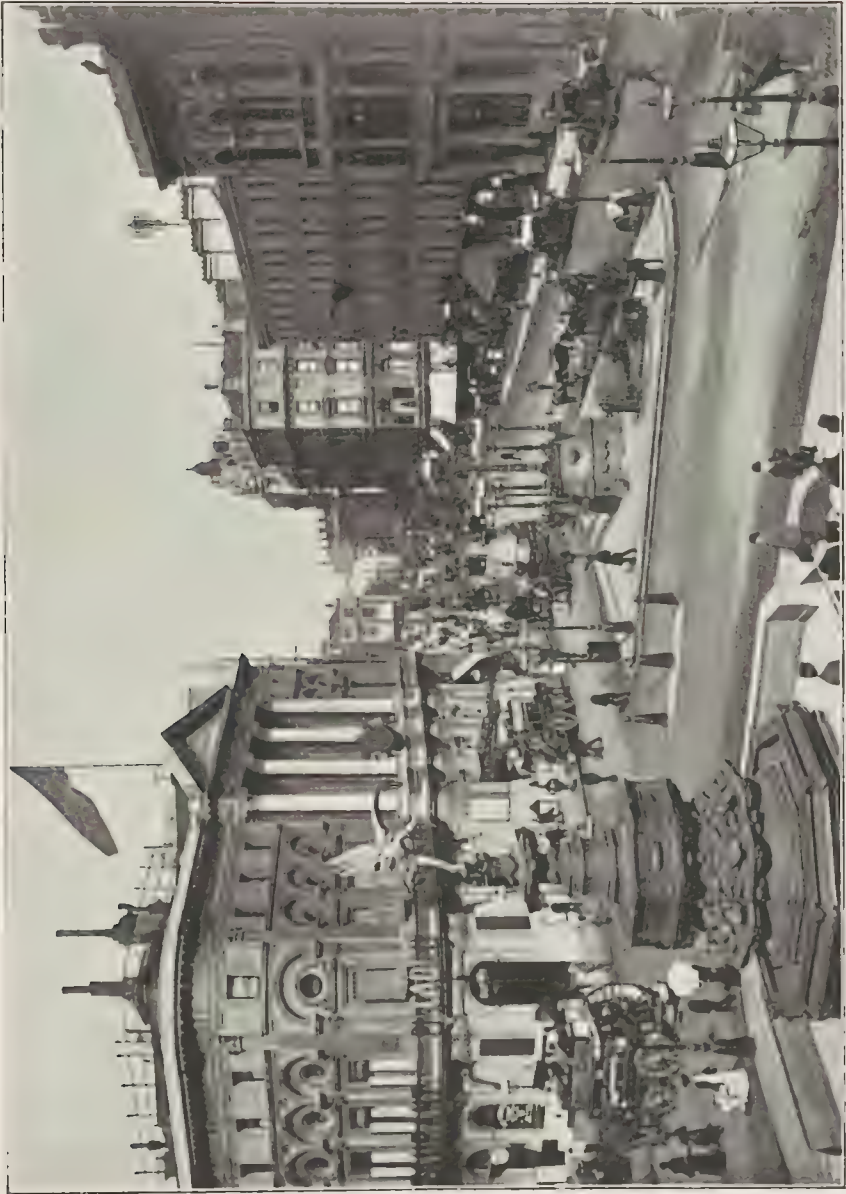
Yet the flower-girl has one redeeming gift—she can twine a pretty button-hole, so perhaps her sweet wares have not wholly failed to influence her; though business considerations have doubtless been her chief teachers. What a pity she cannot see that dress reform would also encourage customers! But the adoption of the measure would need either to be unanimous or by a sweeping majority. Otherwise there would be war in the camp, and a Battle of—Flower-girls.

The Circus is always crowded, but every time of day has its own peculiar throng. In late afternoon fair devotees of shopping crowd the pavement at the Piccadilly and Regent Street corners, in eager quest of 'buses to bear them westward to the social duties that have yet to be faced. It is pleasant, at such an hour, to peep into the tea-shops and note the chattering crowd of women and girls, making merry over the cup that womanhood adores, and that woman alone can prepare in fullest perfection. One such resort, perhaps the daintiest of them all, I love to visit after a St. James's matinée. There is only one drawback to the delight of the place, the melancholy fact that between four and five o'clock a man feels somewhat isolated, for his own kind are few and far between in this particular retreat.

Talking of matinées, women, and Piccadilly tea-places, there rises before me a vision of an afternoon not so very long gone by. It was during the life of the late lamented *Guy Domville*, a gentleman who had the honour of drawing together as delightful a concourse of women as ever graced a morning performance. There was something peculiarly refreshing in that Wednesday afternoon gathering. The play (or was it the player?) seemed to have attracted just the audience that could best bear with its peculiarities. Perhaps all did not understand it, but the gentle refinement of the piece found a corresponding gentle refinement in the woman who did, on that afternoon, go to see it: a wonderful sympathetic wave of feeling prevailed the house. It was the only mid-week matinée ventured upon during *Guy Domville's* brief career, but the experiment resulted in producing a unique audience for a unique play.

In that tea pagoda, at an upper window, I dreamed it all over again till darkness descended on the city and Piccadilly began to burn with lights innumerable. At night the Circus is a wonder of light and shade: approach it by 'bus from the Quadrant if you would get the effect at its best. Down the middle of Regent Street trickles a stream of coloured light, red and green, the hind lights of the hansoms on the rank. This the eye follows till the Circus breaks on the view in a misty glamour of gas and electricity. The Pavilion shimmers and glistens in the extreme back-ground, flash-light advertisements tease the eye at every corner, and vehicle lamps flit across the open like a myriad fire-flies. At length comes the final bewilderment, when the greatest centre of illumination becomes visible round the extremity of the Quadrant, and the other glories of the place are dimmed beside the four great arc-lamps that accentuate, if they do not enhance, the ghostly whiteness of the Criterion.

JOHN A' DREAMS.



THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, LONDON.



# MARCO BASAITI.

OF the numerous pupils and followers of Giovanni Bellini scarcely more than the names of the majority have come down to us. Modern critics have boldly ascribed pictures to names, and attached names to pictures with assurance, but rival critics have been equally ready to demolish the claims thus arbitrarily put forward. Marco Basaiti has fared, perhaps, a trifle better than some of his contemporaries, and although we know next to nothing of his life, there is some ground for attributing to him pictures which have furnished the key to other works, of which the authorship had for many generations been forgotten. Basaiti was said by some to have been born at Venice, of Greek parents, by others to have been a native of Trieste, and to have entered Bellini's studio about the same time as Cima da Conegliano. Like his fellow-pupil he extended the scope of his master's work; and almost without intention or effort, takes his place as one of the earliest landscape painters of the Venetian school.

Another tradition is that Basaiti, or Basarini, or Bassiti — for so his name is variously given — was the pupil of Vivarini, whose style he often recalls by a certain stiffness of drapery and realistic severity; and certainly one of the few glimpses we catch of him is when he was working at the "Enthronement of St. Ambrose," a large altar-piece undertaken by Vivarini for the Church of the Frari at Venice. This picture, left unfinished by Vivarini, was completed about 1505 by Basaiti. Possibly, in working out the original artist's design, he may have thought it right to conform to the spirit of his master; at any rate, in two other well-authenticated works—the "Dead Christ" in the Venice Academy, and a "Pietà" at the Berlin Gallery—we find him wholly imbued with the manner and traditions of Bellini.

Where he was working between 1510 and 1515 is not known, and the solution of this question might throw some light on the striking development of his talent and style. To the former year may be ascribed with some pretension to accuracy the picture of "The Agony in the Garden," now in the Venice Academy. In the foreground are the disciples asleep under the shadow of a high rock, on which Christ is represented praying beneath a leafless tree, standing out in solemn relief against the evening sky. In the background are the castellated walls of Jerusalem, whilst in curious contrast with the earnestness and imaginativeness of the work, a painted lamp hangs down from the top of the picture over the head of the kneeling Christ.

Five years later he painted the "Sons of Zebedee," now

in the Belvedere at Vienna—a work of singular beauty in design, which gave Basaiti the opportunity of painting an exquisite study of the lake of Friuli, the mountains filling up the background with careful adherence to accurate truth. The distribution of light in this picture is not so dramatic as in the Garden scene, but it presents a far higher appreciation of atmospheric effect. In this respect he was in thorough sympathy with his friend and contemporary Cima da Conegliano, and doubtless this love for the Friuli country, which both displayed, induced later writers upon Venetian art to assign the same birth-place to both artists.

In our National Gallery two specimens of Basaiti's work are to be seen—a "Madonna and Child," and a "St. Jerome in the Desert." In both the artist has found occasion to introduce interesting landscape backgrounds; and in the first-named (No. 599 in our Gallery)—which is known as the "Madonna of the Meadow," the exquisite purity of the colour is its principal characteristic. In the background are goats and cattle, with a convent on a hill and mountains in the distance. On the left is an eagle perched on a leafless tree, watching a contest between a stork and a snake. The "St. Jerome in the Desert" (No. 281), although a much smaller work, introduces a delicately-painted landscape, which Mr. Gilbert identifies as Serravalle, a small fortified town on the slopes of the mountain, bathed in the clearest morning light. It was a common habit with the older masters to consign their saints and anchorites to the hill country. "The idea of retirement from the world," says Mr. Ruskin, "gave to mountain solitude at once a sanctity and a terror in the mediæval mind . . . and thousands of hearts which might otherwise have felt that there was loveliness in the wild landscape, shrank from it in dread, because they knew that the monk retired to it for penance, and the hermit for contemplation."

Basaiti painted a few portraits, and those that have been discovered are of the finest quality, both in colour and modelling, as the one reproduced on the present occasion fully testifies. It is probably the portrait of a Venetian nobleman, on whom the artist has bestowed the most careful attention without detracting from the ease and nobility of the figure. True to his love of landscape, he has given a glimpse of the open country through the window, and thereby throws light and air into his picture.

Nothing is known of Basaiti's death—but the last picture signed with his name bears the date of 1521, and it is therefore assumed that he died at a comparatively early age, but leaving behind him a sufficient number of works to give him a prominent place among the Venetian painters of the sixteenth century.





PORTRAIT OF A NOBLE, BY  
MARCO BASAITI, NOW BEING  
EXHIBITED AT THE NEW  
GALLERY. REPRODUCED BY  
KIND PERMISSION OF MRS.  
R. H. BENSON.



GREAT pianists vary as much as the instruments on which they perform, and, like the pianofortes, they have each their own circle of admirers. This is just as well, perhaps, considering the number of those who would claim the adjective "great."

The sixteen which we have selected for portraits in our supplement have been chosen as representative of widely divergent methods. No one would think of comparing the stately art of Sir Charles Hallé with the emotional fervour of M. Vladimir de Pachmann, or the strict scholarship of Madame Schumann with the joyful art of Mademoiselle Kleeberg. There are a dozen names, at least, which are missing from our present list, but which, it is hoped, on some future occasion to notice. A pianist is not quite like a poet, for although there may be inborn genius, yet a great deal depends on the way in which that talent is directed. Arduous years of study, often forgotten in one hour of triumph by listeners; thousands of hours spent in practice under all manner of distractions; lessons learned (and unlearned) from great masters all over Europe; all these result in a great pianist—sometimes. The world may possess at the present time a hundred such, but it knows only about twenty-five. Flowery biographies may prepare us for the arrival of geniuses every season; they are always "coming" pianists, few arrive. Madame Clara Schumann, at the age of seventy-five, may be considered the *doyen* of her profession, but to-day we have ceased to expect to hear any more in London her exquisite playing, and have to be content with the art of her distinguished pupils. Her face, so placid, so refined, needs no portrait to recall to us, who have heard her, the magic of her skill. It seems but yesterday, although it is nine years ago, when that gentle figure in black walked modestly on to the platform of St. James's Hall amid the plaudits of thousands, and sat down to the pianoforte. Removing her black mittens, with which she lightly flicked the keynotes—one of her few mannerisms—Madame Schumann immediately put us on intimate terms with the grand compositions linked with her husband's name. All those undercurrents, which can be heard alone by those who list with ear intent, seemed revealed as she made the piano sing to us. When we hear Mr. Leonard Borwick at his best, it seems as though the curtain which hides Madame Schumann from sight were partially withdrawn. There is the same high ideal, the same earnest desire to interpret

what the composer wrote, rather than to vainly stamp pronounced individuality upon the rendering. There is room for congratulation in the generally lofty ideal which is set before the minds of our great pianists. Little of what old Vogt, the organist, called "giving sops to the public," now fortunately is known at classical concerts.

Miss Agnes Zimmermann has been, among players, very much what Miss Liza Lehmann was among vocalists; she has endeavoured to direct attention to the beautiful works which, from one cause or another, have dropped into desuetude. Many a gem has been thus rescued and re-set, thanks to Miss Zimmermann. Lately, London has been enjoying Monsieur Emil Sauer's playing—the very antithesis of the style, say, of Monsieur Sapelnikoff. "Whatever you are, be interesting," was the advice of an elderly politician to a younger man; and the advice might hold good for pianists. M. Sauer is essentially interesting. He has ideas, sometimes rather sudden gifts; but his ability is undeniable, and even a muffin-man proves an unequal rival! After hearing him, one should have a course of Miss Fanny Davies or Mademoiselle Natalie Janotha, as a sedative. Both these ladies know their *métier*, and rarely drift beyond it. Then one might afterwards be prepared to listen to Monsieur Paderewski with positive enthusiasm, for there is no doubt as to the famous Pole's power to delight. One forgets all things and places (including Torquay!) under the charm of his playing, for it is more than the mere manipulation of the key-board, it is art. Young though he be, Mr. Frederick Dawson is steadily proving his right to be considered a pianist of high rank. Monsieur Josef Hofmann has progressed far from the point reached by him as a juvenile prodigy and now needs no extrinsic recommendation. For sheer intellectuality one must award the palm to Madame Sophie Menter, whose reputation is European. Madame Haas has lately been with us, playing with all her accustomed taste at the Popular Concerts. Mr. Santley long ago recognized the responsible position of an accompanist to make or mar a song, and accordingly he founded a scholarship for accompanists. They have been often overlooked, but now they seem to be "coming to their own again." Mr. Henry R. Bird is one of the finest examples of the "complete accompanist." He has an unusual knowledge of composers and their works, and just as comprehensive is his acquaintance with the various styles affected by vocalists of the day. Consequently, Mr. Bird's accompaniments are exquisite, and the public are as grateful to him as the singers whose success he assists.

D. WILLIAMSON.

## Kings and Queens of the Keyboard.



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co., Regent St., W.

MONSIEUR IGNACE JAN  
PADEREWSKI.

Born on Nov. 6, 1860, at Padolia, in Russian Poland, he began to play when three years old. For four years he studied under a local teacher, Pierre Sovinski, till 1872, when he went to Warsaw for further training. He made a tour through Russia, Siberia, and Roumania, playing only his own compositions. Was appointed in 1878 Professor of Music in Warsaw Conservatoire, and, six years later, went to Strasburg in the same capacity. But he quickly decided to be a virtuoso, and, after more instruction in Vienna, he made his debut in 1887. Two years afterwards his playing excited the Parisians, and on May 9, 1890, he appeared at St. James's Hall, under Mr. Daniel Mayer's direction, with extraordinary success. The following year he paid his first visit to America. He is remarkable not only for his wonderful playing, but also for several beautiful works. A rare quality he possesses in being an excellent listener to other pianists' playing. He married at the age of nineteen, but is now a widower with one son.





Photo by G. F. Yates, Sheffield.

MR. FREDERICK DAWSON.

Born in Leeds, July 16, 1858, he received his first musical tuition from his father, Mr. William Dawson. Made his first public appearance at the age of seven, playing Mozart's Sonata in D. When ten years old he knew Bach's Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues by memory. To Mr. Edward Dannreuther he owes much of his musical knowledge, and from the late Anton Rubinstein he received warm encouragement. All over England he has quickly acquired a high reputation. Mr. Dawson is a Professor at the Royal Manchester College of Mus.c.



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co., Regent St., W.

MADAME SCHUMANN.

Clara, daughter of Friedrich Wieck, was born, seventy-five years ago, in Leipzig. She appeared at a "Gewandhaus" concert at the age of twelve, and thereafter her career has been a succession of successes. She married in 1840 the composer, Robert Schumann, who died in 1856. On her visits—the last in 1886—to this country she has always been greeted with great enthusiasm. For some years she taught at the Frankfurt Conservatoire, and a few of her pupils have come to fame. The works of her husband, Chopin, and Beethoven, draw forth her finest playing.



Photo by Elliott & Fry, Baker St., W

MISS FANNY DAVIES.

Born in Guernsey, she was taken during infancy to Birmingham, which became her home. When scarcely three she played little duets by ear with her aunt, and in her seventh year, at a bazaar in the Town Hall, performed Beethoven's "Funeral March" Sonata, without octaves, her hands being too small to stretch them. In 1882 she went to Leipzig for a year, receiving lessons from Reinecke and others, and then proceeded to Frankfort to study two years under Madame Schumann. Returning to England in 1885 she successfully appeared at the Crystal Palace, and since 1888 has made several Continental tours.





MISS AGNES ZIMMERMANN.

Born in Cologne, came to England, and at the Royal Academy of Music studied under Dr. Sieggall, Herr Pauer, and Sir George Macfarren, her debut at the Continent. Her first sonatas and piano solos rarely



Photo by Elliott & Fry, Baker St., W.

MADAME ALMA HAAS.

*Fraulein Holländer was born in Ratibon, Jan. 31, 1847. When fourteen played at an orchestral concert in Breslau, and was then sent to Berlin to study for six years under Theo (or Kullak). She made her debut in 1868 in Leipzig, and was very successful throughout Germany. Coming to London in 1870, she, two years afterwards, married Dr. Ernst Haas, of the British Museum. On his death, in 1882, Madame Haas actively resumed her profession. She has often appeared at the Popular Concerts, and has been exceedingly well received in Scotland.*



Photo by Darrauds, Ball St., Liverpool.

SIR CHARLES HALLÉ.

Born in 1819, at Hagen, in Westphalia, the son of an organist. First taught by his mother, and made his debut in the little town when four years old. Studied under Rink, Gottfried Weber, and Kalkbrenner. Settling in Paris, he played at the Conservatoire, and in 1846 organised a series of chamber concerts. When the Revolution broke out he came to London, and was soon attracted to Manchester, where he started orchestral concerts which have been a remarkable success. He was knighted in 1888, and in the same year married Madame Norman-Neruda, the distinguished violinist. His son is Mr. C. E. Hallé, the artist. Sir Charles is the Director of the College of Music at Manchester.



MONSIEUR VLADIMIR DE PACHMAN



Photo by Elliott & Fry, Baker St., W.

MONSIEUR VLADIMIR DE  
PACHMAN

Born July 27, 1848, at Odessa, where his father, a musical amateur, was a professor at the University. He was his son's first teacher. When eighteen he came to London under Professor Dachs. Returning in 1869 he gave his debut, but, dissatisfied with himself, would not reappear for eight years. After another essay in Germany he retired for two more years. He then appeared in Vienna and Paris, acquiring special reputation as a Chopin interpreter. Mr. Ganz introduced him to London, when he played Beethoven's Concerto in May, 1882. He married his pupil, Miss Maggie Okey, in 1884.



Photo by Elliott & Fry, Baker St., W.

MR. LEONARD BORWICK.

Born at Walthamstow, Feb. 26, 1868. Was at school at Blackheath until 1884, during which time he studied the piano under Mr. Henry K. Bird. He entered Frankfort Conservatoire, and received lessons from Madame Clara Schumann for six years. Made his first appearance in London in Frankfort, playing Beethoven's Concerto in E. His first appearance in London was at a Philharmonic Concert, May 8, 1890, when he played Schumann's Concerto. He had the honour of rendering Brahms' Concerto in D-minor in Vienna in 1891, when the composer was present. With Mr. Planbet Greene he has given many delightful recitals. He has a modest and pleasing personality.



Photo by Elliott & Fry, Baker St., W.

MADemoiselle NATHALIE  
JANOTHA.

The grand-daughter of an abbot, she was born in Warsaw. While her mother was teaching a child the piano, Nathalie listened and learned, so that her progress astonished her. At the age of twelve she gave a recital to gain money for a monument to a national poet. She was, as the result of her success, sent to Berlin, where she became Dr. Joachim's first pupil at his famous school. Under Madame Schumann's kind encouragement she soon gained fame and played at the Court Concerts. Fourteen years ago she first appeared in London. She has set to music a cycle of songs by Tennyson.





Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co., Regent St., W.

MONSIEUR JOSEF HOFMANN.

Born at Warsaw, June 20, 1877, he received instruction from his father, a pianoforte professor at the Conservatoire. He played in public at six (thus calling to mind the childhood of Mozart), and reached London in June, 1897, where his success was immediate. The same month he played before a Philharmonic audience Beethoven's first Concerto. The following winter Hofmann toured in America, and then returned to complete his education. After studying three years under Rubinstein he reappeared at Hamburg in March, 1894, and subsequently visited London.



Photo by Elliott & Fry, Baker St., W.

M. SAPELLNIKOFF.

Born at Odessa, October, 1868, he was early taught the violin by his father, conductor of the town band. When twelve he played before Rudansky, who advised he should learn the piano. At the cost of his native town he was sent to the St. Petersburg Conservatoire, and studied two years under Brassin. Subsequently he was three years a pupil of Madame Sophie Menier, going to her residence, Castle Ilter (in the Tyrol), each summer. As a pianist he made his debut at Hamburg in 1888, and has successfully visited all the principal European musical centres.



Photo by Elliott & Fry, 35, Baker St., W.

MADAME SOPHIE MENTER.

Is the daughter of Joseph Menter, a distinguished Austrian violoncellist. Born in Munich in July, 1848, she began musical studies at the age of eight under her mother. At eleven Professor Veit became her instructor. In 1868 she met Tausig, who offered to superintend her further education. A series of concert tours, Germany, Holland, and Austria, sufficed to securely establish her reputation. In Vienna she made the acquaintance of Liszt, who wrote enthusiastically of her phenomenal talents. Her career has since been one of unbroken triumph. She was first heard in London in 1881.





Photo by H. and R. Sijles, Kensington High St., W.

MR. HENRY RICHARD BIRD.

The son of the late Mr. George Bird, who was organist for 60 years of Walthamstow Parish Church, he became, when eight years old, organist of St. John's, Walthamstow. The vicar, Dr. Barkworth, generously encouraged his talent by placing him under the guidance of Mr. Turle, organist of Westminster Abbey. Mr. Bird has been organist of St. Mark's, Pentonville, of Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, of St. Gabriel's, Pimlico, and, since 1872, of St. Mary Abbots, Kensington. Always fond of the piano, it was his skilful accompaniment of Mr. Plunket Greene's singing of Korba's songs that showed the public what a fine accompanist he was. At the Monday and Saturday "Pops," Mr. Bird has since filled this position with growing appreciation.



Photo by Elliott & Fry, 55, Baker St., W.

MADemoisELLE CLOTILDE  
KLEEBERG.

Born, of German parentage, in Paris on June 27, 1869. At the age of nine she could play Mozart's sonatas; when ten she entered the class of Madame Réty at the Paris Conservatoire, after studying with Madame Macon. She received the first medal, and afterwards—for the first time in thirty years—she, a student aged twelve, was awarded the first prize in Madame Massart's finishing class. She played Beethoven's Concerto in C minor at her debut in 1878, at M. Pasdeloup's Concert in the Cirque d'Hiver, Paris. In 1883 she appeared at the "Pops," where she is always sure of a warm welcome. She has played at Dr. Richter's Philharmonic Concerts, and in most European musical centres. Hans von Bülow called her "a second Madame Schumann."



Photo by H. S. Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

M. EMIL SAUER.

Born at Hamburg on Oct. 8, 1862, he was first taught the piano by his mother; after Anton Rubinstein had heard him play he was sent as pupil to Nicholas Rubinstein. At the age of sixteen he was enabled, by the stipendium awarded to him by his teacher, to study further at Moscow. He made his debut in his native town in 1881, after which he toured through North Germany. In 1887 he visited Liszt, and received from him many valuable hints. He next played before the German Emperor and the Austrian Emperor, and—a fact not generally known—gave two Court Concerts in 1893 before the Sultan of Turkey. His visit to England in 1894 was wonderfully successful. Emil Sauer might be described as the "Troubadour of the Piano."



# The Album

*A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.*

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 11.

APRIL 15, 1895.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post 6d



*Photo by Devereux, Howe.*

LADY EDEN.



# THE PRINCE OF WALES AS A DEER-STALKER.

**B**ALMORAL was selected for purchase by the late Prince Consort, a keen deer-stalker, mainly on account of the stalking facilities it afforded. It is situated in the heart of the best deer country, being in the group of twenty or more well-known forests adjoining each other, and extending without a break into the five counties, meeting under the towering tops of Ben-Macdhui and Lochnagar. This extensive stretch of ground runs from the forest of Glentana, belonging to Sir W. Cunliffe Brooks, on the East, to that of Glenfeshie, belonging to Sir George Macpherson Grant on the West, and from the Duke of Athole's forest on the South to the Countess of Seafield's Abernethy forest on the North. Surrounded in this way by extensive deer ground, the Balmoral shootings are more famous for deer and roe than for grouse. The whole extent consists of about 30,000 acres, of which two-thirds belong to the Queen, the remaining third being leased by Her Majesty from the representatives of a neighbouring proprietor.

On the four divisions of the shooting, Balmoral Proper, Ballochbuie, Abergeldie, and Whitemonth, there is sufficient stalking ground for three rifles, each, of course, on separate beats, and, without injury to the shooting, a fair amount of deer-driving can be enjoyed.

The Prince of Wales is as attached to deer-stalking as was the late Prince Consort, and his autumn visits to Scotland of recent years have been entirely devoted to that sport. He is able to pursue it, not only on Balmoral and the three adjoining grounds in Royal occupation, but also, by invitation, on the neighbouring deer forests of Mar, belonging to the Duke of Fife, Glenmuick, leased by Sir Algernon Borthwick, Bart., and Invercauld, the property of Colonel Farquharson.

There is, therefore, a very large extent of country at the disposal of the Prince for deer-stalking or deer-driving purposes every autumn. Mar, one of the two largest forests in North Britain, alone extends to over 80,000 acres of cleared ground. It is an excellent place for driving, which is engaged in on an extensive scale every autumn, in a manner that could not perhaps be possible in any other Northern forest.

Grouse are not very numerous on Balmoral, though the moderate bags obtainable are sufficient for the supply of the Royal table. The Prince has therefore no great inducement to go North for the opening weeks of the grouse-shooting season. He usually spends some time in August at a Continental watering-place, reserving himself for deer and grouse driving in September.

Driving is his favourite mode of killing deer. It of

course occasions less fatigue and trouble in a forest than the more arduous form of pursuing stags by stalking. Further, it affords sport to a much larger party than could possibly be accommodated with separate beats for each rifle even in the larger forests. Rifles are posted at the various passes, all equally taking part in the excitement of the sport; for there can be no absolute certainty as to the course that may be taken by the driven herd.

Driving in such a forest as Mar is by no means so luxurious an amusement as some people might suppose. Where several drives occur during the course of the day's sport, there is probably a fair amount of walking to be faced, and that upon very uneven and difficult ground. The concealed sportsmen may have long waits, too, severely trying to the patience, particularly during cold or rainy weather. When the deer at last appear within shot, good marksmanship is demanded, and quick decision in singling out the finest antlers, which require steady nerves and straight powder to bring them low, during the few moments of supreme excitement while the stags are within range.

Deer-stalking, again, as distinguished from driving, demands great strength of lung and limb as well as considerable skill in the stalker. Skill is requisite in planning the stalk, and strength is called for in carrying out the line of attack decided upon. Unless the locality is well known to the stalker, the services of a trained forester are absolutely necessary to any measure of success. His advice is found invaluable as to the best procedure at the start, and his directions have to be implicitly followed if good heads are to be secured.

Years ago the Prince of Wales was an excellent and enthusiastic stalker, and by skilful circumvention, many a good stag has been brought down to his rifle on the Balmoral ground. Of late years, however, His Royal Highness has done more driving than stalking, preferring the modern fashion to the older system, described so well by Scrope and St. John in their famous works.

After the day's driving is over, the stags slain are carried by the gillies to the lodge, and laid out in front for examination and exhibition. Torches are lighted and "mountain dew" is consumed, as the Royal party come upon the scene to have a final look at the noble beasts they have shot. The tines are once more counted and the heads examined. Not improbably the gillies, filled with enthusiasm and a fair supply of what Paddy calls "the craythur," wind up the day's proceedings with a "Hoolachan," to the skirl of the bag-pipes. So concludes a day's Royal deer-driving at New Mar Lodge. On one such day the Prince brought down the nineteen-stone stag reproduced on the opposite page.

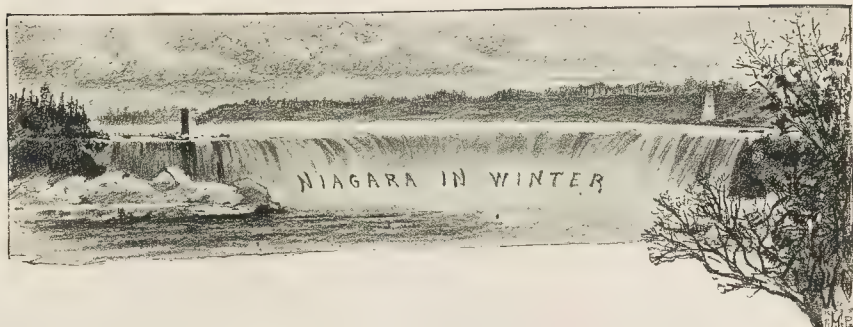
E. G. M.



*Photo by W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES WITH A  
NINETEEN-STONE STAG SHOT IN THE  
FOREST OF MAR.





THE North King, with his icy chains and wintry blasts, has once more subdued the great and rushing Niagara. Some years the struggle is so fierce between the opposing forces of nature, that the roaring torrent and plunging cataract are victors, and will not be subdued. But the winter of 1895 has conquered, and the river, for the past two weeks, has been in the tight embrace of snow and ice, girt round by the most gorgeous of glacial scenery on which artists have feasted their eyes, and which tourists have come from all over the world to view. Niagara in winter, and especially as she stands to-day, is one of the grandest scenic representations of a northern winter. There is that peculiar feature of this ice scenery, that it is never two seasons alike. The strange and fanciful combinations formed by snow and mist, are as changeable as the most whimsical and variable 19th century girl. New charms, new features, are constantly unfolding themselves in the beautiful winter picture, and each hour adds to the bewitching sight. The loveliness of the scene in Prospect Park recalls the lines from Lowell:—

"Every pine, and fir, and hemlock,  
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,  
And the poorest twig on the elm tree,  
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl."

The words from Pope:—"Now hung with pearls the drooping trees appear," are inadequate to paint in words the delicate tracings, the intricate character of which eclipses the triumphs of the lacemaker's art. The frost and spray are forming odd, dainty designs, with subtle groupings and curves, fine and almost invisible lines. Looking back into the park from Prospect Point, the forest is one of marble. There are stately columns upon terraced bases, rising and supporting castellated roofs, above which are towering domes and spires. The view of it all is entrancing. Emerson has called it "The frolic architecture of the snow," but it is more than that. It is the magnificent conception of the Artist of the universe. It is the most imposing and sublime creation of the Master's hand. Following on the heels of the cold wave, came the blizzard, and the mighty transformation began. The scenery assumed the massive character shown in some of the pictures. From below in the gorge, the sight as one looks up the ice mountain reminds one of the lines from Whittier, in "Snow Bound":—

"A universe of sky and snow!  
The old familiar sights of ours  
Took marvellous shapes; strange domes and towers  
Rose up . . . ."

The monster ice mountain takes on new additions daily, and is making prodigious strides toward the top of the bank. It is now over 125 feet high, and forms a miniature Alpine height for the tourist to explore. Alpenstocks and climbing shoes are essential to the successful scaling of the glassy height. The ice mountain this year has assumed a shape never before seen. A projection shoots right into the heart of the American falls, and connects with the other monstrous slopes which have formed on the talus at the foot of the falls. These gigantic ice formations have quite encircled the American falls until they are completely muzzled. From Goat Island to Luna Island, the falls are entirely hidden from view, and one of the ice mounds has almost reached the top of the bank. The Horseshoe falls from Goat Island to the centre where the horseshoe commences to manifest itself are all frozen over, and magnificent and imposing stalactites have formed, giving the appearance of a monster cavern from underneath. Below the formations a massive ice projection, from which hang countless huge icicles, shoots into the river. The scene from Table Rock is enchanting. One is almost spell-bound as one beholds the sight. Startling, glistening white on the trees and banks above, while "the whole imprisoned river growls below," bounded by its wonderful ice caverns. The banks are hung with a scintillating fringe of icicles, whose brilliant colours shame the rainbows. Rising, enshrouding, half revealing and half hiding the beauties of the whole, is the constant ghost of spray that rises always from Niagara's unfathomed grave. The effect of all these monster formations is to dwarf the height and grandeur of the falls. Above the falls the ice has frozen down from Bath Island to Blackbird and Robinson's Islands to the very brink of the falls. Two of the Reservation guides of the American side walked down there recently. This is the only time this has happened since the fifties, when a man drove down to the very brink of the falls in his cutter. Everyone is waiting for an ice bridge now, and all the conditions point to the formation of a monster one. Then the tobogganing and coasting will begin on the ice mountain. The sport of travelling on skeis was introduced here this winter by some Danes, and these long runners are not an uncommon sight on the streets.

W. E. TUTTLE.

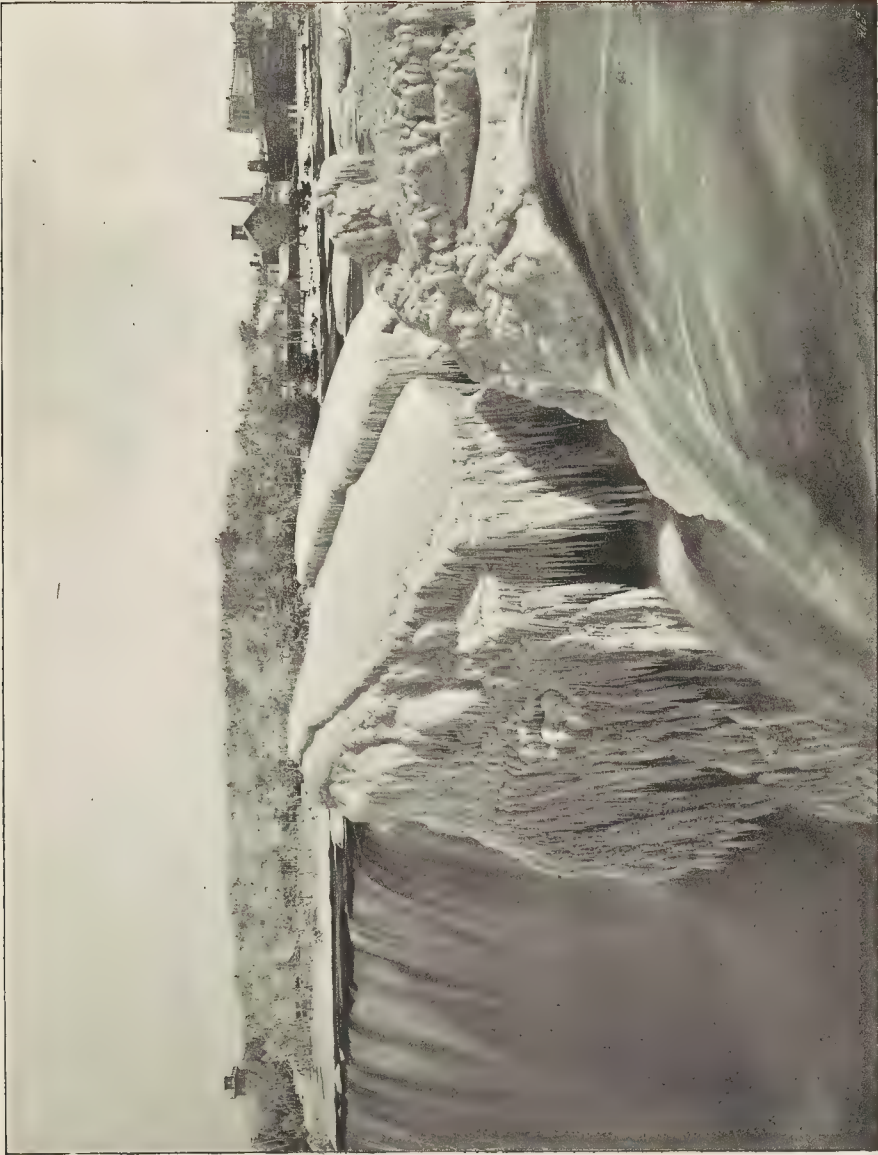


Photo by R. Frith & Co., Niagara.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA  
IN WINTER.





WHO was it that said we have all several talents and one taste? I forget; but am reminded of the truism in recalling Lady Cadogan's different gifts and special devotion to music. Of Lord Craven's daughters, it used to be said, that the second one was chief votary of St. Cecilia, and some time after Lady Beatrix's marriage with Lord Cadogan, the splendid music-room was built on to Chelsea House, in which most world-famous stars have at one time or another since been applauded. It is not only for private entertainments that this stately chamber has been always used, for Lady Cadogan is generosity itself in all things, as well as that which touches the sympathetic subject of music, and I have known her lend her beautiful house for the artists' afternoon concert, though Royalty itself was expected to dinner in the evening. Apropos of Royal Personages, Lady Cadogan is one of those favoured hostesses within whose hospitable walls many potentates who visit the English Court are nobly entertained. There is always an originality about gatherings at Chelsea House, which much assists the success that invariably attends them. As a case in point, let me offer this little incident. One very hot day during the height of the season, the Prince and Princess of Wales were dining at Chelsea House, and in the afternoon a curious-minded caller asked what the table was to look like. Extreme elaboration and masses of contrasting colour were the moment's mode in schemes of dinner decorations. So, when "pure white" was returned in answer, a measure of much interest showed on several faces, finally resulting in a pre-prandial visit to the dining-room. It was a "lily table," and, as Lady Cadogan had said, without a spot of colour. Every sort and condition of lily—Lent, Nile, Japanese, and so on, through all its horticultural cousinships, even to the tiny flower "of the valley," was represented separately grouped in huge silver bowls. A very vision of coolness and delight on a sultry summer evening. Lady Cadogan's educated taste in architectural effects has had something to do with those picturesque erections in red brick by which Lord Cadogan has reclaimed a considerable part of Belgravia from Georgian perpetrations in stone or stucco. Babraham Hall, one of their country seats, is set down in one of the loveliest

bits in Cambridgeshire, and Culford, where Lady Cadogan spends as much as possible of her time, is one's ideal of that most excellent thing, a fine old English country house.

This summer Society will be rich in the number of its beautiful *débutantes*. Besides the girls mentioned last week, lovely Lady Ormonde's daughter will add lustre to the list of newcomers. How doubly dear those dazzling days of one's first "coming out" seem in retrospection. I always envy the *débutante* her May and June and first July from my heart. So many others follow when the glamour is gone and the peach quite bloomless. Amongst sweet girl graduates of the great world, few are better bestowed in their surroundings than Lady Beatrice Butler. She is just eighteen and was privately presented to the Queen, and received affectionately, before Her Majesty's journey South. Lady Beatrice is also a first favourite with her grandfather, the Duke of Westminster, who has already expressed himself on the subject of some forthcoming gaieties at Grosvenor House on her account.

The Gallery Club, which is nothing if not smart, has been wont to extend but few of its sedately, select hospitalities to members' sisters, cousins, and occasional aunts. The Spirit of the Times is imperatively sexless, however, and flutters its wings about the ears of most Conservative Committee Councils. As a result of this agitation, no doubt, a Ladies' Sunday Evening was lately proposed, inaugurated, and attended with ardour, even in the face—or rather fumes—of the masculine cigarette. The experimental occasion was, in fact, so successful, that I rejoice to hear it will be continued. The Grafton Galleries, where the Club holds its meetings, are a lasting joy to wander through, and of many clubs that have gone off or gone down, the Gallery keeps its unquestioned prestige unquestionably.

There has been a discussion going on in the boudoirs, lately, as to the advisability of introducing, and the pros and cons of this vexed question have been warmly argued. Personally, in the face of being considered "insular" even, I think things are better as they are. The number of people who go everywhere and do everything, yearly increases, and anyone in Society can scarcely go to a large gathering without knowing some of those present. If it be otherwise, he or she is clearly an outsider, to use paddock parlance for once. In this age of pushing persons, those who wish to choose their friends are naturally slow in making indiscriminate acquaintances, and the habit, which still mercifully obtains in good houses, of not introducing at large gatherings, is their best defence from the enterprising. Those who are best worth knowing are generally the slowest to be known. With which horrid bit of worldly wisdom let me close this unamiable paragraph. VERA.





*Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.*

THE COUNTESS CADOGAN,



AT Ludgate Hill the stream of London life may be likened to a cataract, a cataract, moreover, that would please the Irishman who was disappointed with Niagara, for here the direction of the flood is twofold, up as well as down, and the Irishman craved the former.

To liken the street to a flood has a more than metaphorical appropriateness, as the contentious philologist would aver, for that arch-destroyer of traditions lays a brightening finger on Geoffrey of Monmouth's tale of the British King Lud, who erected a gate at this point (his majesty's name still clings to a place of refreshment under the railway bridge), and informs us that the name more probably arose from the Flood or Flud, a tributary of Fleet River; which sounds like a continuation of our parable.

Whichever way is right, certain it is that King Lud was in very early times associated in the popular mind with the gate, for on its reparation in 1260, the east side was ornamented with statues of that monarch and his two sons, who were afterwards honoured with an illustrious and fair companion, an effigy of Gloriana herself.

Though thus royally bedecked outside, however, the building of Ludgate was a shelter of much misery. From the fourteenth century it was a prison "only for debtors who are freemen of London," a class restriction which gave rise to the quaint remark that in Ludgate "poor citizens are confined and starved amidst copies of their freedom." So wrote a certain Thomas Browning, who was confined there. Browning was father to a quarto tract entitled "Prison Thoughts," published in prison by the author in 1682. It was, says Pennant, "a wretched prison for debtors"; and these unfortunates seem to have asked alms of passers-by, for the *Spectator* talks of "a voice bawling for charity at the grate."

The words sound like an odd parody on Lovelace's song of imprisoned Love bringing Althea amorously whispering to the prison window, and curiously enough Ludgate once witnessed just such an episode. There is a romantic tradition of "handsome Stephen Foster," Lord Mayor in 1454, begging at the grate of Ludgate, where he was confined for the usual reason. His plight attracted the sympathy of a rich widow, who paid the debt for which he had found Ludgate lodgings and subsequently married him. On this incident Rowley founded his comedy—the Widow of Cornhill, in which he alludes to the reforms and alterations in

Ludgate effected by Dame Agnes Foster and her husband's executors.

Mrs. S. Foster. But why remove the prisoners from Ludgate?

Stephen Foster. To take the prison down and build it new,  
With leads to walk on, chambers large and fair;  
For when myself lay there, the noxious air  
Choked up my spirits. None but captives, wife,  
Can know what captives feel.

This humane couple commemorated their romance by endeavouring to ameliorate the debtors' woes; and a copper plate thus recorded in doggerel rhyme the provision against the oppression of extortionate jailors—

For lodging and water prisoners here nought pay  
As their keepers shall all answer at dreadful doomes day.

The keepers' reckoning will be a long one, for the prison became "a place of great oppression."

In Ludgate Hill was the old Bell Savage Inn (the sign of which so puzzled the *Spectator*), famous as a place for players and various exhibitions. Entrance to the inn-yard was effected by paying "one penny at the gate, another at the entry of the scaffold, and a third for a quiet standing." Even in the early days of shows the practice of cumulative charging seems to have been understood. In the yard lived Grialing Gibbons, and in 1721 a certain Sam Briscoe, for whom was printed a curious little book, in the measure of Hudibras, entitled "The Delights of the Bottle, or the Compleat Vintner."

Publishers have held Ludgate Hill for generations. Near St. Paul's Churchyard lived Newbery, for whom Goldsmith used to edit the Public Ledger. Mercers, too, have long had their habitations here and in St. Paul's Churchyard: in Stow's time the place was famous for them, and one has only to climb the hill and note the character of the houses of business on either side, to see how the traditions of the spot are maintained.

A Ludgate Hill tradesman of another guild has been granted immortality by Steele. This was the witty Dick's proud shoemaker, who lived near *La Belle Sauvage*. So cheap did this worthy cobbler hold the exquisites of the time that he kept a wooden figure of a beau, who stood before him in a bending posture, humbly presenting him with awl or bristle, or whatsoever implement of his craft the tradesman chose to put into his hand. One wonders, did the beaux deny the cobbler patronage, or was the man a moral philosopher (as many a son of Crispin is), bent on teaching the gallant how much he owed to the humble awl and bristle? Perhaps neither reason is valid, and the man was merely, as Steele avers, a curious instance of pride. It would not be a safe experiment to-day thus to satirise probable customers, unless, of course, one could command wide patronage among the enemies of the class ridiculed, which may have been the true reason for the shoemaker's ostentatious irony.

But this conjuring up of shadows must have an end. Ludgate Hill of to-day is scarcely the spot for dreaming, however rich its memories. It is a hard task indeed to re-create a vanished past in a place where vehicles rattle distractingly by, where crowds jostle pitilessly, and where the railway thunders overhead along a bridge that mars a fine architectural view even more than the tower of St. Martin's, so querulously maligned by Coleridge. Yes, a hard place for meditation, truly, this Ludgate Hill; and one where the visionary would do well to take heed that he be not run over.

JOHN A' DREAMS.



LUDGATE HILL.





# READING ALOUD.

IT is hard that children should be made to share our fashions, especially that they should be compelled to undergo our reactions, which are of arbitrary effect. It was once decreed that the stories written for the reading of children should be solid, constructed, and symmetrical, and explicit as far as the incidents of the story tended. Moreover, those incidents were always influential, and a whole lifetime of consequences were promised or implied to attend upon the adventures of a day. All the prospects and perspectives were held, as it were, within the limits of the frame. One need not be fond of borrowing images from the other arts, in order to perceive the fitness of this figure. Say that the foreground of the picture is the taking of that pot of jam, or the going to fish without leave; avenues start from that point and lead to the end of life, and lose themselves further still.

Because it was according to the taste—nay, the principle and conscience—of the time (half a century ago) to write stories so, it was assumed that such was the taste of the child. Somewhat later it was assumed that the taste of the child had swung round, and preferred a story that followed more closely the chances of life, tolerated the slighter faults, and made light of the more pretentious virtues of the human character. It was taken for granted that the child liked to see ideal justice at fault now and then, and that he had a fellow-feeling for the tempted and yielding schoolboy. A moral writer for the young did not scruple, in those more human times, to make a little lass melt into tears at sight of the rice pudding when she had been sitting through a long and hot Sunday service expecting gooseberry tart. The earlier writers might certainly have introduced the incident, but one knows with what uncompromising moral, with what severity, and with what a Nemesis of dry bread mingled with tears—in a word, with what an unslumbering sense of responsibility, and with what a total lack of humour.

But things did not stop there. Literature for children began to lose its symmetry altogether. The fragmentary manner, which had given to music so many pauses, returns, and interruptions, and had made it move so delicately to a flitting thought, and which had also played certain pranks with the composition of pictures, pulled the child's story—moral and less moral—to pieces. This was not so well. Children have a right to a tune, and a greater right to a complete story. They do not care for impressions, even if the impressions are very fine, true, and brief. And they are not often so. Nothing is easier than to manufacture a cheap impression, and the cheapest kind of impression has been considered sufficient for children.

Passages of narrative, without beginning or end, are in no way fit for the entertainment of children. Whether they

render an impression of flowers, or an impression of birds, or an impression of angels, the thing is not worth doing for the purpose, even if it is well done. But, unfortunately, it is not often well done. The trouble of building a story is evaded, and the indifferent child is fobbed off with a little sham essay that cost nothing.

So the child is taken through part of the history of minor fashions. Most fortunately for him the unchangeable old stories remain, and every generation has them in turn. It is the fugitive story that wrecks the human love of movements upon the eternal child.

And nevertheless it is no easy matter to read aloud to the little readers. They take the most unexpected fancy to inferior stories. They like common things, but not all common things. What we call fancy is much oftener resented than enjoyed; but the thing which is all too infallibly successful is pathos—provided only that it be not obviously affected and ready-made. The younger the child the more painfully ready to be touched to tears. Doubtless, the little child of four may be the better for his own share of "pity and terror," but surely nothing needs more care than the administration of such a discipline. No degree of mental suffering must be inflicted on a young child lightly, or by chance, or merely to prove the effects of a story.

If pathos is sure to touch, it is not so with humour. It is not an easy matter to make a child of any age laugh with the best things about Mr. Pecksniff, for instance. "Let us be merry"—here he took a captain's biscuit"—leaves the young audience quite grave and collected. They may smile at something less excellent, but they laugh little. And this is true of all ages under fifteen. On the other hand, Thackeray's gay burlesque story, "The Rose and the Ring," causes a smile always, if not always a laugh. Children laugh with pleasure, and they laugh upon the stimulus of movement and exercise; the mere running in a game will make them laugh. But the laugh for humour's sake is another act. In fact, older people, when they are thoroughly amused by genuine humour, probably seldom laugh from the sheer impulse to laugh; they laugh to show they enjoy the humour. But for the wish to make this demonstration, a smile would generally be quite enough. Now, children have no wish to make this demonstration. They do simply what they have the impulse to do, and a smile is the most of it. It is a difficult thing to get an expected laugh from a child, and an easy thing to get it from the grown person who knows that it is the expected tribute to a successful joke. In a word, the adult laugh, even at its heartiest, is voluntary. The Orientals and the Spaniards, who do not laugh, do themselves no violence, even supposing they have a sense of humour. No doubt the habit of voluntary laughter gives a trivial ring to our present society, and we really sound more childish than our children.

ALICE MEYNELL.



*Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.*

THE LADIES MARY AND  
ALICE MONTAGU.



IN "The Theatrical 'World,' of 1894: By William Archer (London, Walter Scott)," we have the second of what, it is to be hoped, will be a long series of annuals. Mr. Archer's aim in these volumes is to provide a record of theatrical facts rather than an anthology of dramatic criticisms, to impart information as well as to give pleasure. With this object he reprints his contributions to the *World*, without alteration; the most ephemeral farce or machine-made melodrama comes in for its due (and perhaps more than its due) share of notice; dates, synopses of play-bills, and other concerns of the almanac-maker are as abundant as opinions. Well, this plan is no doubt "all werry capital" from the point of view of useful knowledge, but many of us who find that point of view tiresome, and prefer to regard criticism as an art in itself, a means of æsthetic enjoyment, may wish that Mr. Archer had kept himself less modestly hidden behind dates, and lists, and facts generally. I, for one, will confess that I have no desire to be reminded of most of the plays of 1894, or of the exact moments of their production; what interests me is Mr. Archer's opinions about them, his art, his critical method and principles—in short, what interests me is Mr. Archer himself. It is true, of course, as he says, that "the interest and vitality of criticism" are not "strictly proportionate to the talent of the critic," that "subject must also be taken into account." But it is also true that the "talent of the critic"—I should prefer to say the whole character and personality of the critic—is the really interesting and vital thing in criticism, though the critic may find a better chance for his talent, for his self-revelation, in one subject than in another. What strikes me in Mr. Archer, even more than his talent as a critic, is the transparent honesty of his character. I apologise to him for this word "honesty," for I fear he will not like it. "I have noticed," he says, "that Mr. Clement Scott is very fond of applying the epithet 'honest' to other people's opinions. For my part, I do not understand this dwelling on 'honesty.' We do not talk of 'the liquid ocean' or 'a four-footed horse': we take it for granted that the ocean is liquid and the horse a quadruped. I should as soon think of calling an opinion 'grammatical' or 'orthographic,' as 'honest.' There might be some doubt as to its syntax, there ought to be none as to its honesty." No doubt that is true enough, as a general proposition; and yet I think every man who is engaged in criticism, if put on his oath, will have to admit that the opinions he expresses—though "dishonest" were too brutal a word for them—have occasionally been modified—stretched a little here, squeezed a little there—to suit the form of their expression. The balance of a sentence, a happy antithesis, a neat allusion, are sometimes seen as possibilities, if only one held a slightly different opinion; and then the temptation to persuade oneself into holding that opinion is not always, I

fear, resisted with perfect success. And, when I speak of Mr. Archer's honesty, I am thinking of the evident success with which he does resist such temptations. One reads him with absolute confidence that he is telling the truth that is in him; the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Another engaging feature in him is that he is not a crotcheteer. Indeed, he prides himself upon being, in the long run, of one mind with the public, and rebukes the "haughty spirits among us who hold that it is no part of a critic's business to pay the smallest attention to the public, that he is simply to record his personal impression, 'after what flourish his nature will,' and pass on in majestic indifference." Is not this rather a fierce caricature of the surely not very "haughty" view that a man sees with his own eyes and not with other people's? He may, surely, accept this limitation with fortitude, or even with equanimity, and yet not be so foolish as to suppose that there is anything "majestic" in his attitude.

It is a great piece of luck for Mr. Archer that he is a born theatrophile. To have the critical temperament, the analytic mind, is all very well—it is, if you like, indispensable—but to have an instructive love for what you criticise, that is the happiest endowment. "I was born," says Mr. Archer, "with an instinctive, unreasoning, unreasonable love for the theatre, simply *as* the theatre, the place of light and sound, of mystery and magic, where, at the stroke of the prompter's bell, a new world is revealed to the delighted sense." This love keeps his affections from vagabondage, and his observations to the point. His dramatic criticisms are criticisms of drama, not, as you shall sometimes find in men whose natures are less enthralled by the theatre than his, fantasias on life and letters, discussions *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, for which the drama in hand is, or, maybe, is not, a plausible pretext.

A characteristic preface to the book is contributed by Mr. George Bernard Shaw, who has something to say of the theatre in its economic aspect, the "secrets of the box-office, the acting-manager's room, and the actor-manager's soul." Mr. Shaw, running counter to some of his critical brethren, rather likes the actor-manager than not (as you may see from the indulgent assumption that he possesses a "soul"). The condition imposed by the actor-manager, that he shall always have the best part, is not, it seems, due to vanity or jealousy, but to his popularity, the necessity for complying with public demand. We are so eager to see him that we are willing to be overcharged for the privilege. "The cheaper parts of the London theatre are below the standard of comfort now expected by third-class travellers on our northern railway-lines." But Englishmen have always been willing to take their pleasures, if not sadly, at least unconformably.

A. B. WALKLEY.





*Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street.*

MISS NELLIE STEWART.





Photo by Reidl, Wislawa.

A TUG OF WAR.



Photo by Reidl, Wislawa.

A FIRST SITTING.





"HELEN OF TROY," BY SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, BART., P.R.A. REPRODUCED, BY KIND PERMISSION, FROM THE ENGRAVING PUBLISHED BY HENRY GRAVES AND CO., PALL MALL.



"A BACCHANTE," BY SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, BART., P.R.A. REPRODUCED, BY KIND PERMISSION, FROM THE PHOTOGRAVURE PUBLISHED BY HENRY GRAVES AND CO., PALL MALL.



**W**OMEN have got, with some, the reputation of taking themselves too seriously. If the stricture were applied to another section of humanity it might be better. For to be solemn over oneself is misguided policy, and inclines to early wrinkles. But to be the cause of meditative moments to another brings undoubted solace to that vanity which in every womanly woman's heart never dieth.

One subject, however, requires all our seriousness, if we would come into the omnipotent category which heads this page. I say omnipotent, because to the woman who is always well-dressed all things are possible. Fore-armed at every point, and in the secure consciousness of being habitually at her best, there are few desired ends she cannot subtly shape into obedience.

To-day, as a matter of fact, most women wear fashionable clothes both by force of example and the shop-window edict. But comparatively few wear them well, and a too-sufficient proportion still require educating up to the niceties of gracefully-adjusted effects. Fashion is helping her followers with both hands this season, though. Trial trips into all possible combinations of form and colour are not only admitted but encouraged, and the surprising but still orthodox unions which Paris sanctions, and we accept, give unlimited opportunity to the experimentally minded.

Never indeed has inconsequent Lutetia been more frivolous, or, let me add, more effective, than at the moment.

Skirts which grow and expand, not by the inch but by the metre. Sleeves which adjust this balance of balloon-like form by paroxysms of puffs and puffing. Ruffles for the neck in lace and chiffon, to which the ancient Tudor by-law might justly apply. Irresponsible billows of hair which are accountable for the year's complete aural eclipse. For our ears have gone the way of many young beliefs, and if dear to memory, are at present lost to sight. Crowning all this amplitude and elaboration comes the hat—capote—bonnet—or what you will, which on the transposed classic principle of sighing for yet new colours to conquer becomes every day more reckless of all unwritten laws that have ever applied to contrast or combination. There is, indeed, little restraint in our present cult of costume. What we once demurely subscribed to "good taste" has passed from the mood reflective into the riotous, and one can pretty well follow any fancy as it flies, provided the spirit of smartness is over it all.

With this divided duty of skirt and bodice, in which we may still indulge, the temptation to a generous diversity of blouses is very great. Of course, one must have a black caracole crêpon as central figure of the spring wardrobe—it is both pretty and adaptable—two eminently feminine points of vantage. Then, besides its own proper bodice, two or three favoured friends in the matter of chiné silk, various colours, are very admissible, as well.

Artificial flowers, at which we were wont to look askance, are now in the bland possession of feminine favour. No waist belt or neck ruffle seems finished at all points without a brightly-hued posy of silk or muslin blooms. In hats and bonnets the manufactured flower has queened it longer—so much so, that many of the best French milliners, while still crowding violent antipathies in a dozen irreconcilable shades on their "creations," have lately for euphony's sake adopted the softening influence of a black tulle or *point d'esprit* net, which, arranged deftly over the *parterre* in question, produces a very charming effect by subduing those too truculent colours beneath. Diamond or paste side combs wax more vigorously fashionable, as does hair arranged with parting in the middle, a treatment which while suiting the aquiline type, somewhat obliterates fascinations in the chubby-featured, and adds absolutely eight years to one's baptismal register.

For that dapper little full-basqued coat which makes claim on our spring fancies, the paste-buttoned lace-trimmed box-pleated front is the acme of consummation. One never, in fact, quite realised the poetry of a box-pleat until it came assisted with these frivolous adjuncts. It seemed mainly associated in one's mind with autumn house parties and Norfolk shooting coats, until some inspired modiste discovered its virtue in suggesting rather than showing the divinities of form, so that a Juno or Psyche might wear it equally well, after which—the deluge of the box-pleat.

Reverting to the subject of cloth garments, a novel method of strapping the seams from underneath instead of over is a new and improved departure. Silk or satin are most used, and the latter gives excellent effect when well done. It is another outcome of our generally ornamental revival, and shows a desertion of the style severe even in that man of tape measure and twist—the ladies' tailor. These shining streaks of satin look very well with raw edges of the woollen stuff sewn neatly over. A dress for Sandown of hyacinth faced-cloth treated in this way, with satin of a deeper shade which appeared in the box-pleated front, was quite a study in temptations.

Spangles—without sawdust—are to play a prominent part in our ceremony of investiture, too. From the sequin-covered waistband, which made on elastic fits any figure, to the embroideries, insertions, and arrangements of many-coloured spangles generally, with which the latest corsages are crowded. I met a black satin dinner dress by Doucet, entirely covered with jet spangles in conventional lilies, some evenings since, and was much impressed therewith. Its wearer has paid something in three figures for its ransom. But it was a work of art. Another dress in Nile green silk, also present, was sown over with small silver sequins, and though doubtless beautiful, uneasily suggested a Drury Lane transformation scene. Still, the sequin, having arrived, seems likely to be received with ardour.





*Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street,*

MISS MAUD HOBSON.





THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.



ARTHUR IS WOUNDED TO THE DEATH BY MORDRED. FROM THE SOUVENIR OF THE LYCEUM "KING ARTHUR," PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.





# AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE.

## SOME OBSERVATIONS AND A CONVERSATION.

IT was M. Anatole France who remarked: "The good critic is he who narrates the adventures of his soul among masterpieces." But you must first find your masterpiece among the 700 water colours at the Royal Institute. My method is to patrol the galleries, at the pace of a bath-chair man, with closed catalogue, and hardened heart, on the trail of the Best.

Pictures of cats purring, of fisherwives staring at nothing on a wide sea, of the artist's aunt, of ugly Cavaliers swagging in the courtyards of rickety inns, I scouted. These were nothing to me as I passed by; but I was tempted to linger before Mr. Ayerst Ingram's carefully-drawn snow picture—sullen snow lurking beneath a leaden sky. "Here," said I, "is at least atmosphere and observation. The values —." In a word, I was on the point of speaking as if I were the art critic of a morning paper, when a voice—eager and grave—fell upon my ear: "Quick, come and see the best picture in the gallery!" Turning, I perceived a young woman with tousled hair, and the stamp of the Midlands upon her, dragging an elderly cleric towards the centre gallery.

An inspiration! I would go one better than Anatole France. Why not narrate the adventures of the public soul among masterpieces? The newest of all new art criticism this. Hot on the trail I pursued the young woman from the Midlands and her amiable father. She led him—this amiable father—straight to a sunny little picture, about the size of a page of this paper, by Mr. E. J. Gregory, of a peasant child, not pretty, but wholesome and happy, stooping to pluck a buttercup by a field of corn. And what an excellent little work it is—this picture of Psyche who alarmed her mates because she called a buttercup *ranunculus bulbosus*. Exquisitely wrought, well modelled, it suggests that very moment of high summer time when you actually feel the sun burning brown upon your face.

We looked at this sun-kissed peasant Psyche, looked again, and then I turned to the cleric, on watch for the first sign of impatience. It came with a twitching of his left shoulder, and a whispered "H'um." Then he led his daughter straight to "His Royal Highness," by Mr. G. G. Kilburne, which, by favour of the artist, is reproduced to the east of this page.

"I confess to a partiality for the literary picture," he murmured. "Not that I fail to appreciate the quality of Mr. Gregory's work, or Sir James Linton's excellent draughtsmanship in 'Celia,' or that peep over the water in Mr. Edwin Bale's 'Lugano,' or the charm of Mr. Fidler's 'Picture Man,' but—er—er—give me the picture with a subject.

"Now that drawing of Mr. Kilburne's, while not lacking the proper attributes of good art, for the colour is pleasant

and the drawing commendable, has for me the added pleasure of an historical interest. I am transported to the days of the Regency. King George III. is incapacitated by insanity from performing the duties of his king's office. Here we have his scapegrace son, of whom the Bishop of Lichfield prophesied, "He will either be the most polished gentleman or the most accomplished blackguard in Europe," gracing a ball, possibly at Brighton. His presence is decidedly attractive as he passes down the red drugget, and it is amusing to note the way in which the most accomplished black—gentleman in Europe stares at the clock on the opposite wall of the room, regardless of the salutations of the company. That indifference I imagine to be the correct kingly attitude.

"I once read in a story by Mr. Rudyard Kipling," he continued, turning from H.R.H. to a military picture by Mr. Woolen, "One Way-Out of It," "that there are only three subjects of perennial interest to the world—'soldiers, horses, and flirts.' Though I am of an extremely peaceable disposition myself, yet I confess to a partiality for swash-bucklers—er—swashbuckling in pictureland. Art has no politics. And although I am proud to call myself a member of what Conservative journalists term the little England party, I find that I am quite indifferent to the moral intention of military pictures. There is a shop in Fleet Street which has fallen into the habit of exhibiting a coloured print of 'Le Rêve.' Whenever I pass that print shop I lose my train."

As the old gentleman had divided his somewhat tedious remarks between his daughter and myself, I was emboldened to introduce a question. "Do flirts also interest you—pictorially?" asked I.

"I have often wondered," said he, "why flirts in art invariably have fair hair. Fair hair to me is associated with a girl, I forget her name, in 'The Spanish Gypsy,' and she was not a flirt. You remember that passage when she cried to her father at parting—

'Kiss me now.

And when you see fair hair, be pitiful'

The wells of pity do not bubble in *my* heart at the sight of fair hair.

"Now, take that picture of Olivia yonder, by Mr. Woodlock. I admire the work. I admire the delicacy of the treatment, the pink dress, the rose-buds, the small, unintelligent face, the crown of fair hair, light as thistle-down, but I do not pity Olivia. I remember a girl—it was years ago. We met—"

Here the young woman from the Midlands broke in hurriedly. "I don't see a single impressionist picture," she said.

"Do you know the definition of an impressionist painter?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"One who possesses a private income."

L. H.



"HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS," BY G. G. KIL-  
BURN, R.I., NOW BEING EXHIBITED  
AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINT-  
ERS IN WATER COLOURS.



# DOWN FROM OXFORD ON THE THAMES.

MR. HORACE HUTCHINSON was laying down the law some little time ago as to the most fit and proper month for the perpetration of golf. I should like some authority on the Thames to tell us at what date we should rightly open the rowing season. To my way of thinking, the upper reaches are never so delightful as in the last days of April and the first days of May. The freshness of the river valley is then something remarkable; the green of the hills and the sweet odours in the woods are never to be forgotten. Such mists as rise at night are too light to trouble. That heaviness of the air we all notice on the river during June and July is entirely absent. The aggressive amateur has not yet come out of his lair. There is a sense of solitude and of rest which is altogether indescribable. The very sharks at the inns have not begun to show their teeth, but wear welcoming grins. The screech of the steam-launch is not to be heard. The whole beauty of the environment might well inspire a whole generation of Spring poets.

For many years now I have begun my river work by sculling from Oxford to Kingston in the week before May Day, and I have always found that the secret of perfection in such a venture is found in a sublime laziness which refuses to hear of hurry, and considers twenty miles a day an outrageous demand. This is the season when the muscles of most men are like lumps of dough. A winter of discontent and "swarries" has taken all the grit out of us. Rambles over the links have proved the poorest substitute, physically speaking, for the sterner exercise of rowing. We get into a boat, and for a mile we are fresh as colts let loose in a field, but our backs are a sight to see when we are through the lock at Ifley; and that man who does not want to lunch before Abingdon is reached, may be marked as little less than a hero. The real truth is that no one should attempt to come down from Oxford until he has had at least a few days sculling in the happy-go-lucky and go-nowhere style, which is the every-day fashion of the mere holiday maker. An hour in one's boat is all sufficient for a first effort at the beginning of the season; and one gets fit vastly quicker if one takes things easily, and does not force "over-swarried" nature to feats for which she is ill-prepared.

A great danger incurred by many who plan this emprise without due thought is the danger of their company. They take the first man who offers himself regardless of his quality. I remember well coming down from Oxford to Windsor some years ago with a curate from the South of England, who said that he could row. We had manned a randan, putting the Church in the bow, and as I passed the barges I could not at all understand the expressive wink with which "Tom," the boatman, favoured me. But at Ifley I understood. The Church was already in difficulties, and suggested lunch. Long before Abingdon was passed, the same Church was disestablished, and lying in the bottom of the boat calling for bottled beer. The rest of us

meant to get to Wallingford that night, and a fine time we had of it. But when we had reached our destination and had dined, the Church so far recovered that it suggested our going out into the town and hypnotising the Mayor. We declined the suggestion with thanks.

It is only in the off-season that one can appreciate the humours of some of these river-side towns. I recollect staying in a little up-river hotel some years ago, and sitting chatting with the landlord until nearly one o'clock in the morning. Some hour or more after closing time, there came a rap upon the door of the bar, and who should come in but the village policeman, the mayor, and a few miscellaneous aldermen who were thirsty. They sat in the bar parlour until two o'clock, at which hour they left, carrying cans of ale to appease their respective spouses. There was a simplicity about the whole thing nothing less than sublime.

Undoubtedly, the best craft in which to come down from Oxford to Kingston is a randan. Five men should make the party. All of them should be decent oarsmen—not in the professional sense, but from a knock-about point of view. The light man of the party should be set to the sculls; and one man should rest every four miles or so. In a usual way, Wallingford is a good place for a first day's journey; and, if there be no hurry, nothing is lost by putting up on the second night at Sonning. Some men will get down to Marlow for the third night, but I prefer to stay at Henley, and to spin the whole thing out for five days, though good oarsmen need not trouble themselves to do it in three.

If there are only four men going, I strongly recommend them not to leave oars behind. Even if rowing be heavier work than sculling—a nice point for debate—the change is at all times welcome, especially if one's hands blister. And no one should on any account omit a sail. There are no words in or out of the language sufficient to express all the feelings of that man who finds himself without a sail, say on the long reach from Goring to Pangbourne, or on any other similar stretch of open water, where the breeze is behind him. I have seen wretched men struggling hopelessly with jury-masts and pocket-handkerchiefs; I have observed them hoping for the best with umbrellas—but nothing can atone for the loss of a good spread of canvas. There is no finer delight than that of a strong wind rushing one down those tremendous reaches, the very thought of which had begotten groans an hour before.

Armed, however, with a good sail, a stout mackintosh, plenty of thick sweaters, a well-fitted luncheon and teabasket; given congenial company and men who will not shirk; sure of leisure, there is no greater pleasure of the year to the oarsman, be he old or young, than this Spring voyage from Oxford. Happily, the man in the street shudders at the mere mention of rowing before July. But the man in the street is the very person to be avoided by him who frequents the upper reaches; and there is no time at which he can be avoided so easily as in these latter days of April.

MAX PEMBERTON.





*Photo by Meuletssohn. Pembroke Crescent, W.*

MISS MARY MOORE,



"A SLIGHT ERROR."

BY RAY MERTON.

"BUT, above all, Nellie, take care of Daniel." She was not absolutely conscious of these words at the time they were uttered. Her mind was absorbed by her husband's parting kiss, and the intense pain of separation.

"Only for six months, or so," he said easily. "I shall be back before you have time to look round, Nell."

But for the moment she could not be comforted. He was leaving her, and she would be *alone*. There were no little ones to climb on her knee, and nearly strangle her in their efforts to comfort mother, and kiss away that strange sight—tears in *mother's* eyes! In the large dreary house she was *alone*, and loneliness is hard to bear—at first.

A month had elapsed since Mr. Constin's departure for Australia, and at the moment when these words of her husband recurred to Nellie's mind she was in the library, tidying some of his papers, and had just come across a letter from the said Daniel.

She was feeling rather worried that morning, for the butler had been obliged to leave suddenly a fortnight ago, on account of his father's dangerous illness. And though she had answered a great many advertisements, and interviewed several candidates, she had not yet been able to fill his place. It was very inconvenient, the more so as she was expecting staying visitors shortly.

"Please, mem, a young man has come after the situation," Martha announced.

"Shew him in," said Mrs. Constin, almost eagerly. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast"; perhaps she was about to inspect a *treasure*.

A youngish man of medium height came rapidly into the room after Martha. Then his behaviour was rather curious, for he looked back as the girl went out, and, noticing that she had not quite closed the door, stepped quickly towards it, shut and locked it, and put the key in his pocket. Then he walked again towards Mrs. Constin.

Her first thought was that she was alone, in a locked-up room with a madman.

She started up, but, coming face to face with the young man, she exclaimed, "Daniel!"

For indeed, before her, stood the black sheep of the family.

"Not so loud, Nell, I'm—I'm—incognito."

His manner as he said this was inimitable. He seemed in what the schoolboys call "a blue flunk," and yet he could not helping being dramatic.

"I have risked all on this last throw, Nell. You will not betray me?"

"I do wish you would explain yourself like a reasonable mortal," replied his sister-in-law testily.

Fear and surprise were giving way to annoyance.

"That is just what I yearn to do, and if you will allow me I will take a chair," he said, drawing up a comfortable easy chair in front of the one into which she had just sunk.

"The fact of the matter is, Nell, I'm in a hell of a difficulty. The iron hand of the law extends an eager but ill-directed grasp—wildly in search of me."

"Good gracious, Daniel, *what* have you been doing?"

"Merely raising money by means of which the law does not approve, and which—rather foolishly, as it seems to me—she calls—"

He hesitated a moment, and she filled in the blank—

"You have forged—but not—oh! for pity's sake say it is not *John's* name you have forged?"

"No, no, I wouldn't be so rough on the old fellow. But now that I have explained these minor details, I come to the point—Will you help me? And, by Jove, Nell, it's the most fortunate coincidence—you might call it providential—when the girl opened the door to me—Well, you see, I've got myself up for a part; I meant to play the poor clerk, or shop assistant, or something of the kind—but the girl, without waiting for me to speak—I was clearing my throat first, I admit—asked 'Have you come after the situation?' The cast suited me down to the ground, and now, my good sister, just one question—Shall I suit?"

"But, Daniel, ours is the very first house the police will come to,—"

"Well, I don't know about the *first*, but probably they will call here to enquire—in a week or so. Then, I shall open the door to them."

"Daniel, it is quite shocking how you jest about everything. I don't want you to be caught. It would be dreadful to think of you in prison. *John's brother*," she added to herself.

"But, isn't there anywhere else where you could hide?" she suggested, faintly.

"This is the very best place," he replied positively. "The situation is dramatic—my dear Nell, you are cut out for an actress! Tell the servants you have engaged me, and that, to oblige you, I am coming in to-night. You see Martha has posted me up in the position of affairs, and I flatter myself she will be pleased to hear that I am coming. Thanks be, I'm not a scrap like John—except my voice, and just now I have a cold."

Then, suddenly dropping his jaunty manner, he got up from his chair, and stretching out both his hands to grasp hers—

"Nell," he said, "you will not refuse to save a drowning man? And I swear I will turn over a new leaf, if only I can get off this time."

He had conquered.

Nell's eyes were moist, her husband's words were sounding in her ear—"Take care of Daniel."

Besides, women have not the same respect for law as the makers of it. Also there was a strange personal fascination about Daniel. So, with this combination of reasons, it did not seem to her absolutely necessary that she should surrender her brother-in-law—scamp though he was—into the stern arms of Justice.

The new butler, Curling by name, was a great success. His whiskers were irreproachable, and he kept the servants' hall well amused. But there was a something about him they couldn't quite make out, as the housemaid and cook agreed, when talking him over confidentially in their bedroom.

And only three days after his installation the police paid their expected visit. It was about six o'clock in the afternoon, and was growing dusk.

The inspector asked to see Mrs. Constin, and Daniel, looking rather pale, ushered him and his companion, a man in plain clothes, into the room where Mrs. Constin was sitting. How he longed to listen at the door. But it was too risky. Besides, he could trust Nell; this was just the occasion when a woman's wit would come to the fore. So Curling retired to his pantry.

Presently the bell rang. Thank goodness! they were going. But, no. It appeared the good inspector had not declined a glass of wine. Daniel's knees felt very trembly as he handed the tray to the man in plain clothes. He was not afraid of the inspector, but of the detective's scrutiny he was very conscious. Suppose he should prove to be a Sherlock Holmes?

But Nellie breathed more freely. Daniel had taken advantage of the interval below stairs, to put on a dash of rouge, and his fixed colour reassured her, whilst her self-possession soon reacted on him.

And at last the inspector bowed himself out.

Next morning, when he brought up the breakfast things, Daniel unfolded to his sister-in-law a design he had been weaving during the night.

"Nell," he began, "we can't risk another visit such as yesterday's. To put it tersely—I must clear out of this, and you must help me. I have a splendid plan. You want to go to Paris, to see the fashions—to buy a new bonnet—"

"Nonsense, Daniel. I can see the fashions quite as well here, and, as to the new bonnet, I can get the same thing for half the price in London that I could in Paris. No, no, why should I go to Paris?"

"Well, you see, I could escort you so well—in my present character, of course," he added hastily. "I don't mean to adopt a new rôle till I am on the other side of the water."

"How could I go with you alone, and for no particular object?"

"Of course you would take your maid, and for an object—we must find another, since you have vetoed the bonnet scheme."

"Daniel, I don't see how I can do it. Think, if we were found out! And they are sure to keep a sharp look-out on the Channel boats."

"A fig for their sharp look-out!" he replied. "Anyhow, 'nothing venture, nothing win.' I must get out of this; and I don't suppose you will be particularly sorry to see the last of me."

It took Daniel two or three days, with all his eloquence, to get his sister-in-law's consent to the project, but he never let the subject rest.

He attacked her at every meal, pausing to argue as he handed her the vegetables. And again, Nellie was conquered.

They had found an ostensible object for the journey. A young niece was at school in Paris, her late sister's child; it would only be kind to see how she was getting on.

So they started from Charing Cross one morning early. But Nellie had a bad fright in the train, for she heard one of her fellow-travellers remark to his companion, "The police are on the look-out for someone. I saw two inspectors on the platform, and a plain-clothes man is going down to Dover in this train."

"They haven't caught Daniel Constin yet," replied his friend. "Our police are not a very bright lot; he's had time to get to America by now."

Nellie glanced nervously at the E.C. on her travelling bag, and felt indescribably guilty.

However, once on the boat, she was more easy; she could, at any rate, share her anxiety with Daniel, who was wrapping a rug round her knees. She repeated to him the conversation she had overheard in the train.

"Well, I had a near shave at Charing Cross," he remarked. "A man put his hand on my shoulder—it wasn't pleasant to feel it there I can tell you—but, as I looked round, he said hastily, 'Beg your pardon—a slight error,' and moved off. A glass of wine had saved me, Nell, for it was the detective who paid you a visit the other evening, and, fortunately, he recognised me as your butler! But I can tell you something else, I believe your maid, Miss Ada, has spotted me."

And, as Nellie gave a start at this alarming statement—

"Don't be afraid, if she has—and I'm not sure, mind you—she won't betray me; I believe in your sex, Nell. Anyhow, when I am safe in South America I'll send her a little present; that's to say, when things look up a bit."

When the conspirators reached Paris, they made out the rest of their plot. Curling was to receive a telegram from his father, who—somehow or other—was at Marseilles, very ill. From there Daniel could easily take ship to South America, and if the police were on his trail—though it didn't seem as if they had hit on the scent—well, Marseilles was a good place to hide in.

So the two did their last little bit of acting together, over the telegram, for the benefit of Ada, who was in the room.

At last he was gone—with thirty pounds in his pocket—Nellie's last effort to obey her husband's injunction.

But when the excitement and effort of acting and deceit, and the first feelings of triumph at success were over, a dull misgiving took possession of Nellie.

After all, had she done the right thing? Perhaps, nay, most likely, she had only set Daniel free to work fresh harm to himself and others. Again she tried to buoy up this sinking estimation of her own conduct, with John's parting words. But somehow, for the moment, they had lost their force.

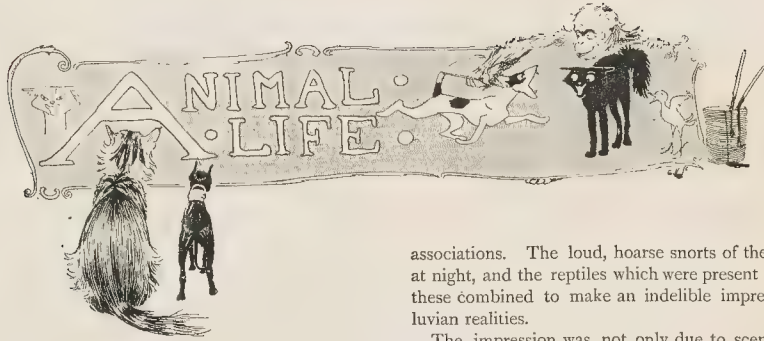
Whether Ada had really guessed the secret, Nellie never knew, for these two women—wonderful human products of the nineteenth century—held their tongues on the matter, even to each other.

By the next mail, however, Mrs. Constin relieved her mind in a long narrative letter, of the late exciting events in their family, to her husband.

It seemed a long time before his answer came. Here is an important extract from it.

"My dear child," he wrote, "you ask me whether I approve of your conduct as regards Daniel. I hardly know what to say, though I must be thankful that we have seen the last of him—for the present. With regard to my reference to him when I parted from you, to which you allude—the words I used evidently did not convey the meaning I intended. Certainly I said 'Take care of Daniel.' I remember this perfectly; but I meant 'Beware of Daniel.'"





### ALLIGATORS AND CROCODILES.

WHEN Harold Hardrada was elected king of Norway, one of his best testimonials was, that when visiting Egypt in search of adventure, he had killed a monster crocodile. The instinct of the Norsemen was sound and practical, for alligators, and their cousins the crocodiles, are almost the only members of the animal world which it would be a gain, even from the sentimental point of view (if anyone ever could grow sentimental over an alligator), to destroy when wild, and only rescue a few survivors for menageries and aquariums. Motionless and harmless under such conditions as those in which they live at the Zoo, they are admirable as curiosities, and not without a certain decorative value, like the bronze dragon of China, as may be seen from the portrait of the alligator on the opposite page.

But "at home," whether on the Upper Nile or in the Mississippi swamps, they are almost the most repulsive, as they are certainly the most dangerous, of all water-haunting creatures, the shark, perhaps, excepted. So far as their habits go, there is nothing to distinguish the alligators from the crocodiles, though the former have feet only partially webbed between the toes, as may be seen in the specimen photographed by Mr. Gambier Bolton, and irregular teeth, of which the fourth canine in the lower jaw is *said* to be invisible when the mouth is closed, though the writer has never quite satisfied himself that this is the case.

The big Nile crocodile seems the only savage creature which "got on the nerves" of that highly practical hunter and soldier, Sir Samuel Baker. For two seasons he and his troops were detained on a branch of the White Nile entirely overgrown with papyrus, which formed hundreds of miles of dismal swamp, with no firm land except that made by the papyrus roots, under and through which ran the Nile water. Through this a water-way had to be cut for the steamers.

Sir Samuel Baker says:—"When cutting wearily for two seasons through the dense obstructions of aquatic vegetation, which had closed the navigation of the White Nile, we occasionally entered upon horrible solitudes of shallow swamp, peopled by countless snakes; the air, sultry and redolent of malaria, was humming with mosquitoes; and in this chaos, if a few yards of sand-bank appeared above the marsh, were the belly scales of some huge crocodile printed on the surface. Nothing could be more horrible than such

associations. The loud, hoarse snorts of the hippopotamus at night, and the reptiles which were present in the daylight, these combined to make an indelible impression of antediluvian realities.

The impression was not only due to scenery and "association." The crocodiles killed his men daily and weekly. They nipped off their legs when they let them hang over the boat's side. They killed the women when drawing water. They hid in the docks made for his steamers, and waited for the men coming to bathe, like pike in the shallows. They carried off his interpreter, Said, and followed the boats of wounded men like sharks following a slave-ship.

They even tried to eat his cattle; but in at least one attempt of this kind the crocodile came off worst in the combat. Sir Samuel had three large cows with very long horns, which, being larger than those common in the district, were regarded with great admiration by the natives. These he confided to the care of a chief; and when, two years later, the latter came to welcome the English governor, he informed him that all three cows were quite well, and that one was almost worshipped by his people. Every morning her horns were garlanded with flowers, and she was made *sheik* of all the herds in the neighbourhood.

The cow had caught a crocodile! The latter had seized the cow by the nose, but as the bank was shelving the cow backed, and dragged the reptile on to dry land, where it was speared. Even Charles Waterton, who "rode" an alligator ashore, did not catch it unaided, like this cow.

There seems almost no limit to the possible age and size which alligators or crocodiles may reach, any more than to that of the great pythons. The natives living on the Amazons have a perfectly consistent story of a monster river creature, which they call the "Mai d'agoa," or "Mother of Waters," which Mr. Bates believes to be an enormous anaconda, but which may just as well be a century-old alligator.

It is said that those which lie torpid during the dry season in the mud of Indian tanks never grow to more than nine or ten feet in length, which is the size of the largest at the Zoo. But in the steaming swamps of the Nile their size is such that even Sir Samuel Baker refuses to put his surmise on paper. On one occasion he saw a "picturesque and unreported island," on which lay, apparently, two masses of granite. When within twenty yards the granite rocks began to move, and turned into two crocodiles, "each as thick as the body of an hippopotamus!"

"I would not presume," writes Sir Samuel, "to estimate the length of these extraordinary creatures. But the deep broad river, flowing through one of the oldest portions of the earth, suggested, by the exhibition of their mighty forms, that no change in the inhabitants of the stream had taken place since the original creation."

C. J. CORNISH.



Photo by Mr. Gambler Bolton, F.Z.S.

ALLIGATOR.





"TRANSITION" is a story by the author of "A Superfluous Woman"; and remembering the genuine power of that book, I expected a good deal from the second venture. It is a woeful disappointment. The author had the unhappy inspiration to write a novel of Socialism, and especially of the Fabian Society. She certainly has the qualification of knowledge, for I understand that she was one of the earliest members of that enterprising body. But Socialism is evidently the blight of romance. Here is a writer of undoubted force and individuality, dealing with a movement in which she has taken part, and with people whom she knows thoroughly, and the result is one of the dreariest books I have ever read. The chief purpose appears to be to describe the career of one Paul Sheridan, "a leader of modern thought" with "a fine rugged head"—all these Socialists have "fine rugged heads"—who not only triumphs over the average Tory and Liberal, but defeats the dangerous machinations of the Anarchists. I am told that Paul Sheridan is an idealised portrait of Mr. Sidney Webb, to whom I offer sincere condolence. Paul Sheridan is a poor image, stuffed with the commonplaces of Fabian leaflets.

When Honora Kemball, who is possessed by a baleful individualism, first meets the illustrious Sheridan, he overwhelms her with a repartee. She suggests that if "everything were equally divided to-day, to-morrow there would be rich and poor again"; and he retorts, "It would be rather difficult to divide some things equally, wouldn't it? Main Drains, for instance." And to complete both her discomfiture and her education he adds, "Try and extend the communal quality of Main Drains to all things." He follows this with "a smile of such inimitable sweetness that it made matters worse." This is a pity, for "inimitable sweetness" was certainly needed after such a malodorous analogy. Mr. Sheridan's eccentric logic, even when fortified by the disinfectant smile, is not good enough for Lucilla Dennison, an emotional young woman, who is inclined to believe in the Anarchists, and especially in a melodramatic Frenchman, one D'Auverney. If the author of "Transition" really believes that the great struggle of the hour is between the Fabians and the Anarchists, it is rather absurd to make the champion of revolution a cheap villain, who tries to run away with Lucilla, and stabs Sheridan in the finest Adelphi manner. D'Auverney has a wonderful "smile," too, also "a fine moustache," and "a pleasant glimmer of perfect teeth." When Sheridan is returned to Parliament, D'Auverney sees that the game is up; so he dons a false beard, and sticks a knife into his hated rival. The Fabian hero is not killed, and he is very magnanimous to his foe. "When he struck at me he showed himself sagacious. A lesser man would have struck at the Home Secretary or the Chief Commissioner of Police."

There is nothing whatever in Paul Sheridan to carry

off this bombast. There is nothing in Lucilla to excite the smallest interest, though she shows some sense in resenting the twaddle which Sheridan habitually inflicts upon his auditors. There is nothing in Honora to make you care a straw whether she remains a priggish individualist or becomes a Socialist, sustained by a "golden passion" for a shadowy reformer. Why are all these people wrapped in an atmosphere of unspeakable bathos? It has nothing to do with Socialism *quâ* Socialism, of which, indeed, the book reads like a poor parody by a prentice hand. There has been no such failure to embody a social thesis in an artistic form, except "The Woman Who Did." When Lucilla exclaims, "Democracy, O Democracy!" as she smashes the portrait of Sheridan with a hammer, she reminds me of Herminia Barton in Mr. Grant Allen's story; and, as Paula Tanqueray says, "I can wish nothing worse to happen to any woman." The truth is that the author of "Transition" has attempted a task entirely beyond her strength, and quite out of her element.

I learn from Miss Mary L. Pendered that there are no "real canons of criticism," and that the articles which a critic writes in various "magazines and journals," usually represent the "guarded opinion of an obscure individual." As it may be my fate to say something about "A Pastoral Played Out" in several places, I would like to be acquitted of any revenge for this unceremonious treatment of my tribe. "A Pastoral Played Out" is amusing, if only for its large inexperience of life. There is a "cynical playwright and reviewer," Mr. Conway Etheredge, who naturally gets into shocking mischief. He runs away with a beauteous young woman named Gylde, after killing off her "grannie," who has a paralytic stroke at the sight of his villainy. This is hard, for the old lady had often regaled him with gooseberry fool. Gylde is another "woman who did." When Conway leaves her and weds a stranger, she goes on the stage, and has a leading part and ten pounds a week in no time. The best society runs wild about her. Women suffragists implore her to become their orator. A peer wants to marry her, and she is nice to a chemist, but loyal to the bold, bad reviewer. When she meets the real Mrs. Conway Etheredge in a drawing-room, that lady informs her that "in the circle of your material radiation I feel a certain impact on my spirit that tells me we are tones of one chord." This is incipient Theosophy, for Mrs. Etheredge goes to India and becomes "a symbol," and Gylde is once more the true and only tone of the "chord." She makes a confession of murder to the reviewer, but he kindly overlooks it. Evidently he perceives that he is not entitled to offer any "canons of criticism."

L. F. AUSTIN.

"Transition." By the author of "A Superfluous Woman." W. Heinemann.

"A Pastoral Played Out." By Mary L. Pendered. W. Heinemann.





And all that preace did round about her swell  
To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby  
To climbe aloft, and others to excell:  
That was Ambition, rash desire to sty,  
And every liack thereof a step of dignity

11.  
VII.  
XLVI



BOURNEMOUTH.

IF to have no history is an ideal condition for a state, and to have no past, be the bliss of the New Woman (off the stage), the same dictum does not apply to a watering-place. To establish a connection more or less intimate with the historic past, not only adds charm to a spot but provides—for at least a certain percentage of its visitors—a rational mode of passing leisure time, which, except to those to the manner born, often hangs heavily upon enforced holiday makers. Moreover, when the attractions, legendary or historical, derivable from association or neighbourhood, are altogether absent, a greater responsibility is thrown upon those enterprising friends of humanity who call into existence a positively new seaside resort.

Bournemouth, now one of the most favourite health resorts on the southern coast, pretty well fulfils all these conditions. The past has done nothing for it—the present everything. Less than fifty years ago it was a small seaside village lying along the course of the Bourne, an insignificant stream rising in the Dorsetshire moorlands, and before it falls into the sea, passing through successive belts of Scotch firs. In those days Bournemouth was only accessible by coach from Ringwood, Poole, or Christchurch, a weary drive in either case, after a long tedious railway journey. Now, Bournemouth is connected with London by the quickest and most comfortable train service in the south of England, and as its natural advantages are many, it attracts each year, especially in winter and spring, more and more visitors.

Like many of our coast towns which have rapidly increased in size, Bournemouth has spread out both eastward and westward. For some time Nature, as well as opinions on Church questions, endeavoured to preserve a social gulf between the dwellers on the two cliffs. On the one Evangelicalism held undisputed sway, and for a while seemed to dominate the newly-congregated flock, but after a while Ritualism planted itself firmly on the other cliff, and the two camps of the Anglican Church have since displayed a noble rivalry in endowing Bournemouth with stately specimens of ecclesiastical architecture. Up to the present time, at least, it may be said that the churches have not been thrown into the background by the hotels, numerous and sumptuous though the latter are.

The natural attractions of Bournemouth, apart from its fir trees, are the "Chines," narrow deep ravines, sometimes 100 or 150 feet deep, made by the springs in the soft yellow sandstone which extends nearly the whole way from Christchurch to Poole. In most instances these ravines are rich with ferns and evergreen or flowering shrubs, whilst the soil seems held together by the ubiquitous Scotch firs, arbutus trees and rhododendrons extending down almost to the edge of high-water mark. It was the sanitary benefit of pine woods, especially in all chest affections, which probably first called Bournemouth into notice, and by a curious coincidence its "discovery" corresponds almost exactly with that of Arcachon, in the Landes, to the south of Bordeaux. Experts, encouraged by patriotic feelings, have placed the curative effects of the two spots very much on a level, whilst those who need more amusement than can be obtained from watching the innocent loves of tens of thousands of bivalves, will find that, except on rare occasions, the sea effects at Bournemouth are more picturesque than in the "oyster parks" of the Bay of Arcachon.

Bournemouth, although its limits are every year becoming more difficult to define, is bounded on the East by Boscombe, and on the West by Branksome, both of which are renowned for their woods and glades, whilst the former is bound up with the name, if not the personal associations, of Shelley. In the churchyard of Bournemouth itself are the graves of Mary Wolstonecraft Godwin and her husband, William Godwin, and their daughter Mary Wolstonecraft Shelley. The remains of the two first were removed hither from the churchyard of Old St. Pancras Church when that ground was taken for railway purposes. Their grandson, the late Sir Percy Shelley, thus was enabled to unite in one peaceful resting place the remains of three amongst the most tempest-beaten, time-tried pilgrims of the century.

If Bournemouth has no antiquities and associations of its own, it is in the centre of a district scarcely surpassed for varied interest. Christchurch, which has been practically destroyed by the growth of Bournemouth, can show its magnificent Priory Church; the house and grounds of Gundimore, where Sir Walter Scott wrote a portion of his "Marmion"; Heron's Court still preserves its heronry; and the New Forest all its memories of the past and charms of the present. Wimborne, Wareham, and a dozen other spots of interest, moreover, are all within easy access, and combine to make Bournemouth an attractive resort.

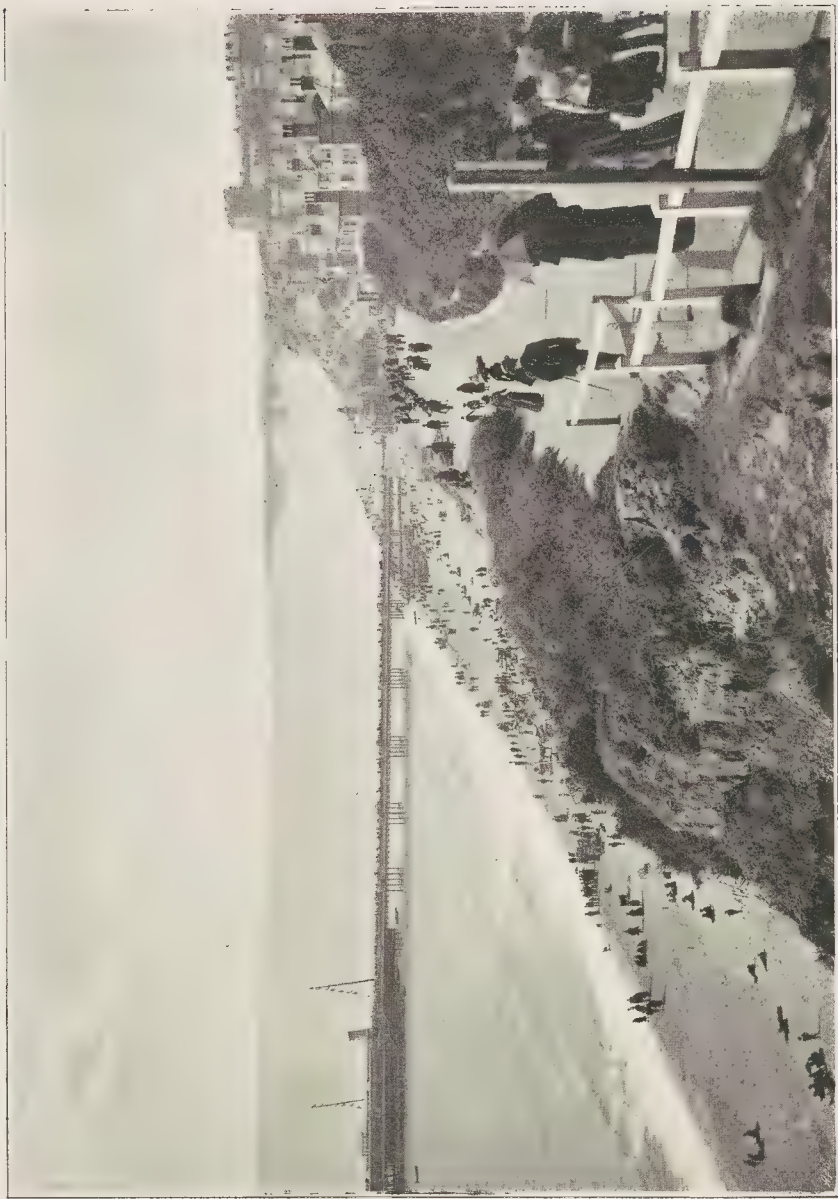


## Views of Bournemouth.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE PIER.





THE PIER AND SANDS  
FROM THE EAST CLIFF.



THE PLEASURE GARDENS.







EAST CLIFF.





THE SANDS, BOSCOMBE.



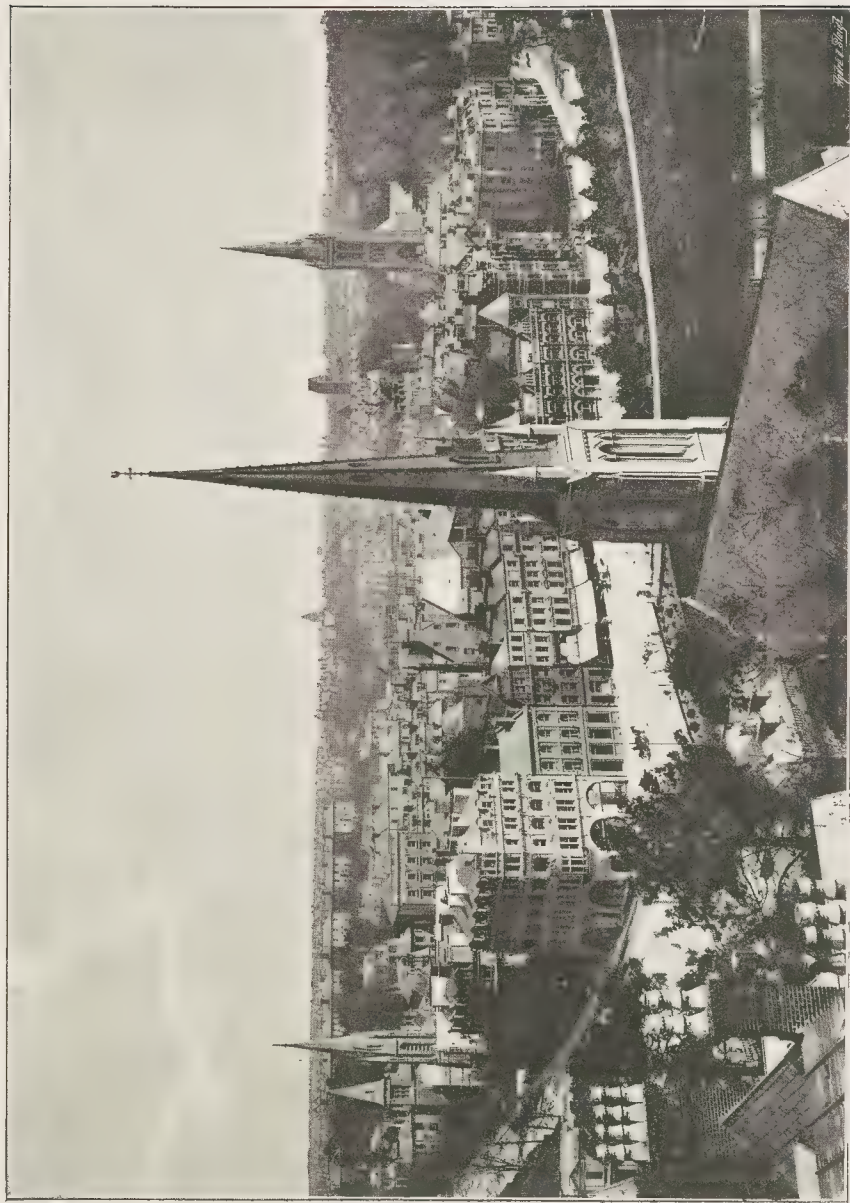


THE INVALIDS' WALK.



IN THE PLEASURE GARDENS,





A GENERAL VIEW OF  
THE TOWN.





THE SQUARE.



THE PLEASURE GARDENS.



BRANKSOME CHINE.





BOSCOMBE PIER.



MANOR ROAD.



BRANKSOME CHINE.



# The Album

*A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.*

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 12.

APRIL 22, 1895.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post 6d.



*Photo by Siedle, Swanson.*

MADAME PATTI.



THE season, poetically fabled to be of "ethereal mildness," is breaking on us but tardily; the time of leaves must still be waited for a little, and the weather, though not cold, has rather been marked by a heavy discomfort than by any such qualities as we by a strange perversity persist in attributing to spring.

Year after year these unsatisfactory openings set us carping, yet all the same we refuse to become realists. We will not abandon our ideal of spring, in spite of the many lessons that we receive that it is only in exceptional cases the idyllic quarter of the year—no, we believe in the rare springs of Thomson and Chaucer, though, in the opinion of some, a change in our ideas, an acceptance of the season as it generally is, would save much grumbling and make us truly thankful for our occasional vernal mercies, when they come.

Once and once only had a poet the courage of his convictions in this matter, but he was a humorist, and therefore we only smile indulgently when he exclaims:—

'Spring, gentle spring, ethereal mildness, come,'  
O Thomson, void of rhyme as well as reason,  
That thou poor human nature thus could'st hum!  
There's no such season!

We smile, and, because he is a reputed jester, refuse to take offence at his iconoclasm. Fools and blind that we are, we will not see that the man is in deadly earnest, that he would fain teach us to look facts squarely in the face and, above all, to call a spade a spade. But the clown has ever found it hard to play the preacher; and his bauble is but a feeble tool when he employs it in all seriousness to batter images that have stood firm for ages.

Yet, after all, it is well that we should cling to old fair ideals, such as this of Springtide; and more especially in days, when the honour of realistic theories is too often found rooted in dishonour, should we let into life all that morning sun and fresh air can bestow, even though we seek it, to some extent, in the realm of imagination. For the ideal, if used aright, can lighten the disappointing days and glorify those that approximate more nearly to its own perfection. Your arrant grumbler is the man who knows not how to use it.

Thus in the Parks, though the buds be bursting but slowly, the imaginative stroller need not lack comfort; for there is much to remind him of the green freshness he loves to associate with the season. The trees may be tardy, but the Park chairs are surely reappearing, resplendent in new

coats of the hue his soul desires, and this should keep hope alive till reviving nature finally conquers the bonds of winter.

It is just when the leaves are in their first freshness that the Metropolis looks its best. Some say that nowhere are the trees so intensely green as they are here for the few days before the smoke has its will of them; and the ingenious ascribe the brilliancy indirectly to this same smoky atmosphere, for the vivid splendour of the new foliage is due, they say, to the sharp contrast with the smoke-grimed trunks and branches.

When once the Embankment is fringed with shimmering green, Old Father Thames, as he sweeps by in work-a-day guise, must know that very soon he will be called upon to bear fairer burdens than sluggish barges and panting river steamers; for the time of boating parties is at hand. Surely the Spring-robed Embankment is pleasant to the parched old Needle, after ages of residence amid burning sands. But its hieroglyphics, though eloquent enough, express no private, no recent thought, so we shall never know whether this relic of Cleopatra's work-box likes or does "not like London."

Some parts of the Metropolis never look beautiful, whatever the season of the year, and the dwellers in such places have but few chances of enjoying natural beauty. But if the Mountain will, not—the adage is thread-bare, so I refrain—if East-Enders cannot go to Nature, Nature, through the medium of Art, can go to them, and this the directors of Toynbee Hall have effected in their periodical Picture Exhibitions in Whitechapel, the fifteenth of which has been open for the past week or two.

Good accounts of the show and a strong curiosity to see how the work of the first painters of the day is appreciated in Whitechapel, drew me eastward the other evening to Commercial Street. The exhibition rooms in St. Jude's School House were not exactly crowded, but an eager and steady stream of visitors showed that the efforts of the promoters were certainly by no means thrown away.

The criterion of the visitors was mainly one of eye, not of knowledge. The striking in colour or subject claimed the largest share of patronage, irrespective of any consideration of who the artist might be, and on this no doubt the vote largely turns, for there is an election, open to all, as to which three pictures are the best.

Of course there were humorous incidents. I was standing close to a well-known picture, when two working men came up. The moment they caught sight of the canvas they became eagerly excited, and the one plucking the other by the sleeve exclaimed—"Oh my, look 'ere Bill, 'ere's the original o' Pears's 'Bubbles'—only think, it fetched £2,500. Oi seen it often up in Hoxford Street, Oi 'ave—actoolly wurth two thousand foive 'undred; but wot a grand advertisement for Pears!" It was for them the momeat of the whole exhibition; for some little time the worthy fellows stood rapt in admiration of the great "advertisement," then they moved away to other exhibits, but, languidly, I fancied, and with the air of men who had seen great things that day, and to whom all other spectacles must needs seem poor and weak. At any rate, the show had brought them one moment of intense life; perhaps, later on, they found another. I know not, for then I lost them.

JOHN A' DREAMS.



Photo by York & Sons, Lancaster Road, W.

THE THAMES EMBANKMENT AND  
CLAPHAM PIER.





SWIFT was thought to have done his species a sufficiently ill turn when he showed us in the guise of Yahoos. The author of "The Curse of Intellect" essays to go "one worse" by snatching the happy Yahoo from his state of nature, endowing him with reason, and making him discourse on the infamy of mankind. There was once a misanthropic student named Reuben Power, who had such a low opinion of his race that he refused to be a senior wrangler, and went out into the wilderness where he civilized a monkey. He brought the animal to London, and soon had the world of fashion at his feet; for he possessed much gold, made by the monkey's extraordinary eye to business, and society came to his parties, even though the monkey played the part of host. Naturally the beast became a graphomaniac, and wrote a considerable part of the narrative, laying great stress on the doctrine that intellect has reduced man below the level of the ape. All the ills of life on this planet are due to the fact that at this moment I am exercising the faculty of reason, in the effort to give a coherent account of this enlightened work. If we were only monkeys I should be innocently cracking nuts with my molars, or swinging from a tree by my tail, either of which occupations is obviously superior to the art of criticism.

When the monkey has fully grasped the functions of London society, he is incensed against his mentor for having taught him the accomplishments of the human mind, including moral philosophy and the art of novel-writing. He determines to murder Power; indeed, the appetite for killing was strong upon him in the first moment of intellectual consciousness, when he slew another monkey with a big stone. If monkeys remain monkeys, they dwell together in unity; hence the conclusion that had man never been evolved from simian or other ancestry, the earth would now be free from crime. Oddly enough, though the monkey can write English and French with fluency, and is acquainted with the best authors, he cannot talk anything but monkey language, intelligible only to his companion. His greater terror is that he may have been endowed with a soul; for had he remained a brute, death would simply have absorbed him into nature; whereas if he has a soul, who knows what may become of it? Worn out by speculation he strangles the man, and shoots himself, having first arranged for the publication of his memoirs. A mere cynic might say that this last effort of intellect was the worst, but I am not so ungrateful. The picture of a monkey Arcadia, into which thought and tailors' bills and printers' proofs have never entered, makes me profoundly discontented with even the smallest share of the empire of mind.

I turn to another satire in which intellect plays the predo-

minant part. Mr. Earl Hodgson introduces us in "Haunted by Posterity" to a community of ghosts who, having no bodily senses, are thrown upon intellect as their only resource. This is hard for them, poor things, but what is a ghost to do? Without a tail he cannot swing happily from a branch; and with no teeth, how can he seek solace in nuts? Reduced by hard fate to the exercise of pure intelligence, stimulated by the sensations of memory, he takes instinctively to the writing of novels about the fortunes of his descendants. Mr. Hodgson's ghost, who is three hundred years old, finds it necessary to keep pace with modern inventions. He knows all about a newspaper office, and describes how the prentice-editor of the *St. George's Review*, an evening journal which has been bought by an American millionaire, is staggered when the master printer informs him that there is no space for the sparkling notes which have been penned by the young men in the next room, and how the proprietor suggests that the difficulty shall be met by leaving out the advertisements. A brilliant idea like that makes one hopeful of intellect once more. I seem to recognise a familiar personality here and there, notably in Mr. Bertram, the intrepid journalist and social reformer, who views the apparition of the ancestral ghost without a tremor, patronizes the denizens of the other world, and even summons spirits from the vasty deep of posterity. There are many entertaining pages in Mr. Hodgson's volume—happy inspirations of fantasy and travesty—but there is also an appalling quantity of Scotch metaphysics. If Mr. Alfred Jingle were to study Scotland under the letter S, and metaphysics under the letter M, in the Encyclopedia, and combine the information, he would produce a work not unlike some of Mr. Hodgson's speculations. But he would be oppressed by the curse of intellect.

Every rational playgoer ought to welcome Mr. William Archer's reprint of his articles about the drama in the *World* for 1894. They make the second volume of Mr. Archer's annual record of our stage, and they are illuminated by sympathy, knowledge, and admirable patience. In an epilogue the author discourses delightfully on his personal love of the theatre and on the ethics of criticism. He broods over our native drama with an almost maternal solicitude. Mr. Bernard Shaw, who has written the preface, bewails the fate of leading actresses who ruin themselves with the obsolete characters of Shakespeare, when they might be playing Ibsen. Ah, that cursed intellect!

L. F. AUSTIN.

"The Curse of Intellect." W. Blackwood and Sons.

"Haunted by Posterity." By W. Earl Hodgson. A. and J. C. Black.

"The Theatrical World of 1894." By William Archer. Walter Scott.



*Photo by Elliott & Fry.*

MR. GILBERT PARKER.

*Was born in 1861 in Canada, where his father, an Artillery Officer, had settled some years before. He grew up in the Dominion and for a time held a Lectureship at Trinity College, Toronto. Ill health made him travel to Australia, where he took to journalism. In 1890 he came to England, and has since won a prominent place among present-day writers of romantic fiction by his short stories of "Pierre and his People," and by his longer romances, "Mrs. Falchion," "The Translation of a Savage," and "The Trail of the Sword." A second collection of short tales of Canadian life from his pen is announced for publication.*



"THE GOLDEN ISLES."

I FLATTER myself that I am a good hand at discovering what a cricketer would call new "holiday pitches." I always know a good wicket when I see one. Shall I ever forget the day when I first looked out of a railway carriage at Cromer, and saw the little village, the lighthouse hill, the distant Overstrand and Sidestrand; and I said to myself, the nature-loving world ought to know something of Cromer. And to think how it has all come to pass. Years and years before golf was a popular pastime I surveyed the golf links at Cromer. I used to play golf by myself on these very Cromer links, with a hooked stick and a sea pebble, just for fun. And this was scarcely ten years ago.

Look at it now. Cromer, with a smart new hotel, and the village extending itself to Sherringham. The Lighthouse Hill, possessing the most popular links in the east of England. Overstrand, developed into a kind of Eastern Counties Bedford Park. Sidestrand, a haven of lodgings. Mundesley, which when I saw it was the city of the dead, now a thriving seaside holiday ground; and all because in the dear days of long ago I looked out of a railway carriage at Cromer, got out one midsummer morning a solitary passenger, and wrote what I felt about the place and its enchanting district. Vulgarise Cromer as you will, it will ever have beautiful and peaceful memories for me. I wanted the world to enjoy it as I did. Please God some have done so these many summers past.

There is a little corner of the world that I discovered and prospected the other day. An exquisite little sunny village, a very few miles out of Toulon, situated in a lovely, sun-haunted bay, opposite the lovely isles of Gold and the isthmus of Gien, and other paradises unknown to the wild scamperer over the Riviera sea-board. What do they know of Nature, these fashionable Goths? They make a dead rush for Cannes, or Nice, or Monte Carlo, or Mentone, but they forget that exquisite sea-board between Toulon and St. Raphael. They have never heard of the Presque Ile de Gien, a verdant paradise; they have never soiled their aristocratic lips with such a word as Carqueiranne.

Why, then, is Carqueiranne, a few miles out of Toulon, a good place to prospect and encourage? I will tell you. With a little energy and capital it might be made the Richmond or Greenwich of Toulon. As matters stand it is an easy walk, an easier drive; and if it were ever to be

made popular, a tramway would connect it with the great French maritime port with the greatest ease. Already the artists and art lovers of Toulon are finding it out. The painters come here to put on canvas the Isles of Gold at sunset. The cyclists call here on their way through the cork forests to St. Raphael. The actors and actresses from the theatres at Toulon make up parties for Sunday breakfasts with, for the *plat du jour*, the best of bouillabaisse, washed down with pure white wine. Visitors innumerable come daily from Hyères and Costabelle, to bask on the Italian terrace from which you could pitch olive stones into the sea; and, to put it plainly, this ideal spot is made for speculator and enterprise. As matters stand, there exists there a simple, rude, primitive hotel. It is not first class, but it might be made so. I have enjoyed better breakfasts there this year than at far more fashionable hotels at Cannes and Nice, and at one-third the price.

On Sundays, in the summer-time, when it is stifling hot at Toulon or Hyères, the inhabitants come down in swarms to Carqueiranne to catch the ingredients for bouillabaisse from the rocks underneath the hotel and then they retire under the cool dark pine trees to cook their spoil, to drink the white wine of the country, to sing Provencal songs and to enjoy life and beauty to the full. It must have been at a villa within a dozen yards of this primitive village that Georges Sand made romances and Chopin made music. What a spot for poetry and song!

Alas, I have never seen my lovely fishing village when the summer is sweet and the residents in Provence take it by storm. But I have seen it in the desolation of winter dress, with about three visitors at the hotel and about half-a-dozen chance passengers. What a scene! Underneath the Italian terrace of the clean but rude hotel, the blue Mediterranean waves dash over rocks and freshen the faces looking eagerly out to sea. In full front are the Islands of Gold, crowned everlastingly with a halo of sun, islands that you can reach in less than an hour in one of the painted skiffs idling on the warm beach. At the back of the house are sheltering woods, miles and miles of them. Villas, some pretentious, some of the humblest pattern, are dotted about this enchanting bay. But it is lonely, it is desolate, it is deserted. Because it is not known. For my own part, I believe that there is a future for the fishing village of Carqueiranne. Nature has created it and crowned it. Art and capital can do the rest.

CLEMENT SCOTT,





CARQUEIRANNE, NEAR HYÈRES.



AS it is an excellent rule never to prophesy unless you know, so it is a counsel of prudence in dramatic criticism not to pass judgment upon a play until you have seen it played—"à la chandelle," as M. Francisque Sarcey says. To picture this scene or that in the mind's eye from a mere stage-direction, to imagine the effect when spoken of dialogue only read in print, mentally to transfer, in short, a play from space of two dimensions into space of three, demands an effort which few of us are willing—or, even if willing, able—to make; hence the frequent blunders of managers who have to deal with plays in MS. I have no intention, therefore, of passing anything like a final criticism on M. François Coppée's *Pour la Couronne*, which has only come within my ken in the form of a book. But there is no harm in trying to give you some notion of what the play is about, as a foretaste of what you are to expect when, done into blank verse by Mr. John Davidson, it is produced—as it by-and-by will be—by Mr. Forbes-Robertson at the Lyceum or elsewhere.

*Pour la Couronne*, a "drama"—it is really a tragedy—in five acts and in verse, after waiting ten years before it could find a manager to believe in it, was produced in January last at the Odéon, was received with enthusiasm, and has proved the one triumphant success of the present Paris season. Its action is laid in a little kingdom of the Balkans at the close of the fifteenth century. The prowess of a great commander, Michel Brancomir, has wrested the kingdom from the clutches of the Turk, and the late king has rewarded Michel with the title of Prince and the hand of the haughty Bazilide, descendant of the Byzantine Emperors. The throne—which is filled by popular election—is now vacant, and Michel is a candidate. Here you have a certain superficial resemblance between the case of Michel and Bazilide and that of Macbeth and his lady—the man a rough warrior, a saviour of his country, by nature the soul of honour, but ambitious, and egged on to dishonourable courses by the still greater ambition of his wife. For Brancomir cannot secure the crown by fair means; his rival, Bishop Etienne—as old and as saintly as Duncan in the other case—has been elected. And from the way in which Michel fingers his poniard, when bidden to bow the knee before the new king, you fancy that Bishop Etienne may also share Duncan's fate. But Bazilide suggests, as the cooking-books have it, "another way." The Turk has sent a secret emissary to promise Michel that he shall be king if he will only hand over the Balkan passes and tolerate the Mohammedan religion. Watchmen are stationed at every

pass ready to light a beacon at the approach of the enemy. All that Michel has to do is to prevent the beacon being lighted at the principal pass that night; and Bazilide, playing upon his ambition, as well as on his passionate love for her, urges him to this act of treachery.

At the foot of that beacon the great scene of the play takes place. Michel comes to deliver over the pass to the Turk—to find himself confronted by his son Constantine. The son, by playing the eavesdropper, a detail which will, I daresay, be modified in London—English audiences do not like to see heroes listening at keyholes—has become aware of the plot, and is there to prevent it at all hazards. He appeals to his father's honour, to the memory of his glorious victories . . . .

Ne voyez-vous donc pas vos anciennes victoires,  
Supplantes, les bras tendus, à vos genoux  
Les prenez-vous en haine et les chasserez-vous,  
Elles que l'Occident joyeux a saluées,  
Ignoblement ainsi que des prostituées ? . . . .

But the father will not be turned from his purpose by a son who has been listening behind doors . . . .

Donc je te suis suspect, donc mon fils m'espionne.  
Ah ! Voilà du nouveau. L'héritier de mon nom  
Ose se demander si je trahis ou non.  
Mais depuis quand faut-il que le père supporte  
L'oreille de son fils aux fentes de la porte ?

So Constantine has to choose between filial love and duty on the one hand, his honour and his country's safety on the other. He does not hesitate, but runs his father through the body, and sets fire to the beacon. He has saved his country, he has executed a traitor—but he is a parricide.

You might fancy that the interest of the play is bound to drop here, but that is not so. Constantine, stricken with remorse, does not care to live. . . .

Contre moi j'entends son sang crier.  
O pieux assassin ! filial meurtrier !  
Tu te cherches des noms dans ta douleur stupide ;  
Mais c'est en vain ! L'écho te répond : "Parricide !"

And when Bazilide, for revenge, accuses him of the very treachery for which he slew his father, he remains silent, to save his father's honour at the cost of his own. He is condemned to be chained to the foot of his father's statue for life, but the merciful dagger of a woman who loves him spares him this fate. This, in brief, is the story of *Pour la Couronne*, and I, for one, think it a warrant for looking forward with interest to the production of an English version.

A. B. WALKLEY.



*Photo by A. Ellis.*

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL,  
AS "THE NOTORIOUS MRS.  
EBBSMITH," IN MR. PINERO'S  
NEW PLAY AT THE GARRICK  
THEATRE.





#### THE COMING CRICKET SEASON.

I HEARD a pretty discussion in a sporting club the other day as to the relative merits of football and cricket from a spectator's point of view. The enormous popularity of the first-named, especially in the North of England, was set down by an old batsman to that inherent lust for blood which is the characteristic of the Saxon. "It's just the same thing," said he, "as the spectacle of one policeman being kicked by ten navvies. The affair always draws a gate—and so does football. Cricket, now, demands a higher order of intellect. Some of the most deserving fellows alive are those who go to the Oval or Lords every day, from May to September, and watch every ball that is bowled. Your football spectator would never have the patience to do that. He has neither the critical faculty nor the fine judgment of the cricketer. But he is hilarious when one man knocks another man down, and almost uncontrollable when a few of his heroes are carried off the field on hurdles."

I did not agree with these conclusions, be it said; but I have long felt that the popularity of cricket is waning. Given an international match, or such a *pièce de résistance* as Mr. Stoddart's tour, and your Briton waxes duly enthusiastic. But set him down to an ordinary county meeting and he may even gape, remembering as he does, the wild excitement of an hour and a-quarter at "socket" or the beauties of an "international" at Rugby. This opinion may be a mere assumption; or it may be based on a structure of truth. Many of the county matches last year were dismal enough. I cannot conceive any man really interesting himself, say, in the performances of Gloucestershire. The failure of Notts was lamentable; and even the minimising of the "stone-wall" business did little to help matters. All this may well make enthusiasts a little anxious for the season of 1895.

It will be very interesting to see how far the remembrance of the big things which Mr. Stoddart and his men did in Australia will help us during the next five months. There are those who declare that a winter season is not by any means good for a bowler. Certainly, the strain put upon such a man as Richardson by his Australian tour must have been enormous. I remember that almost the last words spoken to him, when his train left London last autumn, were imploring appeals that he would not overbowl himself. Yet no man worked harder, though it was evident that the heat often went near to overpowering him. What he will do in 1895 after this gruelling remains to be seen—and the same may be said of Peel, Lockwood, and Briggs. As for the batsmen, it is almost an axiom that a man cannot overbat himself, so to speak. I look for some very fine performances from Mr. Stoddart, Mr. Ford, and Brockwell—the latter especially, since he failed so often in Australia. All these

will feel very much at sea for a week or two on our slow wickets. Only those who have played on Indian matting can know how the ball gets up from it; but the six weeks rest the men have had coming home will help them to forget the methods of the Cornstalkers, and to settle down to the old state of things.

It is a pity that we have no definite news of Arthur Shrewsbury yet. Although it may be said that his imitators have done much to account for the waning popularity of cricket, there are few who would not be glad to see the great batsman in the field again. There is only one Arthur Shrewsbury; and whatever may be the effects of his example, his presence at the wicket must remain a joy. Notts, at any rate, can ill-afford to lose him, and it is to be hoped that the county will add to his assistance that of some new bowling talent in the coming season. Attewell and Sharpe are good enough at their best—but they so rarely arrive at that perfect state, that the team may well hunt up colts to atone for their shortcomings. At the moment, there seems no prospect whatever of any county lowering the colours of Surrey; but Middlesex are to make a mighty effort, and Lancashire people speak of surprises in their team. I trust that these will be good enough to awaken an interest in county cricket, which was altogether wanting last year.

That the one and only "Doctor" will play again this year is, of course, the best of news. It would be hard to imagine a cricket season without "W.G." But what he is going to do for Gloucestershire, heaven only knows. If he got rid of ten of the present team and put in ten colts, he might at least infuse the semblance of a spirit into the people of his county. The mischief of it is that the eleven were never bad enough to be amusing, nor good enough to arouse a suspicion of enthusiasm. While there lurk about them certain traits handed down from the great days, they disappoint so often, that even their best friends have lost hope.

I hear that Sussex are to have a new bowler this year, and generally to bestir themselves. Warwickshire, full of first-class glories, start the season with confidence; and Somersetshire, with "Samuel" playing, and a possibility of their best batsman condescending to turn up occasionally, should go near to win back their reputation of a couple of seasons ago. It is possible that Mr. Stoddart's "Australians" will arrange one or two matches with representative teams later on in the year; and such fixtures would be godsend. It is all very well to argue that sensational matches do an injury to the good old county affairs; but when your old county meetings bore unutterably, and for the most part are robbed even of the interest of excitement, the welfare of the sport, as a whole, demands these innovations.

MAX PEMBERTON.



*Photo by Bassano.*

MR. J. FORBES-ROBERTSON, NOW AP-  
PEARING IN MR. PINERO'S NEW PLAY,  
"THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH,"  
AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.



UNDER this heading we intend to give each week an article devoted to the beautifying of English homes. We shall deal with the important questions of health and comfort, and shall endeavour to guide our readers in their desire to obtain beautiful and tasteful articles for their homes.

I have had lately such interesting experiences in the way of furnishing a new house, that I cannot help thinking some account of them may be of real value to readers of *The Album*. A little while ago, my aunt, who always promised



to leave me "something substantial" by her will, died and did: the "something substantial" proved to be a great big house in a Bloomsbury Square. I wanted to sell it; my husband said "No; we will live in it."

"But the neighbourhood's unfashionable," said I, "and the house is too big."

"Since flats came into vogue," he answered, "neighbourhoods have ceased to be fashionable or unfashionable—even the house agents will admit that—within two years. I know an Earl who has a flat off Gower Street. As for big, it's lovely—we'll have a billiard-room and a real library."

"Well, you'll have to pay for all the soda and spirits in the billiard-room, and give up one of your clubs—the one where you're always sure of a table! So, it's agreed."

The big house was empty—as empty as the City on Sunday; and as he offered me a big cheque, I felt that I was in for "shopping," for like most women, I suffer from the passion for buying, which Max Nordau calls "oniomania."

Talking of Nordau, reminds me of a funny tale about furnishing, for the inaccuracy of which I can vouch. You know how Nordau, who has a mania for calling other people mad, denounces the eclectic system of furnishing that all women love, and advocates the adoption of one style and period only for a room. Well, an uncle of mine had the same theory, and when he became rich he spent an immense amount of money in furnishing his drawing room in pure Louis XV. style. Everything was costly and accurate. He spent eighteen months on the task. When it was finished he asked a friend, a great art critic, to dinner, and afterwards took him upstairs and showed him the room—his triumph. The critic examined everything carefully, and at last gave a sigh, and said, "Everything, my dear sir, in this room is genuine, perfect, and harmonious, save one."

"What is that?" said my uncle,



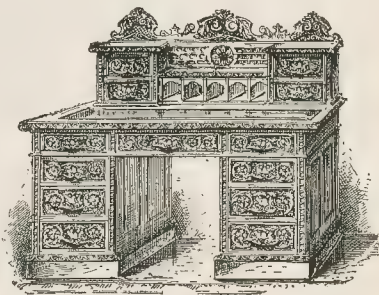
The critic took him by the hand and led him to a large mirror. He looked in, and the reflection showed a short, stout, bald man in the orthodox, claw hammer coat, "balled rag" shirt and black trousers of men's evening dress.

"The one discordant, irreconcilable thing—the one utterly inharmonious—is yourself. Are you Louis XV. in style?"

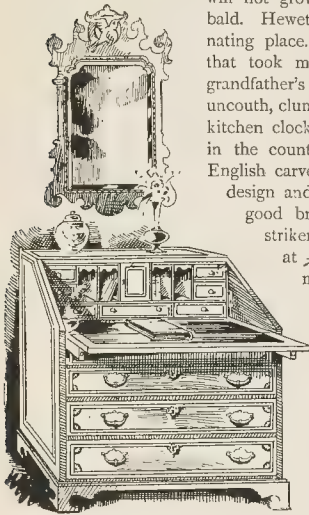
My uncle looked in the mirror for a moment, then groaned and walked straight out of the room. Since that day no one can induce the poor man to put his foot into the drawing room, and the rest of the house is furnished in the most heterogeneous manner conceivable.

So, you see, I came to the conclusion that I would not have my rooms in any particular style, as my friends, to say nothing of myself, might prove discordant. We had to leave the house for a while in the hands of the painters and sanitary engineers, so I set out on what one may call a preliminary survey of the shops. I was in a beautiful position, for I had not to fit in my old furniture, since a friend who admired my taste took over our dear little flat just as it stood, and bought everything but the ornaments I loved too well.

The first place I went to was Hewetsons, in Tottenham Court Road, for I had a grudge against them. Five years before I had bought a peacock green felt carpet from them, and it would not wear out. It did beautifully in our first flat. Mr. Dudley Hardy chose it with me, that it might harmonize perfectly, but, to use the French, it "swore horribly" with the colouring in our next home, yet it was in too good a state to be abandoned; so the wonderful "old man of the sea" felt has for two years vexed me, and it







will not grow shabby, faded, or bald. Hewetson's is a very fascinating place. The first things that took my fancy were some grandfather's clocks—not those uncouth, clumsy old things, really kitchen clocks that novices buy in the country—but handsome, English carved oak, excellent in design and workmanship, with good brass dials and gong strikers. There was one at £7 15s. od. that won my heart promptly and then it was ousted by another somewhat richer in work and handsomer in design, costing £3 more. My husband, whom I indiscreetly took with me, lost his heart over a carved oak writing table;

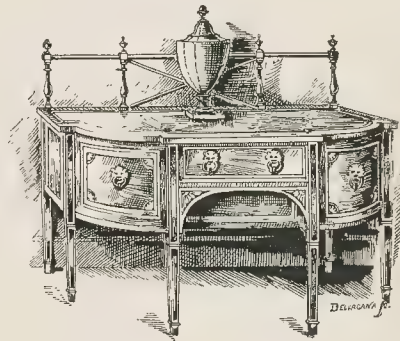
it was the very thing he had been wanting for years, he said, but as he said the same thing two minutes later about a charming old Sheraton bureau and a delightful Sheraton sideboard, I began to distrust him. I fear he will buy both behind my back. They took us through room after room showing us fine clocks, dear old mahogany-frame mirrors, with the inevitable gilt bird at the top that I love, and beautiful things of all kinds. A genuine old restored oak Welsh dresser actually "cuted" him—I use his own phrase. It really was charming, with its shelves for china, its cupboards in the wings and drawer in the centre.



When we came to the furniture to be sent out to Siam, my husband announced his intention of setting out for Bangkok. Two years ago the King purchased a suite, and, in consequence, his Prime Minister has given an order which is just completed. Of course, what the Prime Minister of such a potentate requires is not exactly within the range of my ideas, or those of most of you, so I will not give a precise description of the gorgeous substantial pieces of British workmanship.

However, as I want space for a practical hint, I will not say any more about the alluring Hewetsons, or their wonderful illustrated catalogue that I sat up reading till past midnight.

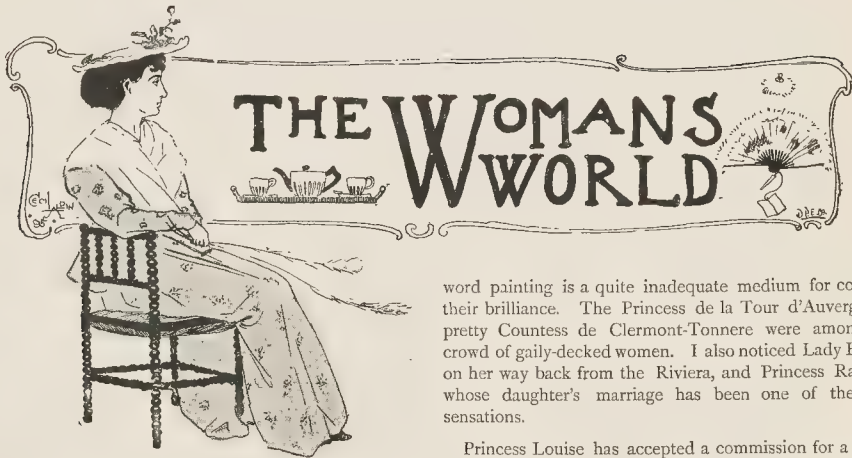
The practical hint is for people in flats. In ours we had no library, and I objected to having books in the drawing-room. He insisted. It looked like a serious bone of contention, but he got out of it. He had some bookcases made fit for the daintiest drawing-room. The bodies are of deal, but all



the visible parts are faced with oak stained light green. They stand four feet high, except a dwarf one used to break the line. The top is covered with olive green, damask silk, which shows off splendidly the jars and plates and pots set upon it. The sides are panelled with pieces of lovely cream figured brocade silk, framed in by mouldings of the green oak, and in place of the ordinary ugly leather or leatherette dust excluders, are strips of green velvet, which serves admirably. The books are partly hidden, partly revealed by fine rice blinds of tender shades of green merging into pink, hung from under the top cornice. The whole effect is light and graceful, though 600 books are in the little room, and every woman who sees them says, "Oh, how perfectly sweet!" and every man, "How stunning!"

Any of my readers who wish to benefit by my large experience in my past or present furnishing, or want any information on household or kindred matters, should send to *The Album* a letter addressed to

GRACE.



SOMEONE has said somewhere with very sound judgment that the little strip of water, which takes its turbulent way between our respective islands, has done more to separate the Briton and Celt than all the political amenities of our times put together. And proofs of this potent legislator's reflections are not often wanting when one meets the other.

During Lord Zetland's administration of affairs Hibernian at the Castle, his elder daughter, then Lady Hilda Dundas, made excellent cause with all who knew her by the bright genial manner and constant consideration for others with which those were met who came in contact with her. A thorough going sportswoman beside, Lady Hilda's marriage with Lord Southampton in July, 1892, was a particularly popular event in Ireland, as that smart young Hussar was stationed there at the time, and the 10th revived hunting traditions with a will in Tipperary that winter. Most men in the regiment kept up "powerful" stables, and the season was a record one for hunt balls and diversions generally. Since Lord Southampton has given up soldiering, Lady Southampton has made a more frequent figure in London society, though I think her best affections are given to the country.

One of many sensations on the Riviera lately has been the singing of a famous Russian choir, the Dmitri Slaviansky they call themselves. No important party seemed complete without these very marvellous, but somewhat expensive, songsters, their fee being £200, while it is said they received double that sum for singing before the Queen shortly before Her Majesty's departure for Darmstadt. All the Royalties on the Riviera were invited, "The two Annas," as they were called, Mdle. Anna de Peterson and Mdle. Anna de Schipoff being also amongst the guests.

The Horse Show, and fine weather in conjunction, were made the occasion of a smartly-dressed meeting of smart Society in Paris on Tuesday.

Count d' Aulan's "Good Girl," and Miss Renée Dudley's "Premier Avril" were much admired amongst many creditable specimens of the horse beautiful. As to the dresses,

word painting is a quite inadequate medium for conveying their brilliance. The Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne and pretty Countess de Clermont-Tonnere were amongst the crowd of gaily-decked women. I also noticed Lady Hawkins on her way back from the Riviera, and Princess Radziwell, whose daughter's marriage has been one of the week's sensations.

Princess Louise has accepted a commission for a life-size statue of the late Mrs. Wemyss, which is to be executed in a recumbent position, and placed in the crypt-chapel of the late Mrs. Wemyss's house in Argyshire. Princess Louise's fame as a sculptress has evidently gone abroad since the erection of Her Majesty's beautiful statue in Kensington Gardens. The honorarium which has been arranged for the work in question is one thousand pounds. Mrs. Wemyss was a valued friend of the Marchioness of Lorne, so the difficulty of making a correct likeness, which sculptors have often to wrestle with in such cases, will not occur. This artistic family talent, so strongly shown in Princess Louise, has another strong exponent in the young Countess Gleichen, whose mallet rings merrily in St. James' Palace.

Enterprising Eastbourne is the British pioneer of the Battle of Flowers—a rite which up to now we have associated with Southern sunshine and the merry mumming of Mi-Carême abroad. Wednesday's seaside festival promises very prettily, and it is not unlikely that the custom may extend to other watering places, where the home-staying holiday maker might wax playful under favouring circumstances. Flowers are always possible if not profuse at this season, and the gaiety of the nation is perennially latent.

The Spring Meeting is of most others a favourite occasion at Sandown, and great things are anticipated of this week's sport and fashion. Many houses in the neighbourhood have made up pleasant house parties, amongst which may be counted Sandown Lodge, which has been recently built by Mr. Ernest Speer. It is a correct extravagance to appear each day in a different gown, just as one does at Ascot; and however husbands may exclaim, women seem unanimously in accord with the custom.

Lady Eva Greville's engagement has not taken society by surprise, though congratulations were perforce reserved for the official announcement. Mr. Frank Dugdale is very eligible at all points though Wroxall goes to his brother, and Lady Eva is well bestowed under the late Earl's will. Lady Warwick is much attached to her pretty sister-in-law, and her influence went for more than a little in the matter of Lady Eva's charming appointment in the York Household.

VERA.



*Photo by Lafayette, Dublin,*

LADY SOUTHAMPTON.





### EARLY "DUNS."

IN the country town which has the honour to have given us birth, it is our habit to regulate things by the recurrence of the Fairs. There are two of these in each year, a Spring Fair and an Autumn Fair, and they have been held on the same Fridays of the same two months of the year ever since the privilege of holding a fair was granted the town, and that was some three centuries ago. As certainly as the Spring Fair falls, our lamplighter receives instructions (they are quite superfluous) not to light the lamps. Throughout the summer his labours as a cobbler are unbroken by civic duties; but the Autumn Fair sees him resume these. The eve of the Autumn Fair may be black as pitch: no lamps. The next night, shine the moon never so brightly, the artificial gleams light up the bibulous scene. Our town has a sense of proper times and seasons, if the moon has not. And this sense is shared by the townsfolk. For example, they put out their fires with the lamps at that Spring Festival, be the east wind cruel as it may, and they light them with the lamps, although the Autumn Fair is a swelter. It is a well-regulated, well-behaved town, and its people are an exemplary and orthodox folk, and there is nothing to be said against one or the other, save that both town and people miss a good many of the opportunities of life.

Now, this is our only complaint against the orthodox angler, by whom we have been reminded of these youthful regularities of ours. He is a good fisherman, a capital fellow, as a rule; and, if you have a son to train in the way he should go in catching fish, and are wise enough to be doubtful of your own system, you can't do better than send the lad to school with him. But when all is said, your orthodox angler loses some of his opportunities, and early "duns," at the present moment, are one of them. The advent of March is to him what the return of the Spring Fair was to us—a date of mere man's fixing exalted into a rule for conduct. When March comes, he goes out with his "March browns," and these give way to the May-fly when May arrives. 'Tis the orthodox plan, and he follows it, although, to be sure, "March browns" may kill best in the early days of May, and the May-fly, as a rule, does not appear until the middle or the end of June. Indeed, it is a fault of most trout-fishermen to let their minds run too much upon their own affairs—their rods, and their lines, and their calendars, and to forget that the fish have tastes, and capricious tastes, too.

It is only when he is following some rule or other up to his lights that the orthodox angler requires to be reminded of this. Get him away from these early months, with their traditions of "March-browns" and May-fly, and he is a most discriminating fellow. See how carefully, later in the season, the dry-fly fisherman matches the hue of the fly upon the water! See how, as the day wears on, he is back again and again at his fly-book, and picks and chooses until he finds the exact imitation of the changing fly, convinced that it alone can kill! And yet the very same angler—inconsequent man—has probably presented the very same fish with a "March-brown" when there were no "March-browns" on the water, and with a May-fly where no May-fly was.

Let us not be misunderstood. We don't wish to undervalue the "March-brown." It is a good, all-round fly, and many a fine trout, in streams in every corner of the kingdom, have we killed with it. But many over-value it, and think it can kill where it cannot. Granted that it rises on nearly every river. Well, so does the May-fly in one or other of its various forms and colours. Yet, when a cloud of May-fly is hatched, not infrequently a small fly, a "Greenwell's glory" (say), is preferred by the fish to the larger and more luscious ephemera. And so with the "March-brown." The fish will often pass it for the early "duns." On a partly sickened stream, again, it will often occur that the rise of "March-brown" is absolutely wanting, and in its place come the watery "duns." Upon these the fish feed undoubtedly. Yet, because, forsooth, it is the season of the "March-brown," the artificial presentment of the "dun" is not to be endured.

At such a time, let the angler go forth armed with a "rough olive," a "dark olive," an "iron blue," and one or two patterns of watery "duns." The stream, comparatively speaking, is free from weed. The fish are more vagrant, for the flies are hatching, not in clouds, but here and there singly. See yonder trout just rising. Now he has disappeared; possibly, to come up next some yards off—to right, to left, forward, it may be down stream. When wading, is it an infrequent experience to have the fish just cast over drop down between your legs, while the fish you catch is one not tried for? When your "olive" lit upon the surface the unnoticed trout rushed from his temporary shelter and seized the lure. Here (as Bishop Earle would say) is a "Thriftie Hobnaye Proverbe to clout our discourse": When the fish settle down to the feed, then up with the "March-brown"; till then, try the early "duns."

ROUGH OLIVE



Photo by W. & D. Downey.

FISHING ON THE BEACH



#### FASHIONS IN PARIS.

**F**ROCKS, furbelows and frivolities generally are the burning question of the moment in gay Lutetia.

More than at any other time of the year does Easter and thereabouts possess the soul of the Parisienne with a very passion of fashion. Spring in the air, opening buds on the bough, and a fine frenzy at the milliner's. All have arrived with stores of unspeakable energy, and the Bois already begins to assume its usual ardour of gaiety with, if possible, increased effect. This is largely due, without doubt, to the brilliant colours of the season's programme, for not within memory of the oldest inhabitant has such license been admitted as now. The battle, in accordance with all respectable tradition, seems again given to the strong, for unblushingly bright blues, pinks and crimsons of most assertive presence, and violets, which are feebly expressed when described as vivid, overrule all other shades in the feminine favour. Gismunda is the name given to a new tone of rose colour, which is particularly effective for evening wear, as it looks both brilliant and soft by electric or lamp-light. A most alluring frock, composed by Rouff, was shown me in this Gismunda-coloured *moiré* shot with white. It had belt and braces of white satin covered in steel spangles. Sleeves and front being in artfully arranged billows of rose mousseline-de-soie, with points of Brussels lace at the shoulders. For ball dresses, a new and charming notion is to use silk flounces sewn over with spangles inside the skirt, so that as the wearer gracefully gyrates, a vision of glancing sequins rewards the observant, and as skirts are all seven and eight yards around, linings are naturally more evident, and considered than ever. White satin gowns are on that account nearly always lined with pink, crimson or yellow, and the effect in a ballroom with a *trois temps* in full swing is really most satisfying to one's sense of colour.

To the ordinary box pleat of our universal regards Parisians are now adding a flounce on both sides. It gives bodies that increased fluffiness which seems so indispensable to our happiness at the moment. Thus an exquisite little afternoon gown in white taffetas, shot pale green, had the usual wide plain skirt and a bodice made in three pleats at back. The front showed one large middle pleat with a flounce of fine black lace over one of white, sewn on at both sides. The sleeves, a succession of gathered puffs, were plain from the elbow, at which juncture the flounces of black and white lace also appeared. Pink roses fastened the lace ruffle at neck of quite the daintiest frock it is possible to imagine.

Large belts of black satin are worn wound twice round the waist, and to happy owners of a slim figure the method has several points of favour, but she must not attempt it who owns to more than twenty inches. Butterflies and

various designs in black Chantilly lace are used to ornament front or sides of skirts, but except in the case of ball gowns beauty unadorned seems the motto of the modish skirt. Gloves are worn more than ever reaching to the elbow, where they meet the sleeve voluminous of your smart afternoon gown, or else going quite to another extreme, where bell-shaped cuffs coming well over the wrist ask for very little display on the part of one's gloves.

It should be borne in mind by those who in the spring lightly turn to their tailors for the inevitable tweed or cloth—of our insular affections—that long-skirted coats are as dead as last year's leaves. Very wide sleeves and very short full busques are an inevitable accompaniment of the newest tailor modes. I feel bitterly on this subject, having been persuaded into an extinct arrangement of the frock coat order quite lately, which takes a fossilised appearance near these smart little jackets which are now a rule of the road. Blouses of white satin or *moiré* are much worn in Paris with these coats. They are buttoned with paste or cut steel. Capes claim the lion's share of fashionable attention, perhaps. They are worn short and are profusely trimmed with lace, ribbon, and spangles. Those made in shot glacé silk with ruchings over a blouse of the same material are quite charming. A skirt of sapphire silk or stuff, for instance, with bodice of shot blue, and mauve taffetas, and a cape edged with ruchings of the same material makes excellent effect.

The reign of the ruffle continues, but this yoke of tulle and triviality weighs lightly on our willing necks. Here in Paris an appreciably greater liberty of size and variety of colour is indulged in than in town. Amber chiffon, with clusters of black roses at each side, was successfully worn by a pretty girl in a white cloth frock and black picture hat at Longchamp on Sunday. Another, a brunettee this time, indulged in a peach-coloured ruff, with bunches of red violets. I counted eleven different sorts of flowers on her green straw hat, the size of which quite obviated the necessity for a parasol. I hear horrid rumours about the revival of turbans, for not only middle-aged ladies but others of less uncertain summers, but hope we may be spared that visitation. Thackeray hounded birds of Paradise out of existence, and matronly turbans withered away before his ridicule. Their possible revival goes to prove that folly is stronger than the classic satirist. I could forgive Madame de Staël any enormity except her turban, neither wit nor beauty can prevail against its bathos.

Touching on the internal economies of fashion, I notice that silk underskirts play a more than ever important part in our present inflated conditions. Most of these are arranged with graduated rows of steel at the back, and a single row goes round the hem, which keeps the dress out sufficiently without a too palpable reminder of the inevitably approaching crinoline.

MAGGIE.





FISH SELLERS  
AT CANNES.

## THE INEVITABLE INTERVIEWER.

### "GYP" AT HOME.

"GYP," or Madame la Comtesse de Martel de Janville, as she is known to her large circle of Parisian, Breton and Norman friends, is one of the half-dozen living French writers who shares with Daudet and Dumas *filis* the honour of having as many readers abroad as at home; and yet little or nothing is known of her singularly charming personality, and for the first few years of her literary life none, even among her own circle, suspected that in the delightful witty *mondaine*, whose proudest claim to distinction was her near relationship to Mirabeau, most eloquent of orators and most gallant of republican marquises, they were entertaining "Gyp" unawares.

"Madame de Martel," writes a representative of *The Album*, "spends the winter months of each year in a pretty countryfied house standing 'twixt *cour et jardin* at Neuilly; she is devoted to all forms of out-door life and chose her present house in order to be near both the bois de Boulogne and the lovely stretch of country beyond St. Cloud and Suresnes.

"Gyp's" dainty little boudoir drawing-room is a reflection of her own complex self; an exquisite pastel of your hostess's great-grandmother, an 18th century *marquise*, finds itself in juxtaposition with a brilliant *fin de siècle* counterpart presentment of the authoress of *Petit Bob* by Aublet; and a fine piece of old Beauvais tapestry throws into relief the clever caricatures due, I learn presently, to the pen and pencil of "Gyp" herself.

"No, I did not begin to write till after my marriage," she replied in answer to a question. "But I was born and brought up in a literary atmosphere, and, as I married when I was eighteen, I could scarcely have begun my literary career before that event. Shortly after our wedding my husband was offered," she continued, smiling, "a political post in Lorraine, and this indirectly led to my writing my first little dialogue. I was very dull, and we were surrounded by a number of very curious provincial types. Well! my inspiration came to me after the labours of a particularly solemn official dinner-party, where we had been obliged to entertain people belonging to widely different 'sets' and ranks. I wrote out my little account of what had taken place and sent it off to M. Marcelin, the editor of *La Vie Parisienne*, an old friend of my mother's, and a most kindly man. But I did not put my name to either my first or succeeding contributions, and over two years elapsed before I revealed my identity!"

"You have remained faithful to the dialogue form, Madame?"

"Yes and no. I have published a number of novels written in the usual narrative way. *Petit Bleu*, *Un Raté*, *Pas Jalouse*, and, more lately, *Leurs Âmes* are all examples of my narrative writing. The subject of *Un Raté* was, of course, suggested to me by the Chambige affair. The

young man in question was, oddly enough, once tutor to my boys, so I knew something of his morbid eccentric nature. I have no sympathy," she added, abruptly, "with the unhealthy so-called psychological school."

"Your work must take up most of your time, Madame." My hostess laughed gaily. "I will let you into a little secret," she said pleasantly. "I get through all my writing at night between twelve and four o'clock in the morning. I can only work at that time when I feel that perfect quiet and peace reigns round me. Personally, I cannot imagine how a busy mistress of a house can possibly write in the midst of interruptions and noise. Besides, I am devoted to riding and painting; for both these occupations daylight is essential. If you care to see my workroom I will show it you," she concluded, rising, and together we made our way up the broad, shallow flight of stairs to a delightful spacious apartment, where at right angles to a neat tent bed, above which hangs a large painting of Mme. de Martel's three children, was both a substantial writing table and an easel, on which stood a half-finished pastel. "Here, you see, I have comparative solitude during the daytime. I am, of course, always at the beck and call of my boys and girl," and she smiled brightly. "I ride in the morning. Yes, I can do without much sleep. But I do not find my work a labour. I thoroughly enjoy writing, and rarely go over my manuscript a second time."

"If I may venture an indiscreet question, Madame, do you describe your characters from real life?"

"No, not intentionally. Certain types stand out in my mind; but my personages are all evolved from my imagination. I do not go much into Society; I am happiest when with my friends and young people."

"I suppose that you are one of the few French women who take kindly to hunting."

"No, indeed! I am devoted to horses, and can ride anything; but any form of 'sport' which involves suffering to bird or beast is odious to me," and she quickly changed the subject. "During the summer we migrate to my husband's country house near Caen, in Normandy, and then we get plenty of boating and bathing."

"Have you ever exhibited your pictures?"

"Oh, yes! I generally sign them *Bob*. I am rather fond of that one of my books," she added, smiling, "as you can easily imagine, it puts more or less on record my own eldest son's boyhood."

And though she was too simply modest to go into the question, I remembered that it was this volume of *Petit Bob* which, published some fourteen years ago, gave "Gyp" her place among the French writers of the century, for *Bob* in his own little way has become a classic, and scarce a week goes by but that he is quoted *à tort et à travers* in journal or on platform in the country which gave him birth.

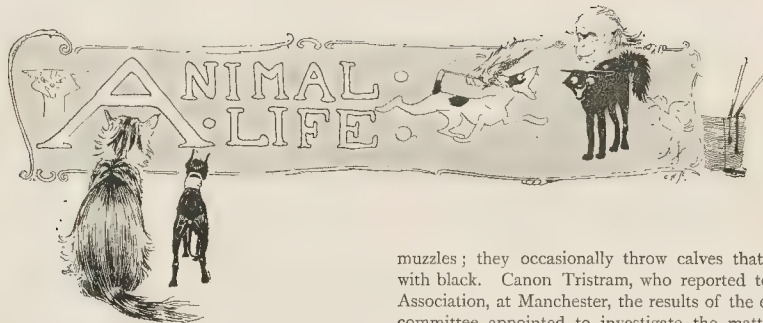
M. A. B.



Photo by Delton, Paris.

"GYP." [MADAME LA COMTESSE  
DE MARTEL DE JANVILLE.]





### THE URUS.

OUR picture represents a young bull of the British wild ox, which was born in the Zoological Gardens some little time since. There is another young calf at present; and both parents are still alive. These animals are of great interest as being the legitimate descendants of the wild ox of this country, whose technical name is *Bos primigenius*. So comparatively late as 1174 even the peaceful suburbs of London harboured fallow deer and "Tauri sylvestres," as these oxen were sometimes termed; while in the country generally they "tossed high their manes of snow" almost everywhere. But it appears that although there is no doubt about the genuineness of these Chillingham wild oxen, they are a dwarfed race in comparison with the gigantic urus mentioned by Julius Cæsar. Nevertheless, they are the same species, and at least four out of the numerous semi-domesticated herds at present existing in various parts of the country are definitely known to have been enclosed as wild animals within a tract of park.

The fossil or sub-fossil remains of this animal indicate its greater size in earlier times; moreover, this huge bulk was preserved even down to the times of Cæsar, who speaks of them as being as large as the great aurochs, the European bison. In Cambridgeshire and other places their remains have been freely dug up, together with palæolithic man; and in the subsequent neolithic period the oxen seem to have formed a staple food of the inhabitants of this country; a skull has been found transfixed by a neolithic Celt. A curious inference has been drawn from the abundant remains of the calves: it is supposed from this fact that the cows were kept for the sake of their milk, the calves, of course, being killed to prevent them from suckling. Cæsar's remark about "lacte, caseo et carne," applies to neolithic man as well as to the Gauls of whom he wrote it.

Urus itself is a Celtic word, and the animal appears to have existed as a wild beast in Wales, at any rate, down to the year 940. In that year Howell Dha ordered a certain number of white cattle with red ears to be paid as compensation for offences committed against the Princes of Wales; and there is no doubt that this meant the urus, for red ears are often referred to as one of its distinguishing marks.

The Chillingham cattle, preserved in a park belonging to the Duke of Northumberland, are one of the original herds, from which some others have been stocked. These and other examples of the pure-bred *Bos primigenius*, are, as everyone knows, white with reddish ears, but black

muzzles; they occasionally throw calves that are marked with black. Canon Tristram, who reported to the British Association, at Manchester, the results of the enquiries of a committee appointed to investigate the matter, suggested that this white colour was not the original hue; it was, he considered, possibly due to domestication. Pure albinos or varieties of a dark-coloured animal, with a good deal of white about them, are rare in nature; most people have seen in the course of their lives, a sparrow or two with a dozen or so of white feathers; but such sports are uncommon, for the reason that white is so disadvantageous a tint for wild animals. They become conspicuous and an easy mark for their enemies. Under domestication, white is, on the contrary, exceedingly common. White rabbits and white rats, not to mention guinea-pigs and geese, are some out of very numerous instances. Canon Tristram, therefore, is very likely to be right in his suspicions of the Chillingham wild cattle. But a careful observer who has made an elaborate study of the oxen at Chillingham, has pointed out some curious characteristics of purely wild animals which these supposed domesticated oxen exhibit. The domestic ox grazes peacefully all day long; so does the horse and sheep. But the urus of Chillingham feeds, as it were, by stealth, and by night, like wild beasts that fear enemies. The domestic cow is, comparatively speaking, careless about its calf; it knows by instinct that it will be looked after. But the Chillingham cow secretly removes its young to a place of safety, as do wild animals generally. Mere ferocity of disposition is not an argument; the bull now at the Zoo cannot be approached with impunity; but neither, of course, can the most flagrantly domestic bull of the farmyard.

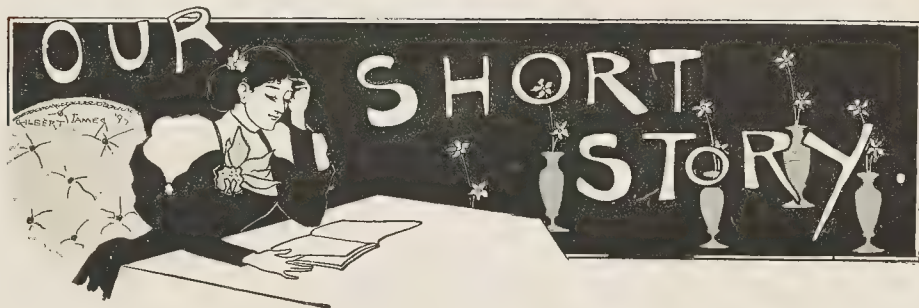
Some persons are of opinion that more than a single species of wild ox existed in primæval Britain. They distinguish the long-fronted ox (*Bos longifrons*) of the Irish peat bog; as a species not to be confounded with *Bos primigenius*. In external characters there may have been constant differences; but, in any case, the examination of the skeleton reveals no reason for distinguishing the two, save that the long-fronted oxen were rather smaller than their relative. It seems probable that they should not be separated. A very curious fact about the bovine animals is the freedom with which they will breed among themselves, and produce fertile offspring. A species was at one time defined as a group of animals incapable of producing fertile offspring with another group of animals. But this definition must be given up in view of the remarkable experiments made upon the subject at the Zoological Gardens. A short time ago there was in the Gardens an animal which had no less than three species in it, viz., zebu, geyal, and bison, even according to some systematists, three genera.

F. E. BEDDARD.



Photo by Mr. Gardner Belmont, P. Z. S.

THE URUS.



## AN OLD-FASHIONED MARRIAGE.

BY HENRY CRESSWELL.

IT was one of old Granny's stories. The old lady knew so many! And she had a neat knack of telling them—whether tales that made little folks laugh, or reminiscences to which their elders listened with bated breath.

They were not histories of celebrities. Only tales about grandparents, great-uncles and aunts, and such-like folk—the family lore of a middle-class household. Nevertheless, Granny brought as much tragedy, and comedy, and as much romance out of those histories as could be found in the lives of the greatest—or the dirtiest. Why should the great and the dirty be the two poles between which the popular idea of romance swings backwards and forwards?

Now and then it turned out that Granny's tales had morals. Then they at once became less popular with the people to whom the morals applied, whether young or old. That was the case with the tale of "How Granny's Great-Aunts were Married."

When the girls were little they loved to hear how Granny's grandfather, their great-great-grandpapa Preston, used to bring home with him the men he meant his daughters to wed; how, at the best bedroom window, that overlooked the ride up to the door, Mary, and Barbara, and Joan stood, peeping to see whom father was bringing for Anne. Anne herself would not look. How the same three peeped to see who was coming for Mary; how Joan and Barbara peeped to see who had been chosen for Joan—that was Granny's mother; and how, afterwards, Barbara, left all alone, stood peeping, whenever her father came home; but always in vain, because no one was ever brought for her, and so Aunt Barbara died an old maid; no one ever knew why.

When the girls grew bigger they turned up their noses at Granny's story of how the great-aunts were married.

Quoth Granny, "It saved a vast deal of trouble."

But the pretty little noses of sixteen, eighteen, and nineteen only tilted themselves all the higher.

Particularly when papa stood by, and poked fun at them, asserting that, some day, he would do the same as great-great-grandfather Preston.

"I give you fair warning that I shall not marry him then," said Millicent—she was the oldest of the girls—with a little flush of indignation. "The idea of being handed over to a man in that way! I would rather die an old maid like great-aunt Barbara. After all I expect she had the best of it."

"She did not think so," remarked Granny, drily.

"If you are thinking of trying the experiment upon me, papa," said Lottie, "I shall run away with the first nice fellow I meet. That will be better than being married in a way to which no girl could consent who respected herself!"

"Hoity-toity!" exclaimed Granny, "I think you are forgetting that Joan was my mother."

Francey, the youngest of the three, sat thinking. Millicent had declared that she would prefer to die an old maid; and Lottie, that she would first run away with some one else. It evidently behoved herself also to make a startling declaration, only not the same as either of her sisters. To do that would be stupid.

"And don't try the experiment with me, either, papa," she said, suddenly thinking of something just in the nick of time. "Because, if you do, I'll marry him on the spot, just to let you see what shall come afterwards."

Francey could not have precisely explained what she intended to convey by her declaration. But what she said certainly sounded grand.

Also she perceived, from the faces of her father and grandmother, who exchanged a glance before bursting out laughing, that the threat was considered more formidable than those of her sisters.

Francey was glad of that; because Millicent and Lottie always treated her as a baby.

Why should Francey Blackburn have been thinking of all that just now, sitting on the wall by the river at aunt Elizabeth's? Francey had no idea. Things came into her head. Then Francey thought about them. Things will come into people's heads. And one must think of something.

So, the wall by the river being just too high for Francey's feet to touch the ground when she perched on it, Francey sat swinging one of those pretty little feet, and thinking of what she and her sisters had said to papa, anent Granny's tale. That trick of swinging her foot was babyish. But Francey would not be eighteen until August, and now it was only July.

Aunt Elizabeth and her husband were at dinner. By and by Francey, who already wore her evening frock, would stroll back to the house to put in an appearance at dessert. There was no pleasanter place to spend the time of waiting than by the river.

A light splash of sculls. Francey pricks up her ears. Quick as lightning she snatches up a book, opens it, anywhere, and puts on an appearance of being immersed in it.

For an instant she raises her eyes. Yes, it is *he*. She is again immersed in the book. The splash of the sculls





"OLIVIA" BY DAVID WOODLOCK,  
NOW BEING EXHIBITED AT THE  
ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS  
IN WATER COLOURS.

comes near, passes, goes on up the river. *He* is out of sight by this time. Francey shuts up the book.

She feels relieved; also sorry; also a little triumphant. She made up her mind to do it; and she has done it. And she supposes it must be nearly dessert time; and slipping off the wall takes her way to the house.

The very first evening that Francey sat thus on the wall waiting, she dropped her handkerchief into the water.

Had she had her sunshade, she might, perhaps, have fished it out, at the risk of herself falling in. Had there been a rake anywhere handy, she could have secured the handkerchief at once. Only she had neither rake nor sunshade.

As she sat ruefully regarding the morsel of cambric slowly soaking, and setting forth on a voyage, good fortune brought to her assistance a man in a boat. He had passed before he saw the handkerchief. But he came back to rescue it for her.

"Thank you," said Francey, rather shyly.

She wanted to laugh, but managed not to do so. It would have been undignified.

"You are very welcome."

That was all he said. Then he sculled on.

The next evening Francey was again on the wall. Again the man came by in his boat. And again Francey wanted to laugh.

But she only bent her head in a little bow—something between a nod and a bow—because she was so near laughing. The man in the boat raised his hat.

Most evenings Francey was on the wall. And generally, whilst she was on the wall, the man came by. If he did not, Francey felt insulted, and vowed to herself that she would never sit on the wall at that hour again—and always came down the next evening.

Sometimes Francey nodded. Sometimes she pretended not to see him. When she nodded he raised his hat. When she did not he was amused. (If Francey had known that she would have been very angry.) Once she had deliberately watched him pass without taking any notice of him—which came rather near being rude. To-night she had made a pretence of being completely absorbed in her book.

When Francey nodded she felt guilty. It was not right to be nodding to gentlemen to whom she had not been introduced. When she took no notice she also felt guilty, in a different way. That was being "rather nasty" to the "poor man."

Francey knew very well why he came almost every evening up the river. When she did nod, and he raised his hat, there was a look in his eyes that every woman knows at a glance—though she be yet scarcely a woman, only seventeen, like Francey.

She was a good deal afraid that he would somehow manage to be introduced to her; and that then her aunt would learn all about the handkerchief—and the nodding. She even reflected that perhaps she had better leave off awaiting dessert by the river. Only when she was dressed, if the evening was fine, her feet led her thither of themselves.

She carefully eschewed any mention of Mr. Charley Collingwood—that was the gentleman's name. Francey could keep her own counsel. But she knew nearly all that was to be known about him. People acquainted with Charley liked him. Her uncle praised him as steady.

Unfortunately he was badly off. There was some lawsuit

about a property which it appeared was turning out unluckily for Mr. Charley Collingwood. Evidently he belonged to the class of men whom Francey's mamma designed as "detrimentals." A pity.

Still Francey, who had not much to do, amused herself with thinking a good deal about him. Things will come into people's heads. And one must think about something. Francey's thoughts took the shape of chapters of romance—with Charley Collingwood for hero, and Francey Blackburn for heroine. A want of unity characterised these efforts of imagination. A great vagueness in some episodes was balanced by an exaggerated elaboration of detail in others. Sometimes Charley wanted Francey to run away with him. Of course that was impossible. They would simply starve. Besides, Francey had notions of certain duties to papa and mamma. More often, Charley and Francey had vowed eternal love, and resolved neither of them ever to marry. The situation recalled reminiscences of the history of Francey-did-not-know-how-many-times-great-aunt Barbara. That was depressing. Oftener Charley somehow rescued Francey from the man papa had brought home for her to marry. Of this idea Francey attempted many versions, and was never sure which was the one she liked best.

Sometimes it struck Francey that it was rather silly to be thinking quite so much about Mr. Collingwood. And then the time came for her to return home. At home, it is to be feared, Francey rather forgot him.

Not altogether. Now and then she remembered the pocket handkerchief dropped into the water, and the nodding. Then she would reflect that she had had a lucky escape in not being introduced to Mr. Collingwood. Because she might have got into a scrape. After all he was a "detrimental."

What did Charley Collingwood think?

He reflected that he had been wise to make no attempt to be introduced to Miss Blackburn.

Yet, if—if that confounded lawsuit would only take a turn the other way; and if—

What use to bandy "ifs" with himself? He was a beggar. Had he known Miss Blackburn, and had she been inclined to listen to him, what could he have said to her?

Yet in the evenings—which were growing short now—when he sculled up the river, he in fancy still saw her, perched high on the wall, waiting for him, with her shy eyes, and all her tricks of a kitten.

That autumn Millicent was married. Papa did not bring the gentleman home for her. She discovered him for herself at the sea-side, fell over head and ears in love with him in a week, and when he proposed believed herself in the seventh heaven. The match, too, was considered a good one. Nevertheless, after the wedding, things went wrong. Lottie averred that Millicent and her husband were always quarrelling about nothings. Francey became aware that she was being kept a little in the dark about matters which it was supposed better that she should not know. Anyhow, it appeared that Millicent's marriage was not a success. Papa and mamma and Granny looked grave and worried.

Then Lottie refused an excellent offer because she was in love with some man. His name and all particulars were carefully concealed from Francey. But Granny asserted that it was impossible for any girl to marry him.

Lottie devoted her days to weeping.

Francey got rather tired of that—like the rest of the



"THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS,"  
BY GIOVANNI BELLINI. REPRODUCED BY  
KIND PERMISSION OF EARL BROWNLOW,  
BY WHOM THE ORIGINAL WAS LENT TO  
THE EXHIBITION OF VENETIAN ART AT  
THE NEW GALLERY.



household. Still she reflected. If she had been introduced to Mr. Charley Collingwood, and if some other incidents had ensued, she, too, might have been in a scrape like Lottie's. She spoke kindly to Lottie.

"I would try not to cry so much, dear. Papa is quite losing patience."

For which Lottie told her that she was a baby, and did not know what she was talking about.

However, papa was losing patience. At the end of the same week Lottie was packed off, in disgrace, to Aunt Ellzabeth. And papa was saying to Granny,

"Well, I am not going through all this with Francey—that is flat. I have had enough of it with the other two."

And Granny, telling once more the history of how Mr. Preston married his daughters, remarked,

"It certainly saved a deal of trouble."

At the end of that August Francey was nineteen. One fine morning, early in October, papa sent for her to come to him in the library.

"You are a good girl, Francey," he began, "and a sensible girl."

"I try to be sensible, papa," replied Francey.

"That is right. Well, Francey, you know I have had a great deal of trouble with your sisters. One of them has married a man whom she ought not to have married, and the other will not marry a man whom she ought to marry; and I do not know which is the worse case of the two. They are both making your mother and me very unhappy."

"I am very sorry, papa."

"If you are I hope you will show your mother and me that you know how to behave better than your sisters," said Mr. Blackburn, rather pointedly.

Francey began to wonder what was coming.

"I am going to town, Francey," resumed her father. "I shall be back on Saturday, and I shall bring a gentleman with me whom I wish you to marry."

"Papa!"

"He is a nice fellow, Francey, a few years older than yourself. He is a nephew of my old friend Ryland; a good-looking young fellow, and a good fellow—a perfect gentleman and comfortably off. He will give you a good home, and make you a good husband. I cannot stand any more of the nonsense that I have had with your sisters. So you will understand that that is settled. All you have to do is to accept the gentleman, and make up your mind to like him."

Francey was speechless; choking.

Papa saw that, and to re-assure her, continued,

"Things are always managed this way in France, my girl. I can assure you that fathers and mothers are often quite as good judges of what will make young people happy as the young people themselves. It does not much matter how people get married, Francey. What matters is how they go on afterwards. You will have a husband a good deal better-looking—if you care about that—and a great deal better off, and a very much better fellow than any man who has ever proposed to either of your sisters. So now be a good girl, and do as your mother and I bid you."

Francey was still choking. Howbeit at last she found her voice, and some ability to string her thoughts together.

The situation was desperate; and Francey found herself compelled to behave with dignity.

"You know, papa," she gasped, "I have always said that if you forced me to marry in great-grandpapa Preston's fashion—"

"That you would accept the gentleman."

"And afterwards—"

"Never mind afterwards, Francey. Will you accept him?"

"Certainly. I have always told you I would," replied Francey with aplomb.

She was resolved to stand by what she had said; even felt a little proud of herself for her obstinacy. But a great lump was rising in her throat.

"Good girl, Francey. Then that is all right."

"It remains to be seen whether it will be all right, papa; but, if you bring the man here to marry me, I shall marry him."

"I suppose," said Francey on Saturday, "it will be the right thing for me, Granny, to stand at the window as my great-great aunts did, and take a peep at my future husband."

"Do so, my lass," replied the old dame. "My dear mother told me that her first sight of my father was the most delightful surprise she ever had in her life."

Francey was not anticipating anything particularly delightful. Howbeit she went to one of the windows upstairs. Whether she was actuated by a mere desire to play her part properly, or had a certain degree of curiosity must be left to conjecture.

The wheels of a dog-cart coming up the drive. How her heart goes pit-a-pat! Here they come!

The man seated at her father's side was—Mr. Charley Collingwood.

Francey nearly fainted.

When she recovered herself two things puzzled her. First: Mr. Charley Collingwood *was* poor. He must have come into money. Secondly: He had not the appearance of a man who would take a mean advantage of a girl.

Only he had *liked* her last summer. And when men *like* girls, what will they not do to possess them? Still, he ought to care whether she liked him. If he did not, she would hate him. She did not *dislike* him last summer. Had someone last summer informed her that he was not poor, but rich; that if he and she chose to be friends, papa and mamma would approve—she would have been pleased enough. "If then, why not now?" asked Francey of herself. Not that it mattered. She had told papa what she would do. That settled the question. Still, Francey's imagination suggested a romance. Were not Mr. Collingwood and she very nearly in the position of two people, secretly in love, forced by their relations to marry? "Papa thinks that he is outwitting me. Really, it is I that am outwitting papa," reflected Francey.

The introduction took place in the drawing-room before dinner. Francey was on her dignity. Mr. Collingwood evinced no surprise on seeing her. Was he, too, on his guard? Or did he know who the lady was to whom he was to be presented? If so, they had given him an unfair advantage. He took her in to dinner. They had not much to say to each other. Later in the evening Mr. Collingwood managed, at a convenient opportunity, to drop an allusion to the events of the previous summer.

Francey gave him a stare of a young lady unable to comprehend.

Charley perceived that the subject must be dropped. Did she not choose to remember? Or had she actually forgotten? Perhaps the latter. In flattering himself that she sat on the wall on purpose to see him, he might have been mistaken,

He knew of no reason why he should have made upon her any impression corresponding to that she had made upon him. But he was none the less pleased to have her. Fortune was on his side at every step, down to the queer accident of his uncle and Mr. Blackburn's planning for him a match with the very girl he wished to marry.

Charley remained three days. On the third the engagement took place.

"Papa has told me I am to accept," said Francey.

After that Charley stayed on to the end of the week. Francey and he strolled about the grounds together as engaged young people should. Francey was still on her dignity, but a good deal amused to play the part of a very condescending *fiancée*. Sometimes she wanted to laugh.

But she liked being kissed; and was pleased at receiving presents. Still she kept her secrets. Charley kept his, too. It did not appear that he had said anything to his uncle about the events of the previous summer. Only at times Francey had a suspicion that Charley's uncle was less ignorant of how the land lay than her own father and mother.

Charley left. The wedding was to be in January. When he was gone Francey distinctly missed him. But she enjoyed receiving his letters, to which she wrote pretty little reserved replies.

"I don't feel as if I had given myself away half as much as if it had all happened in the ordinary way," reflected Francey.

Papa and mamma were enormously pleased, and ready to afford her any degree of indulgence. They were still having no end of trouble with Millicent and Lottie.

Still, sometimes Francey said to herself,

"If it had *not* been Charley!"

When he came down at Christmas she was very nearly confessing her secret; only keeping it worked so satisfactorily that she refrained.

In January they were married. Lottie was one of the bridesmaids. That was a little triumph for Francey.

After the honeymoon, when mamma came to see Francey, she asked, a little anxiously,

"How do you get on together, dear?"

"Oh, very well, mamma," said Francey. "You see, Charley has turned out not at all badly. Papa really made a sensible choice."

Francey still kept her secret. Sometimes she was tempted to tell it, and once she very nearly yielded to the temptation.

"If you loved me, Charley, when you first saw me, why did you not get introduced to me?"

"That precious lawsuit was going wrong just then. I was a poor man, and likely to remain so. Do you think that if I had proposed you would have accepted me?"

Francey felt no further temptation to tell her secret. After all, she and Charley love each other, and are immensely happy. What could they wish more than that?

And Mr. Blackburn boasts of how successfully he managed his youngest daughter's marriage.





### IN THE COUNTRY.

THE pride of rustic life is the child's form of worldliness—a most exclusive and arrogant caste-worldliness.

A child who lives in the country has for the child who lives in town a scorn that takes the place of any form of superiority assumed, at another time of life, by wit, rank, or riches. With whatever feeling the town child repays him, it is not a return of scorn. The country child is the aristocrat; he has *des relations suivies* with gamekeepers—nay, even with the most interesting mole-catchers—and, for the boy, that is society and distinction. The town boy, who collects autographs, cannot but feel at an admiring disadvantage with the country boy, who collects eggs.

The gentlest child, admitted to the freedom of the woods, has a quite wild and violent scorn of the streets and suburbs. He (or she) is capable of pausing in the midst of a free day in Betchworth Park to think with all contempt of Brompton. The very name, to a child's ear, seems to sound of omnibuses. To remember Brompton amongst the building birds is to enjoy consciously, as those of short memory are apt to deny that young children are able to do. And if to think of Brompton is good then, it is even better to think of Putney. No modern essayist has so much feeling against the villa, the butcher's cart, and the dull machinery of life in the suburbs as the child. For in his dislike the child has one thing which the grown man has not and forgets that he ever had—infinite *ennui*, the boredom of years that are virtually ten years long, and the apprehension of changelessness. Moreover, the natural child has to endure the "walk." No grown man or woman has quite the same form of penitential experience. Even that most dreary exercise, the "constitutional," is undertaken by the adult voluntarily, without compulsion, and generally with a head full of thoughts, absorbing or amusing. The child, compelled to walk, is the only perpetual observer of the Macadam, the asphalt, the porticos, the dull people, and the bits of blackened fence where the suburb passes vaguely into the imitation of a country road. He knows them all too well.

Farmhouse lodgings are the best for temporary country life, where permanent country life is not to be had. Picking flowers and playing games are not enough for boy or girl; for real delight there must be some kind of connexion with primary labour, and some pleasant comradeship with animals. Most attractive of all is the union of both interests, in the ploughing and the hay-carrying, the gathering home of the cattle and the folding of sheep. To help in these eternal labours is enough to make a holiday happy, and to feed the chickens is rest enough.

The farm is really better than the park, because, after all, the gamekeeper's work is considerably less kind than the farmer's. The traps, and the morning visit to them, may possibly be necessary, but they are not the best matters for a child's pastime. Far more honest, and better for remembrance, is it to lend a hand in the farmyard, or to help a calf out of the marsh. Not that farmyard life is precisely watered with rosewater; or that the omelette for which materials are gathered there is possibly to be made without breaking of eggs. There are hard facts to be met throughout the whole process of this industry of which animal life is the subject, and there are hard facts in the simplest agriculture. But these are not necessarily so conspicuous as to occupy the child. His share need hardly be anything less happy than the guiding, leading, feeding, and gathering home of the multifarious life so briefly called "stock."

Spring is by far the happiest time—did the claims of education but accord with it—for a town child to make friends with the country. In the autumn, life is speeding away, taking flight, or hiding itself for the time. It is disguising itself in the dry seed, and going back to the dark. The daily progress of things in spring is full of the minutest interest; and children love to look close. The same constant act of attention which makes dull things infinitely dull to them makes important things vivid. And the sympathy with life is a tendency towards everything hopeful and fresh.

The pets that children make by their own choice in the country are naturally much more beloved than the conventional animals admitted to the house and to family life in town. No dog ever won a real boy's real confidence by the honour of his pedigree. And the friendship with a horse seldom seen without his saddle, and never met free in open field, can never be anything very close. The natural child in the country is moved to make pets of the least regarded creatures, and is able to enter into the affairs of ants and bees. He does not limit his interest to the ornamental pets of the family or to the poor money-earning flocks and herds of the farm, or to the game that is allowed its liberty for a purpose. He has acquaintance with things that are wild for no human purpose, with creatures that follow their life and their laws. And if he has one captive, it is no ready purchase, for he has loved it *ab ovo*! A country child the other day wished to celebrate his blackbird's birthday, but he could not decide whether the feast should be kept on the day when the dear bird was laid or on the day when it was hatched.

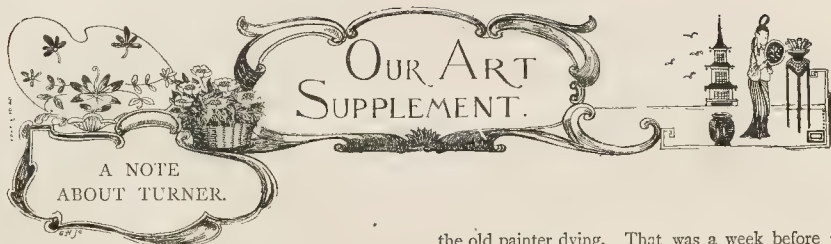
ALICE MEYNELL.





*Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.*

BABY MAY.



FOR one, always find myself wandering into the Turner room whenever I visit the National Gallery. To have an entire room to yourself in any gallery is something, to dominate a large chamber in the National Gallery—well, for that you must be—a Turner. And standing there, surrounded by magnificent pictures, that eloquent passage of Ruskin's should rise to your lips: "Glorious in conception—unfathomable in knowledge—solitary in power—with the elements waiting upon his will, and the night and morning obedient to his call, sent as a prophet of God to reveal to men the mysteries of the universe, standing, like the great angel of the Apocalypse, clothed with a cloud, and with a rainbow upon his head, and with the sun and stars given into his hand."

These words were printed in "Modern Painters" in the year 1843. And of the man who inspired them—the great Turner—how was it with him at that moment? Solitary, moody, broken in health, he had come to the end of his life, that life whose one passion had been to express the wonder and the beauty of the world. In all other things but this he was inarticulate. Outside paint, life was too difficult for his uncultivated intellect. "He lived in two worlds," says Mr. Monkhouse, "one the pictorial sight-world, in which he was a profound scholar and a poet, the other the social word-world, in which he was a dunce and underbred."

Here is a picture of him by Mr. Wilkie Collins, who told Mr. Thornbury that when a boy he remembered seeing Turner, on varnishing day, seated upon the top of a flight of steps, astride a box. "There he sat, a shabby Bacchus, nodding like a mandarin at his picture, which he, with a pendulum motion, now touched with his brush and now receded from. Yet, in spite of sherry, precarious seat, and old age, he went on shaping in some wonderful dream of colour; every touch meaning something, every pin's head of colour being a note in the chromatic scale."

And the end! He lived in a gloomy house in Queen Anne Street with his unsold pictures around him. For the contents of that same house he had refused two offers of £100,000. Sad, but not civil, he lived there alone, indifferent to friendship. It was known that, at that time, he was also owner of a small house by the Thames, where he sometimes stayed under the name of Mr. Booth. All efforts on the part of his friends to locate the house proved unavailing, till one day, in the year 1851, quite by accident, the address was discovered. They went to the house to find

the old painter dying. That was a week before Christmas in 1851, and on the following day he was dead.

Turner, "the great solitary genius," did a prodigious amount of work, and he left the results of that work to the nation, where they wait for ever in that large upper room of the National Gallery, and in the cellars beneath. From 1790 to 1850 he contributed no less than 257 drawings and pictures to the exhibitions of the Royal Academy. To art he devoted his whole life, and outside his art he was a man of no account. He rose early in the morning, worked secretly many hours each day, and took his meals in snatches. He never married, he cared not three straws for public life, and he was economical to a degree. Yet who shall say he was not happy? He had one overmastering passion in life which he was able to gratify, and when infirmities fell heavily upon him they also dulled and dimmed that matchless brain, so that he was spared the knowledge of his latter failures.

One likes rather to think of him in the plenitude of his powers roaming the continent alone—always alone, seeking the most beautiful spots, and returning home with portfolios full of visions of loveliness. He travelled through England, France, Switzerland, and Italy, where some chance traveller met him now and again, generally on foot, and always with his pencil in his hand.

We publish to-day a number of reproductions of his pictures. They show the form and the style of his work, but to understand the range and the power of this man, who loved light before all things else, you must stand in his room at the National Gallery. To the left are the great brown masterpieces, to the right those marvellous bright and aerial blazes of colour, where he set himself to capture and transfer to canvas the very light of the sun, touching and illumining earth and sea. At the end of the room is the popular "Crossing the Brook," a perfect example of pure and peaceful English scenery, with "its magical distance," an achievement in itself. Facing it on the wall near the entrance door hangs the "Fighting Téméraire," perhaps the most popular of all his pictures. And since, nowadays, we have learnt to appreciate the painting of light—that most difficult of all subjects—let this rambling chat conclude with the bare mention of three works—three glories of colour—"Ulysses deriding Polyphemus," "Carthage," and "The Bay of Baiæ." Such effects of nature are not seen by all eyes. To Turner's vision they were real enough. Others find in them some approach to a realization of that

"Light that never was on sea or land  
The consecration and the poet's dream."

L. H.

Pictures by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.



CROSSING THE BROOK.





DIDO BUILDING, CARTHAGE.



ANCIENT CARTHAGE—THE  
EMBARKATION OF REGULUS.

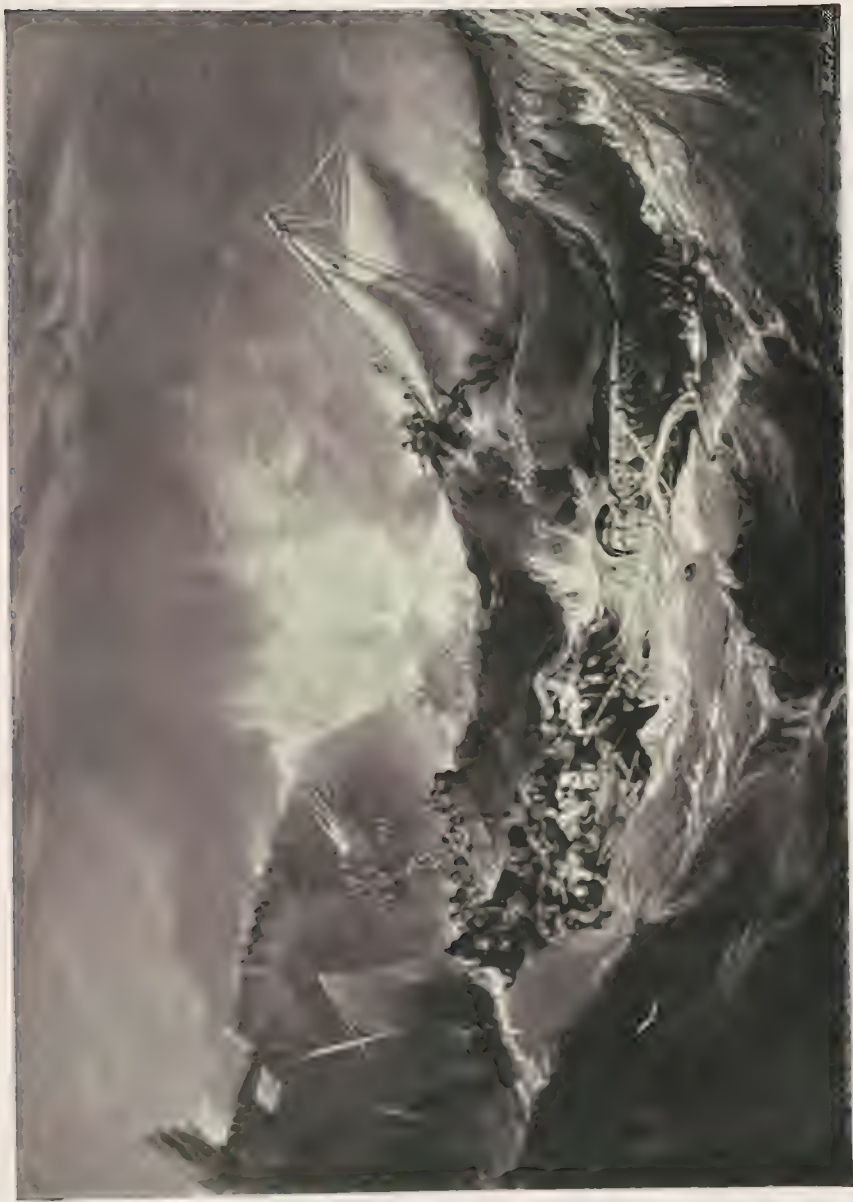


THE TEMPLE OF MINERVA,  
CAPE COLONNA.









THE WRECK OF THE  
"MAJESTIC"





THE "FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE"  
TUGGED TO HER LAST BERTH  
TO BE BROKEN UP.



ULYSSES DERIDING POLY-  
PHEMUS.







CALIGULA'S PALACE AND  
BRIDGE.



III. TEMPLE OF JUPITER  
IN THE ISLAND OF ÆGINA.



VINEY HILL'S PICTURES  
CONVEYED TO THE CHURCH  
OF THE REDENTORE.





THE BELL ROCK LIGHT-  
HOUSE.



THE BASS ROCK.



MERCURY AND ARGUS.



# The Album

*A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.*

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 13.

APRIL 29, 1895.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post 6d



*Photo by Bassano, Old Bond St.*

M<sup>D</sup>LL<sup>E</sup>. JEANNE DOUSTE, NOW  
APPEARING AS "GRËTEL," IN  
HUMPERDINCK'S FAIRY OPERA,  
"HANSEL AND GRËTEL," AT  
THE SAVOY THEATRE.



IT is by no means easy to obtain a good comprehensive view of St. Paul's Cathedral. Once upon a time it was to be had from Blackfriars Bridge, the old one, and the new, until the railway came and practically blotted out the prospect. There is a tradition that Richard Wilson, the landscape painter, used to make frequent visits to the first Blackfriars Bridge to study the magnificent view of the Cathedral to be obtained from it. Nowadays he would need to cross right over to the other side of the river, and go a little distance up on the Surrey side, in order to feast his eyes on Wren's handiwork. But the loss of a charming view from the bridge itself is small to our latter-day notions, especially when the sacrifice was only made to secure our great modern desideratum—facility in travelling.

The bridge itself has not a very lengthy history. The present structure dates only from 1864, and the original one was opened scarcely a century earlier. Neither the former nor the latter has any very romantic story to tell, the chief point of interest lying probably in the fact that the bridge was at first called after William Pitt, and bore a lumbering inscription to his honour; but this proved an unenduring tribute, as the name was shortly changed to Blackfriars.

But the bridge, though somewhat dull in story, has, at least once, figured in song; for we remember Dibdin's "Jolly Young Waterman" who at Blackfriars Bridge used to ply, and whose popularity was such that he

Was always "first oar" when the fine city ladies  
In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall.

To-day it is not easy, but it is just possible, as one leans over the new bridge watching the crowded river, to re-create in fancy the gallant, with his "dainty fares," gliding upstream to the Spring Garden, a water trip which Addison, in an earlier generation, voted "exquisitely pleasant" in May time. The vision is soon obscured, however, by a puff of smoke from a steam launch, and one awakes to find the insubstantial pageant faded—"oars and coar and badge" have vanished, the very bridge is not the same. Teazing! when I had just fancied, at the cost of a pleasing anachronism, that I saw in the wherry Mr. Samuel Pepys, who went on the river to Vauxhall, not from Blackfriars, though, if I remember rightly, but from a point a little further up stream. His visit was not an unmixed joy, for he reports—no matter what, in a strain that makes us mourn the loss of an ideal county councillor. "It troubled me," he declares, "to see the confidence of the vice of the age; and so we away by water with much pleasure home." At the same time,

honest Samuel is bound to confess that he found the place "mighty diverting."

But if Blackfriars Bridge can be invested with romance only by a stretch of fancy, the district from which its style and title is derived yields rich store of legend and historical association. So early as 1276 the Dominican or Black Friars removed their monastery from Holborn to a site in the district between the Thames and Ludgate Hill. For centuries this religious house, and more particularly the church belonging to it, were destined to play an important part in State affairs. Within the precinct great numbers of the nobility found lodging, and in the monastery the King used to keep his charters and records. Here Catherine of Arragon's divorce was decreed, and here Wolsey was condemned. Here in 1524 a sitting of Parliament was begun and adjourned to the Black Monks, at Westminster, whence the assembly came to be known as the Black Parliament.

Blackfriars, however, has other interests than these. History is wider than the mere records of kings and king-makers, and the history of this monastic foundation is deeply interwoven with commerce, literature, and art. Within the precincts, which was very extensive and possessed its own four gates, stood the shops of many traders who were privileged to carry on their business, although not free of the City of London; and to the peculiar indulgences of the place, strangely enough, we owe one of its most interesting associations. Richard Burbage and his fellows, we are told, when ejected from the City, took advantage of the sanctuary privilege, and built a theatre in the precinct of Blackfriars, where they held their own against the opposition of City and Puritans alike. In this playhouse Shakespeare had a share, and in it many of his dramas were first produced. The theatre survives only in the name of Playhouse Yard, close to the *Times* office.

The artistic traditions of Blackfriars are worth more than a passing glance. Among its many residents were Isaac Oliver, the miniature painter, and Jansen, who painted Milton at ten years old. But a greater than these was lodged here in 1631, among the king's artists—Vandyck himself, on his second visit to London. To Blackfriars, King Charles I. frequently went by water to inspect the work of the artist, who lived there in splendour till 1641, when he succumbed to the combined evils of luxury and a sedentary occupation. He was buried with great pomp in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The catastrophe, long remembered as the "Fatal Vespers," is one of the weirdest memories of Blackfriars precinct. At Hunsdon House, in the Friary, so runs the story, there lodged the French Ambassador. It was on the anniversary of Gunpowder Treason, and some three hundred souls had assembled in a small gallery over the ambassador's gateway, to hear a sermon from Father Drury, the Jesuit preacher. Without warning, the gallery gave way and the whole congregation was precipitated with timber, plaster, and rubbish, into the vacant apartments, some twenty feet below. Drury was killed, and with him about a hundred of his hearers. The bodies were buried coffinless in two large pits. Why the victims of a mere accident should have been treated so like the poor dead of the Plague, does not transpire, but it seems to point to the peculiar horror of the occurrence. The ruin, not of building material alone, must have been terribly complete.

JOHN A' DREAMS.



Blackfriars Bridge, London, W.

BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE.





FEW of us have not fallen at some time under the spell of Ouida. In the days of my youth I used to read her novels with something like awe of the splendid wickedness which cared as little for conventional morals as Ouida's eloquence cared for syntax. There were mighty paladins of the nobility who took captive the hearts of women, and smote plebeian varlets with the bare fist when no other weapon was handy. Especially do I remember a noble lord who fought his way out of a theatre, hitting straight from the shoulder into the jaws of the angry pit. Demos went down before him like a stricken ox; and all because he was inspired by the spirit of his Order. It was a fearful and wonderful thing, that Order, a fetish which demanded libations of blood and brandy, and counted amongst its worshippers lovely women in the drawing-rooms of Mayfair and in the burning deserts of Africa. There was a *vivandière* in Algeria who threw herself in front of a firing party with such dexterity that she received all the bullets that were intended for the fascinating British aristocrat, condemned, unjustly, to die. And she did this although she knew he was beloved of a fair-haired rival from the shores of Albion. My veins still tingle with the glory of that sacrifice.

With years has come a coolness of the blood which makes me indifferent to the Order, and yet I can still read Ouida with zest. Not Ouida the novelist, not the hectic strophes about passion and treachery, but Ouida the moralist, the politician, and the prophet. Here is a volume of essays full of pessimism, scornful rhetoric, awful denunciations of luxury and vulgarity. The Order used to be luxurious, when the hero was a Guardsman, and began the day with champagne and odoriferous essences. But democracy has made horrible strides since then, especially in Italy, where bourgeois municipalities deface and destroy the noblest monuments of antiquity, and a servile loyalty disfigures the Capitol with an equestrian statue of Victor Emmanuel. Upon modern Italy Ouida pours out the bitterness of her soul without stint; but she has plenty left for the New Woman, the "vile School Boards," mediocrity, interviewers, Sarah Grand's English, science, writers of memoirs, chemical agriculture, militarism, restlessness, and golden weddings. No such comprehensive ban is to be found between the covers of a single book. There is a certain lack of proportion, it may be, in these judgments. I am not quite sure that a man who traps and cages a nightingale is a greater criminal than any felon in the dock. Ouida reminds me of the Mikado in Mr. Gilbert's opera, whose object all sublime was to make the punishment fit the crime. So when I read the scathing rebuke to the trappers of nightingales, I have a momentary

apprehension that the resources of wrath will not be equal to even more heinous offenders. But the wonder of Ouida's style is that it always rises to the occasion, and hurls lightnings potent enough to wither even an interviewer.

It is true that the humble offices of grammar are frequently discarded. Ouida has a fine disdain for the prejudice which demands an agreement between the verb and its nominative. The singular is apt to lead off with the plural in the rhythmic dance, ignoring its proper partner. But these are trifles when you think of that diplomatist who must be shivering in the shades, because he told Ouida before he died that he kept a diary in which he entered all the incidents and all the conversations of the day. These confessions were evidently made after she had unburdened her soul with all the reticence of unsuspecting privacy; and although the diary cannot make its appearance for some years to come, it is already withered by Ouida's majestic anger. The diplomatist's executors will find that it is charred paper; and the world will not be conscious of any bereavement, for who can imagine that Ouida's reticence has any more to tell us than her publicity? At present, the subject on which she is most aggressive is the New Woman; but I must content myself with referring the reader to an entertaining chapter which would be spoiled by superfluous comment from the masculine bottle-holder. He can only note that it is characteristic of genius, according to Ouida, to be arrogant in public and humble in private, a psychological phenomenon which makes him wish that a page or two of penitential musing had crept into this boisterous volume.

Is Thoreau read now, I wonder, in the country which produced that philosopher of the woods? He was a great stickler for reticence, an article which is not conspicuous amongst American commodities. He despised the railroad, the post-office, and especially the newspaper. He considered himself, in a log cabin of his own building, much more picturesque than the finest architecture of the ancients, and had no idea about the Pyramids, except that they were made by people who ate garlic. The philosopher of the woods is in this respect a rather narrow egoist; but he has a vigorous stimulus now and then, as when he points out that the chief business of civilisation is not to compassionate poverty and help lame dogs over stiles. Philanthropy was put by Thoreau into its proper place, which it has a bad habit of forgetting. For the rest "Walden" breathes the charm of certain native wood-notes, in which even the hooting of the owl has its poetry.

L. F. AUSTIN.

"Views and Opinions," By Ouida. Methuen & Co.

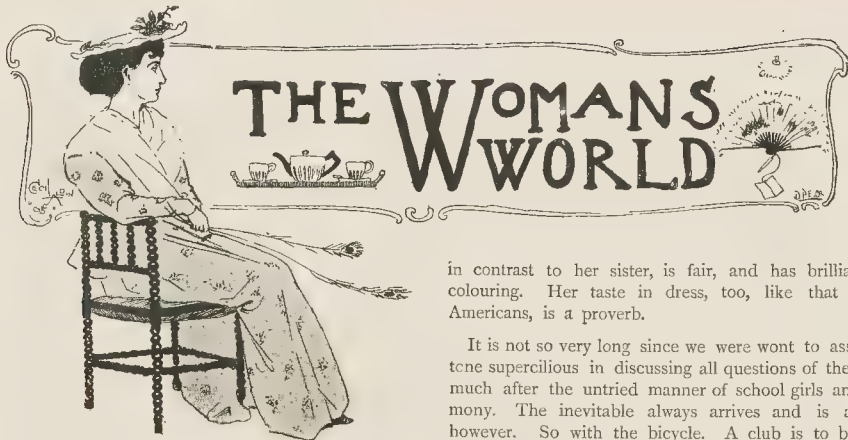
"Walden," By H. D. Thoreau. Walter & Cott.



Photo by Russell & Sons, Baker Street, W.

MR. F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

Was born in Limerick in 1853, and spent part of his early life in foreign travel. Then he took to literary work and published several successful boys' books. Two of his early novels "Daivreen" and "Sojourners Together" have lately been republished. In 1893 he won a larger public with "I forbid the Banns," and his popularity has since been increased by "A Gray Eye or So," "One Fair Daughter," "The Secret of the Court," and "They Call it Love." He is also the author of several plays, including "Moth and Flame," and "The Queen's Room."



LADY DE TRAFFORD is one of those women who would, under any circumstances, have made a distinct and unequivocal success in society, on her own unattended merits. She is pretty, smart, and owns the gaiety of heart and manner, besides, which wins with the world. But when Miss Violet Franklin married in 1888, Sir Humphrey Francis de Trafford, who though only the third Baronet, belongs to one of the oldest Catholic families in England, with acres as many as his ancestors—then the world welcomed Lady de Trafford with both hands, an attention she reciprocated rather than suffered; for no season function in town, race-meeting in the shires, or house party worth joining, has seemed complete without her lively presence. Lady de Trafford's father, who was at one time a popular Major in the 77th, died last year in America. From him she is said to have inherited her good looks, no less than from Mrs. Franklin, whose talent in all matters modish has also, doubtless, descended to her daughter, for Lady de Trafford is a leader in matters modish, and was credited amongst other triumphs of the sort, with having made purple velvet a popular fashion some winters since, from her constant and bewitching appearance in that alluring material. Sir Humphrey is a favourite figure at Hurlingham, where his prowess as a polo player is a proverb, and one of the sights at Swafeld is the splendid stud, which indeed contains most of the champion ponies in England. As a hostess Lady de Trafford must be pronounced perfect. Her house parties are faultless both as to company and entertainment. "When you gather people to your roof-tree," said the cynical Frenchman, "let them be pleasant, if possible, but amusing to a certainty," and no one can negotiate the possibilities of such a situation more successfully than Lady de Trafford.

One of the big season weddings will be that of Miss Chamberlain and Mr. Scarisbrick. Though less brilliantly handsome, perhaps, than her sister, Mrs. Naylor Leyland, Miss Josephine Chamberlain will make a very pretty bride. It would be charming if the wedding, which comes off next month, should be held at Mrs. Naylor Leyland's lovely house in Albert Gate. Those immense rooms are well suited for great gatherings, and, lovely as the house in Halkin Street undoubtedly is, it is difficult to pack people away where friends are counted by the hundred. Miss Chamberlain,

in contrast to her sister, is fair, and has brilliant, clear colouring. Her taste in dress, too, like that of many Americans, is a proverb.

It is not so very long since we were wont to assume the tene supercilious in discussing all questions of the bicycle, much after the untried manner of school girls and matrimony. The inevitable always arrives and is accepted, however. So with the bicycle. A club is to be started next month which will include many names of leading and light, under whose auspices all lingering prejudices will, no doubt, give way to an answering ardour. Amongst patronesses of the Trafalgar Bicycle Club are Lady Lurgan, Lady Feo Sturt, and Lady de Trafford. Sufficient quite to insure a smart following. Lady de Grey, Lady Colebroke, and Madame von André are also associated with this forthcoming diversion, which promises a pleasant departure from our ordinary conventional amusements.

Lord William Beresford's marriage with the Duchess of Marlborough, which will take place to-morrow at St. George's, has been an expected event for some time by friends of both. The Duchess has had a romantic history on the whole, for when quite young and in circumstances the reverse of prosperous, Mr. Hammersley, a wealthy stranger visiting the town where she lived, met and married her, leaving the bulk of his great property to his wife. After which the advent and acceptance of a duke seemed to follow in appropriate sequence. The Duchess has endeared herself to many friends here by her sterling qualities of head and heart, and in variously trying positions has invariably left pleasant memories behind. Her marriage with so gallant and popular a soldier as Lord William Beresford has been a very gratifying anticipation to those who know and appreciate both bride and bridegroom.

In Rome an outbreak of weddings and engagements have followed quickly on the heels of Lent, the most notable announcement being that which includes Princess Brancaccio's pretty daughter and the young Prince d'Arsoli's name amongst freshly engaged couples. A special interest attaches to this marriage, which will take place early in May, the bridegroom being a great-grand-nephew of Marie Antoinette. Many of the unhappy queen's jewels are in possession of the Arsoli family, and will one day pass to the bride, who is a great heiress in her own right, through the fortune originally brought by her mother from Transatlantic coffers. And *apropos* of America, I hear from friends on the other side that Peers of the Realm are at a discount for the moment viewed as possible *partis* to dollars and beauty, the impression seeming to gain that titles which require the mellifluous influence of money in exchange have become too ordinary for the ambitiously-minded "Four Hundred."

VERA.





*Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.*

LADY DE TRAFFORD.





# THE FUTURE OF LAWN TENNIS.

I HEARD an aggressive Scotchman complaining the other day that half the men who joined his club, ostensibly for the purpose of playing golf, deserted the links for the tennis courts which a foolish committee had erected in the gardens of the club-house. This is dreadful news. It is almost as bad as the intelligence conveyed to me recently by a caddie with a grievance. "Ah!" said he, "it aint more'n one in ten as sticks to it now a days. They come up 'ere all a bustin out in scarlet, and after they've broke a few clubs and hoed a square 'arf mile of turf, they chucks the job." I sympathised with him, and gave him half-a-crown to forget the lofting-iron I had smashed at the last bunker. It was evident that he thought a lawn-tennis player to be at the very nadir of contempt. And in this opinion I have found many caddies to agree with him.

Whether lawn-tennis is likely to suffer from the new game of golf, which has already got so far as Scotland, as *Punch* tells us, is a nice point for sportsmen to debate. It must be remembered that there is not here that fine spirit which makes golfing across the border almost symbolical of the love of country. Your lazy cockney goes out to break a club and to mow the grass, because he feels that his constitution calls for the display of a little energy. "It's better than walking, you know." With a caddie to lug his clubs, bought brand new at the nearest drapery-store, and a fine coat of scarlet, he feels a person of some importance as he stalks from hole to hole, and bribes the boy, at a price which is altogether ruinous, not to laugh. The fact that he rarely hits the ball is a detail. He has no love for golf *per se*. He would be just as happy cutting the heads off flags with a cane—but it is good to loll in the arm-chair at the club and talk cunningly of irons and cleeks for the delectation of an audience of fat men to whom even golfing is an impossibility. A month of zeal, and your cockney golfer has had enough of it. His clubs rust in his locker; the caddie sighs in vain for his shillings. There is no danger that such a man will be a loss either to tennis or to golf. He is mere matter.

With many young athletes, still palpitating with the vigour of the twenties, the case is different. They take up golf earnestly; they find it admirable in winter when they have given up "footer." But in May, do what they will, their thoughts turn to lawn-tennis. They remember the finer excitements of the younger game, the better possibilities for the development of muscle; they are even inclined to call golf slow and a pastime only for the rheumatic. You might as well tell them not to eat bread as to keep off the lawn when the net is up. They are the kind of men who have carried lawn-tennis to its present high state of efficiency, and they are not likely to desert it for a four-mile tramp across the links with bags of sticks under their arms.

I have heard it said that tennis had reached its zenith when the Renshaws were the champions. People used

to complain, "Oh, everyone plays too well nowadays; we shall have to go back to croquet." But we did not go back to croquet. Since the days when Mr. Renshaw introduced his smashes we have gone forward consistently. I do not mean to say, nor do I think, that Mr. W. Baddeley, or Mr. Lewis, or Mr. Barlow, or Mr. Pim is a better player than W. Renshaw as he was. They have shown us new styles, have developed back-line play, have cultivated consistently that magnificent placing which is the spring of success. But it is in the all-round levelling up that I take consolation. Go to any country house, or to any club in town where lawn-tennis is in any way followed, and you will find scores of lusty youths and finely-developed girls who would all have been well in the second-class grade ten years ago, but are now in the fourth or fifth. Golf has not moderated the zeal of these. It may have taken the loafers and loungers who played "pat-ball" with the Church; but the true lawn-tennis player despises it, in the summer at any rate. It is not quick enough for him; he wants to use his legs; he asks for excitement. He finds none of these possibilities in the sober game of the sober Scot, and he remains faithful to the net.

All said and done, there is no better game for the garden existing than lawn-tennis. It is social; it demands condition, muscle, agility, nerve, and resource. Anyone who imagines it to be a light recreation, should watch a final at Wimbledon, or play the best of five sets with a player slightly better than himself. I would sooner row a three-mile course on a sluggish river than engage in a hard-fought game of lawn tennis. At first, of course, a man has not the skill to extend himself in this way. He gets up to a certain point and believes that he plays well. Then a sound player comes along and gives him a little amusement. He finds that the said sound player never troubles himself at all, he simply puts the ball just where the other man is not. And this placing, carried to perfection, is the whole art of tennis.

Volleying nowadays is a safe game in the hands of very few men. Mr. Lewis is an inapproachable volleyer on a covered court; but amongst the "grass" champions there are few who practise volleying as the Renshaws used to practise it six or seven years ago. The same may be said for the hard smashing service. Men found that it wore them out long before five sets were played. They have abandoned it in favour of a moderate but certain stroke. Their second service is now almost as swift as the first. Nor do they work their way up to the net until they have their opponent well on the run.

At lawn-tennis you are always "in" so to speak, an advantage the game possesses over cricket. Your surroundings are generally delightful; you get exercise which is always wholesome, and never severe enough to do injury. There is little danger of being carried off the field on a hurdle. And there is no other pastime in the list where you can make love so pleasantly. What more does any reasonable man want?

MAX PEMBERTON.





# ALEXANDRIA OF TO-DAY.

PLACES, like people, are no doubt more interesting if they have a past, but at the same time there is as it were a very heavy death duty to be paid on the past by the present. And it is impossible for anyone treading the lava-paved streets of the modern Alexandria, to remember that this town was the capital of the world for four centuries, and the second city of the world for three hundred more, and not to cry in his heart, "Ichabod, Ichabod!"

For most English people, Alexandria is a rather unpleasant suburb of Cairo, a wayside junction, where it is unfortunately necessary to change, but where fortunately it is possible to get some lunch. Their impressions of it are limited to the fact that the wheels of their carriage make more noise in these streets than they would have thought it possible for wheels to make, and that Alexandria is probably the true site of the Tower of Babel, with the difference, however, that though no two people seem to talk the same language, they all understand each other. A Greek will be talking to a fellow-countryman in Greek in front of one of the cafés on Sunday morning, an Italian joins them, and they all conduct an animated bi-lingual conversation. They pass the time of day with an Arab, and greet a Frenchman, who smokes a cigarette to bi-lingual accompaniment. Finally there appears a black-coated Englishman, who truculent y demands to be shown the English church, and they all give their directions at once in all their tongues. And somehow or other he understands them all. Perhaps Alexandria will have a future as remarkable in its way as its past, and be known to remote posterity as the place where Volapuk, or the universal language, began to be spoken. For if everyone speaks a different language, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the young generation will more and more tend to speak a mixture of them all, which will be intelligible to every other Alexandrian. And this is Volapuk.

In this most cosmopolitan of all towns, the Greeks form the largest foreign element. Their aims are simple, and they pursue them with a single heart. Their money, and eventually a house on the Ramleh Road, is the ideal of their existence, an ideal which they often attain. Alexandria has been not inaptly compared to a piece of meat, on which flies settle, and on which, one may add, the flies get fat. Occasionally as in 1882, a dish-cloth descends and flicks them away, but they soon return. Flies have not got very retentive memories, but they remember that the meat was very good. Yet there is much in common between Alexandria of to-day, and the Alexandria of Theocritus. Only the other day, while watching the somewhat tawdry pageant at the funeral of Ismail, I could scarcely resist the

illusion that I was outside the hall where the pageant of the feast of Adonis was going on. Just in front of me were two Greek women of the middle-class—they might have been Gorgo and Praxinoë themselves. They were trying to cross the road up which the procession was to go, and they had to pass near a somewhat restive horse, the first in the file of Royal Artillery. "Heavens, what a crowd," said one. "We shall have a business to get across. My good man, don't tread on me. Oh! look at that horse rearing, what a savage beast!" And whether she was a woman of stray dramatic instincts, who for her own satisfaction, or the satisfaction of a purely problematical audience, reproduced Theocritus in this way, or whether it was only an instance of nature copying art, or an example of *Jamais femme varie*, I do not know; in any case, this Greek woman, born after the middle of the nineteenth century, said what Theocritus made another Greek woman say in the same place, and on another festal day, a score of hundred years ago.

An archaeologist may be excused—after such a proof that the Theocritan Alexandria exists to this day—in trying to recover more of it. But he will not find it, I am disposed to think, in the great villas on the Ramleh Road, nor yet among the English there, who, though they may assist him with sedulous zeal in his work, cannot be called Theocritans themselves; nor does the *Journal Egyptien*, though its language, when dealing with our perfidious countrymen and their policy, even approaches the Aristophanic, seem to give him the faintest or most far-away echo of the genial polished wit of that time; nor, he begins to fear, will he find even the foundations of the town lying deep and cool under thirty feet of earth, for it was sacked utterly. The old it seems has given place to the new; and though the new is in every way worthy of praise, yet our praise of it is apt to be faint, when we want the old. Yet even now, when the winds have laid the sea, if you take a boat and cruise about over the blue untainted waters of the older harbour, where commerce comes not, and from which no loud tourist is landed, you will see beneath you, in the sapphire cave of the sea, the long straight lines of Greek foundations, on which the palaces of the Ptolemies stood. And from there, when you look towards the new white town, you will cease to praise it with faint praise; for, domed with blue above, and domed with blue beneath, it looks much as it must always have looked; and if the boatman who has taken you out is querulously persistent in reminding you of "backsheesh," remember that the Greek boatman who rowed Theocritus probably behaved in a like manner, and do not forget that an extra piastre means so much to him, and, I hope, so little to you.

E. F. BENSON.



A GENERAL VIEW OF  
ALEXANDRIA.





THE LATE LIEUT.-COLONEL F. D. BATTYE.

ALL India will be moved by the death of Lt.-Col. Frederick Drummond Battye. His father, the late Mr. George Wynyard Battye, was a well-known Official in the Bengal Civil Service, while several of his nine brothers have served with great distinction in India. Of these, Quintin Battye, an Officer of the Guides, was killed before Delhi, during the Mutiny; Wigram of the same regiment, was shot at Jalalabad, when joining in a victorious charge against the Afghans, and Col. Richmond Leigh Battye, B.S.C., was treacherously murdered on the Hazara Frontier, in 1888.

To these members of a family, who have written their names by repeated acts of valour and devotion to duty, on the page of history, there must notably, and now especially, be added that of Lt.-Col. Frederick Drummond Battye, who fell where he would have most desired, that is, while commanding his intrepid Guides and in the face of the troops who formed the major part of the expedition under General Sir Robert Low, moving to the relief of our beleaguered countryman, Dr. Robertson, in Chitral.

The advancing force had arrived at the banks of the Panjkora river, and the enemy was known to be located among the defiles of the hills skirting it, but no serious opposition was expected. The Corps of Guides passed over a bridge of rafts, which had been constructed to the other side, and encamped.

During the night, however, the tribesmen sent heavy logs down stream, which carried the bridge away. The next morning the Guides advanced to reconnoitre, and to punish the villages around Miankalai, which had kept up a desultory fire the previous day on the engineers while constructing the bridge.

About noon, however, the enemy, represented by two large bodies of tribesmen, showed in considerable force, and began to press upon the Guides somewhat dangerously. In obedience to signalled orders, the Guides proceeded to retire, a movement which they performed in admirable order, and with perfect coolness.

The most critical situation was in crossing the plain between the hills and the river, and here Col. Battye's consummate military skill was most conspicuous, as the corps, section by section, and company after company, fired and retired in alternate order, as if on the barrack ground.

Meanwhile a force of infantry, supported by two Maxims and a mounted battery, on the left bank, was keeping up a steady fire into the enemy's flank, and over the heads of the Guides. Unfortunately just as the Guides reached their camp, Col. Battye was shot through the head.

Lt.-Col. F. D. Battye entered the army from Sandhurst, and in 1863 proceeded to India, having been gazetted to the 62nd Regiment. After qualifying for the Indian Staff Corps he was appointed to the Guides, who heartily welcomed another of a family which had previously so conspicuously contributed to the renown of this gallant regiment, the permanent quarters of which have long been at Hoti-Mardan.

With the Corps of Guides Col. Battye served throughout the Jowaki Afreedee expedition in 1877-78 under General (now Sir Charles) Keyes, and was awarded a medal with clasp.

He was also present at the operations against the Ranizai village of Skhakat, on March 14th, 1878, and in the attack on the Utman-kheyl villages, on March 21st, 1878. He also served with the Corps of Guides in the Afghan War of 1878-80, and was present at the capture of Ali Musjid, and in the operations around Cabul, in December, 1879 (being severely wounded at the storming of the Asmai Heights), and in the engagement at Charasiah, on April 25th, 1880.

For these services he was mentioned in despatches, and received the medal with two clasps. He further served with the Hazara Expedition, 1891, in command of the Queen's Own Corps of Guides, being again mentioned in despatches, and receiving the clasp.

Col. Battye was an especially trusted officer. Lord Roberts having witnessed the admirable manner in which all operations were executed by him during the Afghan Campaign of 1880, had the fullest confidence in his military ability, while the devotion of the Corps to their commanding officer was of the intensest character.

It is said that when the Regiment witnessed the fall of Colonel Battye at Sado, they were almost on the point of forgetting their high state of discipline and rushing forward to avenge his death. The Guides are composed of men who positively are ignorant of the meaning of fear, while their cavalry and infantry would compare with any other similarly constituted regiment in the world.

There is every prospect that before many days the campaign will be practically at an end, and it will be then merely a triumphal march into Chitral.



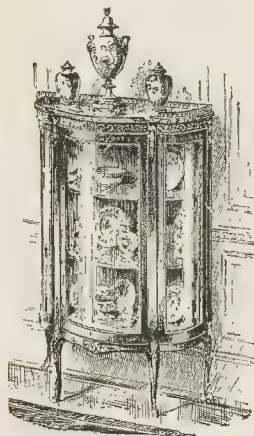


*Photo by J. Burke & Co., India.*

THE LATE LIEUT.-COLONEL  
FREDERICK DRUMMOND  
BATTYE.

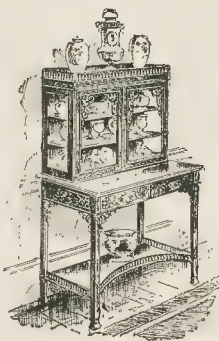


AS a practical hint for the week, I might mention a very pretty method of table decoration and illumination for dinners, that I lately saw at a *diner de fiançailles*. The cloth down the centre was in white satin, and at each end were the names of the young couple embroidered in silver thread, and also his coat of arms with those of her family quartered on it. In the centre was a large oval silver plateau, with high edges, and in it a garden of white tulips,



lilies, arum lilies, iris, and other comparatively large bell flowers.

If you really want to buy blue and white china, don't go to Hampton's, or if you do, leave your husband at home, for at this moment they have a collection, lately arrived from the unhappy China, in which are pieces beautiful enough to conjure money out of a penny-in-the-slot machine. There are some hawthorn-pattern jars for which collectors would commit a murder. Frankly, their collection of blue and white is fascinating, and should be visited promptly, before the dealers have grabbed all the gems. To me, in my furnishing, this collection has proved disastrous, for I



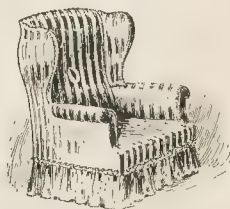
could not drag my husband away from this department, and he spent an appalling amount of money (though he declared, and I believe him, that the prices were ridiculously



moderate), in buying valuable old Nankin, which, although delightful, of course, does not go very far towards the actual furnishing of a large house.

As I could not get him away I left him, on "his dying oath," as schoolboys say, not to exceed a certain amount, and I went on a tour of inspection through Messrs. Hampton's magnificent place, with a view of getting ideas. A Louis XVI. drawing-room, with ceiling of clouds and angels, Aubusson carpet, and genuine

Vernis Martin furniture, was a room to be coveted, but hardly to be lived in—at any rate, not in a Bloomsbury square. A gorgeous table of gilt mahogany with a top of marble inlaid with agate, was a curious specimen of last century's taste and work, whilst a cabinet with beautifully mellowed Vernis Martin panels, quite fascinated me; but the £228 marked on it made me quickly leave the *salon pur Louis XVI.*, lest a longer inspection of its treasures should make me hopelessly dissatisfied with simpler pieces of furniture. Having explained that I was scarcely a millionaire, I was conducted through rooms innumerable to a huge gallery, and soon got reconciled to the impossibility of acquiring genuine eighteenth century French furniture.



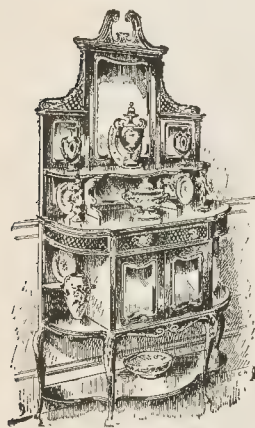
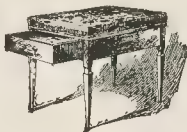
For after walking round I made up my mind that an excellent reproduction of a Louis XVI. china cabinet, with brass mounts, which was charming in appearance and workmanship, would be the very thing I wanted to show off some curious *bibelots* and dainty fans of by-gone times. The five guineas marked on it surprised and delighted me, and as I have so many nick-nacks, to which fog and dust are fatal, I also chose a Chippendale mahogany china cabinet, very graceful in design, and only half-a-sovereign greater in price. For people with exotic tastes, a Moorish bureau standing close by would prove irresistible.

I was getting tired, so whilst discussing prices and sizes, I rested for a few minutes, and found myself swaying backwards and forwards in a luxurious arm-chair—in fact, a glorified rocking chair—cradle-sprung, covered with striped claret-coloured plush, and of quaint but pleasing shape. I had scarcely got up to continue my round when a brilliantly-played waltz drew me near the music room, which I found empty. I saw to my surprise, almost horror, the keys of an open piano jumping up and down, though no human hands touched them—the effect was decidedly uncanny! It was an electric piano, which works splendidly. You simply switch it on to the main, and out comes a tune irreproachably played automatically on a piano of excellent tone, which can also be used in the ordinary way. The piano has the advantage that its repertoire is really inexhaustible, since any piece can be adapted for it, the music being rolls of punctured paper, which can be prepared according to your fancy at moderate rates. The price of the instrument is only moderate, and it seems to me that for many purposes it would be invaluable. Fancy having it at a small “hop,” instead of relying upon the help of girls who have to play when they want to dance, and cannot keep time with their hands even if they can with their feet.

The unoccupied music-stool covered with silk tapestry was rather clever in idea. Under the seat is a drawer that pulls out, in which a good deal of music could be neatly kept.

After this musical interlude I suddenly remembered that my husband was still gloating over old Nankin, and I began to have my doubts as to how long “dying oaths” are binding, so I made up my mind to rejoin him immediately; but passing through the long galleries of furniture I lingered a moment to covet another Chippendale mahogany cabinet, the imposing appearance of which made me doubt whether the “seven guinea” ticket

fastened to it could be correct. However, it was.



+ + + + +

# ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Cissy.—In answer to your question, What was the cost of the green-stained oak book cases, with the damask-silk panels and rice blinds, which I described last week, I may tell you that the large one, which consists of two cases 4 ft. high by 3 ft. 2 in. long, and one in the middle 2 ft. 9 in. high by 2 ft. 1 in. long, was £6 11s. They hold about 400 books of ordinary three vol. novel size. The rice blinds were only a few shillings (at Hampton's), and the silks were some handsome scraps over from furnishing. They were well made, and very finely finished according to designs we gave, by Messrs. Traies and Sons, of Elgin Crescent, Notting Hill. Cissy must bear in mind they are one inch, seasoned pine, faced with oak. Made entirely in oak, they would have cost £2 more; in walnut, 16s. less than complete oak.

OFFICER'S WIFE wishes to know where I recommend her to get furniture to take out to India. I advise her to wait till she gets to India, for she will find that officers who are coming back to England will be only too glad to let her have their furniture at very low prices. By doing this, not only will she save the cost of carriage, but get well-seasoned furniture that has stood the climate, and she will find, when she gets out there, that she will know much better what she really wants. Of course, if she has set her heart on taking out furniture, and writes again, I can name one or two houses with a speciality for making furniture that will stand the climate and is really suitable for India.

GEORGIE writes to me asking about the proportions for mixing paints and the correct way of using “dryers.” It appears that she bought at a sale, a suite of white wood furniture, that looked charming in the sale room, but in the light of day is dirty and dingy. One of my objections to going to auctions, is that as a rule great pains are taken not to throw light on the proceedings. My advice to Georgie about the painting is simply—“don't.” What one should do is the easiest thing in the world. Let her buy some of Aspinall's Enamel; she can get any colour that a reasonable woman could wish for, and it is as easy to use as to talk scandal of one's dearest friend. The result will be quite delightful to Georgie, for the furniture will look as good as new, or even better. Aspinall's Enamel is wonderfully like charity—it covers a multitude of stains.

MARTHA.—I scarcely think that a recipe for using the scraps of soap that accumulate in the house comes under “Artistic Homes.” However, as I happen to know an excellent method I may as well tell it to you. Take the scraps, scrape them into shreds, and put them into a bowl. Then in proportion of a tablespoon to a teacup put in glycerine, add as much eau-de-cologne or lime-juice as glycerine, and stir with a fork till it becomes a paste, and put into pots. It will serve admirably as a kind of toilette soft-soap. A little more or less glycerine will make it firmer or softer according to taste. I prefer eau-de-cologne if it is to be used for the face—lemon-juice, which is very whitening, if for the hands.

COUNTRY MOUSE certainly should not use Brooke's Monkey Brand Soap for cleaning her old brasses and bronzes if they are real antiquities, for Brooke's is something of an iconoclast. With the soap you can rub off the dust of ages in about two minutes. We had to get rid of one servant, otherwise excellent, because she would use Brooke's Soap on my husband's laboriously collected treasures. One day she led him up to a splendid red Venetian copper basin, and with pride said it looked as good as new. It did; it looked worse, for it looked new. He did not faint, nor did he kill her; but I felt that her life was not safe in the house. Chamois leather, elbow grease, patience, and reticence are what Country Mouse should use for her old treasures, and Brooke's for the things that are to look bright, brilliant, and new. Except antiquities, I know of hardly anything in a house that will not gain immensely from a liberal use of the famous Monkey Brand. Even in France *le savon de Singe* is offered in the shops as a household renovator.

GRACE.





WITHOUT any ambition to attempt the epigrammatic, I must still record my opinion that in England, modification is the mainspring of all fashion. Why we should be so slow to take flying follies to immediate recognition who can tell. We dally with a new idea, perhaps regret it, infallibly recall it, and finally take it on with amendments, which Dame Fashion assuredly never considered when creating it. A French woman, on the other hand, takes novelty to her heart, and wardrobe—practically the same thing—at once, in doing which, if sometimes *outré*, she is at all events never dowdy; a failing by the way we would indulge less often, did we realise how it disappoints fastidious mankind. That *chic* must always have success is incontestable, whether in manners, person, or dress, and the woman who knows how to put her clothes on is born to a particular kingdom, where admiration ever waits on her “infinite variety.”

Few things have retained our lightly-lost affections so long as the blouse by the way. For here is a third season of its sway, and custom has not staled its fascinations. But the blouse of to-day is a much elaborated descendant of its small beginnings. Chiffon, spangles, lace, ribbon, and flowers go to make up the “top,” which may be severally worn with half-a-dozen different skirts provided both meet in the common cause of smartness.

A white velvet blouse, cut out in daisy pattern over amber satin, the flowers outlined in tiny black paillettes, made notable entrance at an afternoon party some days since. The skirt was black satin widely gored. With it was worn a blue and green hat, quite the latest, and most becoming combination in millinery. A wide brimmed, blue straw, trimmed with clusters of watercress and corn flowers in front, while at the back many upstanding loops of the new hemstitched ribbon, shot green and blue, completed the smartest possible effect. Rhododendron, hydrangea, and corn flowers are the fashionable blooms of the moment for millinery. In natural colours the two former look very lovely, while making an entire change from the roses and violets which have charmed our imaginations so long. Watercress, as I have already mentioned, has sprung into favour for foliage; possibly the reproach and obloquy lately heaped on this pungent weed in its natural state have moved the milliners to readjust its eternal fitness. No solatium of the sort will, it is hoped, be offered the oyster; but with watercress or ivy in our hats, we can now be absolutely correct. Parasols are less considered trifles than is usually the case; and as hats grow larger, and hanging festoons of lace on the brim still more obtain, the superfluity of this usually favourite adjunct will probably become evident. Shot and striped silks in many colours, but made plain in the

*en-tout-cas* style, are almost exclusively used in Paris. Gloves trimmed with ribbon bows and lace insertions have appeared, particularly in those worn to the elbow with short sleeved afternoon frocks. For evening wear they are still more ornamental, but the long, plain suede seems to me in better style.

How many will agree with me in thinking that a woman looks her very best in an evening wrap of sufficiently imposing properties. The partially secluded—and suggested—charms of dinner or ball gown underneath but heighten the effect of such gorgeous coverings as we drive to dance or theatre in now-a-days; and if of all others it is the garment to be painted in, as artists tell us, its picturesqueness may be surely considered a foregone conclusion.

Worth has made an evening coat for a friend of mine which should be lived in for ever, if it were possible. It is in rich black brocade, with a large design of lilies outlined in silver thread, made coat-shape, with voluminous sleeves, and skirt edged with wide ostrich-feather trimming, and lined with shot blue and green brocade. A high collar and immense revers give added style to this splendid garment, which is fastened at one side by a single diamond button. Girls should be put into short capes for theatre wear. Made in white or pale shades of satin, very wide and full, with light ruffles of spangled tulle, they are most becoming. Before leaving the subject of evening wraps, I must describe one made for Princess Radziwill's daughter, by Rouff, who seems to have the monopoly of all smart trousseaux by the Seine at present. This wrap is coat-shaped, as usual, with an immense Watteau fold at back, which still cleverly indicates the figure instead of concealing it, after the manner of less inspired modistes. Nile-green satin is the colour employed, and wide revers are covered with embroidery of real pearls and Rhine-stones. A lining of rose-satin adds one more enchantment to an arrangement which would in itself sufficiently demonstrate the eternal supremacy of the evening wrap.

Black and white may be indulged in by those who wish to go more soberly than the season's general ukase would proclaim. Ruskin had, undoubtedly, observed humanity to some purpose in thinking that wherever men are noble they love bright colours, and this present year of grace should advisedly have an inspiring effect on many; but others, whose sense of fitness is more subdued than ordinary, will find that a smart, but quiet, frock can be evolved out of black and white pekin or mohair in little stripes. The plain, wide skirt, with fully-gathered corsage and square collar of cambric and valenciennes, go admirably. A touch of pale blue or pink *moiré* for folded belt and collar would give value to this dress in an artist's eyes.

MAGGIE.



*Photo by Watery, Regent Street, W.*

MRS. ROCHFORD MAGUIRE,  
NÉE MISS JULIA BEATRIX  
PEEL, DAUGHTER OF THE  
EX-SPEAKER, THE RT. HON.  
ARTHUR WELLESLEY PEEL.



"OF THE TRIBE OF NARCISSUS."

BLOSSOMING just when "comes in the sweet o' the year," and when young fancy turns to wooing, sure never was flower more treasured by bright eyed youth and winsome maiden than the lily of Lent? Stay a moment, while I quote from a delightful letter, written *circa* A.D. 1600 by one Ralph Cunningshame to his cousin in London, which is culled from a ten-year-old number of *Harper*.—

"Yesternorn I was abroad while the dewe still laye upon the grasse, for it was sweete and bright. I knowe not what it is that bringeth at such tymes of spring a fullness of joye to the heart, but so it is, and certes was with me especiallie on this sweet daye, for alle thinges were budding tenderlie, and the whole worlde seemed full of pure delighte. And soe I walked through the meadowes, and alle the grunde beneath my feet was carpeted with the daintie beauties of manie flowers, and over my heade the larkes his songe fell like a sweet shower of praise from the golden skye, so that, what with alle the dearefullness of spring, my hearte did fairlie ake with keen blissfullnesse.

"And soe at last I came to a certaine spott I wotted of where alle around the bankes of a tiny lakelet stood a whole hoste of Daffodillies growne talle and statelie fayre; neither coulde there haue been lesse than thousandes of them, so that the whole earthe coadjacent seemed strewn thicke with bright yellow flakes of golde; and when-ever a smalle wynde came they bowed in greate rowes lyke a sea of golden starrs. I know not why it was, Amadis, but certes my hearte was so flooded with a bliss and strong love longing that big teares of tender joye did fill mine eyes, and soe I lay me downe upon a greene banke of Grasse and sweete herbes, and gazed at those fayre blossoms with gentle joyance. Thus lying, suddenlie I saw the sweetest mayde that e'er mine eyes behelde come walkyng through this platt of flowers, and meantyme, moving not, I laye and gazed like one enchanted, and scarce dare breathe lest I should frighte the fayre vision, and dissolve alle into nothingnesse."

Not a few of the expressions used in the foregoing most strangely recall portions of Wordsworth's much-read lyric; thus:—

"All at once I saw a crowd,  
A host of golden Daffodils."

Other points in common suggest the query: Had the poet Master Cunningshame's idyllic love-story in mind when he wrote the stanzas referred to?

*Apropos* to poetical illusions, I presume everyone has enjoyed Jean Ingelow's "Persephone," wherein is told how Demeter's daughter plucked "the fateful flower beside the rill," which, subsequently letting fall "from Dis's waggon" on to the Sicilian meadow, has to this day there kept her memory fresh. There is even less need to speak of the youth Narcissus, who—as full many another youngster has since done—neglecting his sweetheart Echo, was punished by Nemesis, not as we now do it by awarding the nymph a sack-full of filthy lucre, but by changing the fickle one into

"A rising stalk, with yellow blossoms crowned."

Considering the present-day craze for classification, the

"daffadown dillies" are lucky in gaining entrance into the charmed circle of the narcissi; for albeit the connoisseur would be painfully shocked were one to mistake "daffodil for affodil," as our less precise forefathers were sometimes wont to do; and although the Lenten lily is, alas! somewhat lacking in the number of its stamens, it has been unanimously admitted a member of that high-bred family which Sophocles declares supplied the "ancient coronal of mighty gods." That the narcissus has always been widely esteemed may further be gathered, when we remember that not the golden-tasselled hypericum, but the Eastern daffodil, is the flower spoken of in Holy Writ as the Rose of Sharon, at least so says Canon Ellacombe. Amongst its other achievements, this flower of the "Roaring Moon"—and that flowers have brought many mighty things to pass is common knowledge—most curious is that it has helped to form a school of painting. Anywise the extensive vogue given to a particular line of Tennyson, in which he sings of the "Daffodil sky," is credited with inspiring the late Fred Walker with the notion of for ever discarding the traditional empyrean blue, and instead, giving us that series of melancholy heavens, sicklied over with a pale cast of dull ambers and depressed saffrons, which set Mr. Ruskin lamenting and reproaching in his very choicest of fashions, as is fully related in Mr. H. S. Marks' *Pen and Pencil Sketches*. But we are wandering away from our

"Fair yellow daffodil stately and tall.

When the wind wakes how they rock in the grasses,  
And dance with the cuckoo-buds slender and small,"

and enchant even the most austere. Was it not Mahomet who wrote that, if a man had but two portions of bread, let him exchange one for some narcissi? "For," said he, "bread is food for the body, but narcissus is the food of the soul."

Mr. Robert Frost's picture of a group of the Cluster Narcissus, or bunch-flowered daffodil, which accompanies these lines, is a most splendid incitement to a disquisition upon how these tazetta kinds came to be grouped with the "primrose, peerless, and purple-ringed varieties of Parkinson"; but such matters enter not into my scheme, which reminds me that, according to all right and custom, I ought to give some account of the object and range of these papers; but I prefer to leave such prefatory remarks unto a later chapter, letting a chance friendship spring up between us, and the formal introduction follow. The advantage is obvious: my preface will be duly read, which we know is not commonly the case with those fore-words which, being in reality finishing touches, writers adore almost as much as readers abhor.

HECTOR MACLEAN.





*Photo by R. Frost, Loughborough.*

THE CLUSTER NARCISSUS,  
(NARCISSUS TAZETTA).



AN American importation at the Adelphi, *The Girl I Left Behind Me*, by Messrs. Franklin Fyles and David Belasco, offers a varied assortment of pleasures—the Redskin, puffing the pipe of peace or whooping on the war-path, the artless wooing of the American girl, and an engaging picture of a United States cavalry regiment as an ideally happy family. The scene passes at an outpost in Montana, during the Indian rising of 1890, and hither General Kennion and his officers have brought the ladies of their families, in order, apparently, that their men may find relief from forced marches in the agreeable relaxation of courtship and Cinderella dances. The General has his daughter, who ought to be at home, the major his little boy, who (as the reprobate said of Clive Newcome at the Cave of Harmony) ought to be in bed. Even the lieutenant is allowed to keep a sister in camp. In the presence of the enemy—denoted by unearthly yells and lurid bonfires—this charming regiment can think of naught but marrying and giving in marriage. Indeed, the relations between the men and their general seem like to become those desired by the “kindly captain’s coxswain” of “*The Masterpiece*”—

“You have a daughter, Captain Reece,  
Two female cousins and a niece;  
A ma, if what I’m told is true,  
Six sisters, and an aunt or two.

“Now, somehow, Sir, it seems to me,  
More friendly-like we all should be,  
If you united of ‘em to  
Unmarried members of the crew.”

The general, it is true, has already disposed of his daughter’s hand; she is to marry the villainous Lieutenant Abingdon. But that is no reason why she should not be secretly loved by the virtuous Lieutenant Terriss. And then there is Lieutenant Terriss’s sister, Miss Hope Dudley, who is quite ready to console one of the men, Private Cockburn. All these little matrimonial arrangements give the general much more occupation than his military duties. “Thirty years in the army have taught me that a loyal lover is ever a loyal soldier,” he says in approval of gallant Private Cockburn, whom he bids “patrol the next room until relieved by Miss Lucy.” He announces his daughter’s forthcoming marriage to the regiment on full parade; the men carry bouquets on their muskets; the sergeant calls (with a comic Irish accent) for a “spache” from the “Gineral”; the general responds; then everybody retires to play the banjo and sing serenades—altogether an enchanting glimpse of discipline as it may or may not exist in the United States Army. The general’s native kindness of disposition is not marred by any pedantic respect for the rules of evidence. Thus, when the junior and villainous lieutenant denounces his senior and virtuous officer for an act of cowardice, of which it is himself in reality who has been guilty, the general gives credence to his report,

without a tittle of corroboration, and even the readiness of the falsely-accused one to depart that very moment on a ride through the enemy’s country at the risk of his life does not convince the general of his error. When he is convinced of it, it is on the somewhat illogical ground that the villainous lieutenant is found to have behaved badly to the major’s wife; then, and only then, does the general ask for what he should have required at first, the senior officer’s report. Between these two incidents the attention of the audience—and of the general—has been momentarily diverted from the regiment’s love affairs by an attack on the stockade. This is the great scene of the play, and presents the usual features of such scenes on the melodramatic stage—men desperate with waiting for help which does not come; women preferring death to dishonour; enemy yelling and volleying “off”; ultimate arrival of reinforcements (headed by the virtuous lieutenant), and frantic waving of the star-spangled banner in presence of an excited audience. No doubt this scene, comprising, as it does, the really agonising incident of Miss Millward on her knees reciting the burial service, while Mr. Macklin nerves himself to blow out her brains with his revolver, will rally all the patrons of the Adelphi—a large class of playgoers whom I would no more treat lightly than speak disrespectfully of the equator—to *The Girl I Left Behind Me*.

A bedroom candle as a theatrical “property” is useful but dangerous. Messrs. G. R. Sims and Cecil Raleigh, in their new farce, *Fanny*, at the Strand, burn this candle, so to speak, at both ends. Two couples—host and hostess, married that very morning, and a pair of visitors, supposed by the hostess to be man and wife—are at supper. Then comes “good-night” time and the introduction of the bedroom candle aforesaid. You see the situation, which is awkward enough, as it stands. What makes it still more awkward is that the lady visitor is not only not the wife of her fellow guest, but is (or—the same thing—is believed to be at this point of the story) the wife—the first wife, thought to be dead—of the host. There is nothing for it but for both gentlemen to sit up all night. Much laughter, undoubtedly, is to be got out of such a complication as this, and it does, as a matter of fact, excite much laughter at the Strand. But those who bear in mind Stendhal’s advice, *interroge-toi quand tu ris*, will, perhaps, have some qualms about the source of their laughter. Not to speak in parables, the situation is somewhat indelicate. Nor will the oft-repeated joke about twins please the fastidious. The rest is harmless enough, a network of those complications which, somehow, attract in farce, though they repel in a figure of Euclid. Miss Alma Stanley, as a jealous fury from Brazil, “where the nuts come from,” as Charley’s Aunt observed, dominates the scene. Her comrades are pale ghosts beside her.

A. B. WALKLEY.



*Photo by Bassano, Old Bond St., W.*

MISS BEATRICE LAMB, THE "ROSALIND"  
AND "HERMIONE" OF THE RECENT  
SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL PERFORM-  
ANCES BY MR. BEN GREET'S COMPANY  
AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.







### THE QUEEN OF THE BROOK.

SHE is wooed by the poets, and by a select band among fishermen upon whom she has cast spell. The secret of the poet's worship lies in her name. "Trout" is an ugly word in verse, "salmon" smacks of the technicalities of the sport, and "tench" and "roach" and "bream" are out of the question. But "grayling" adapts itself to his inspired lilt, and is also a desirable accessory to the placid sentiment which he is given to indulge in sight of running water. The worship of the grayling-fisher is of other origin, to be spoken of later. To all others, our Queen of the Brook is a slighted divinity. She is classed among the coarse fish, for one thing. Now, it is true that she is in season when they are; that, very properly, she is protected in March, April, May, and June—in those months, that is to say, when roach and bream and chub and other coarse fish are protected. On this coincidence alone hangs her character of "coarse fish"; which is very much like classifying 'Arriet with a popular actress, because they both spent Easter at Hastings.

"The grayling has poor sporting qualities," someone says. Indeed? Ask certain Yorkshiremen their opinion on that point! Once the steel is driven into the hard mouth of the trout, he is a clumsy angler who loses the fish because of the hook tearing out—the best of men will break away with a trout or let go one that has been pricked merely. It is otherwise with the grayling. Gentle must be the hand that hooks her; more gentle still the hand that plays her to the net. She is, indeed, a quarry to be handled as though you loved her. So your Yorkshireman may tell you. Of course, you have reason on your side when you reply that, for all this, the grayling is a silly fish, rising, when she does rise, with a recklessness never discovered in the trout, save, perhaps, in the daft days of the May-fly. Little credit to the grayling-fisher often, therefore, that he hooks. But when hooked! When the grayling, meaning business, has sucked down the lure, scarce breaking the surface of the stream in the act! Like a mad thing she rushes round and round the pool, in a short radius from the point you struck her, so wildly plunging, so smartly turning, her great dorsal fin at work, that only the keen eye and the steady hand can follow her antics and successfully play her out. Even as he has her at the net, maybe, off she drops.

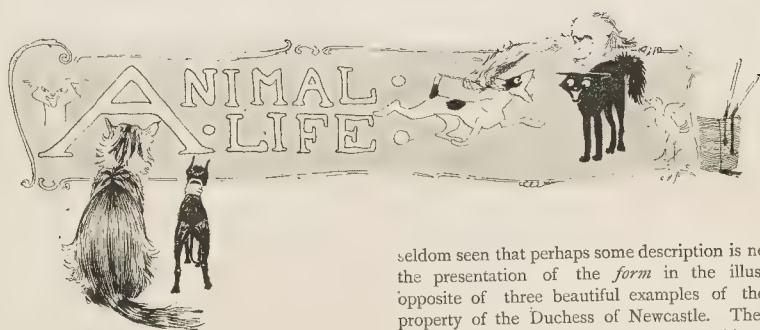
It is the grayling's way to go on circuit thus. Walk quietly to the pool where lie four or five poised in mid-water. Give them sight of you, and round and round they

dash, instead of darting up and down stream as the trout would. And so it follows that, given an angler of caution and resource, "catch one, catch all" may be foretold. He hooks one, plays it round and round, the others following in its wake to their doom. To their doom, at any rate, if the hooked one is landed. Let it break or escape, and down the shoal settles, and 'tis good-bye for you to sport in that spot.

The Yorkshire grayling-fisher has been mentioned, and he has a pet method. Ourselves, we may say, prefer the fly, and some are inclined to make any other taboo; but to "swim the maggot," as a Mr. Tom Pritt or a "Max" Walbraan, say, swim it on the Wharfe or on the Nidd, is to be an artist in the craft. With a light and stiff rod (yet not too light and not too stiff), some forty yards of rare fine silk, a drawn-gut bottom, a delicate wire hook, and a small round float, the Yorkshire grayling-fisher approaches the quiet and curling eddies where the fish congregate. Settling himself above the water to be fished, carefully adjusting the float to the depth of the swim, he sends the line down stream. Twenty or thirty yards off, it may be, the grayling is hooked, and he is an angler, truly, who plays the tender-mouthed fish these twenty or thirty yards to his feet. These experts do it, however; in their hands this is a deadly method. There is another almost as deadly, and, in the eyes of some, not any more sportsmanlike; up-stream worm-fishing. This is for low water after a hot summer; and the grayling, no more than the trout, can resist the well-scoured worm, handled upstream in likely pools, as a fly-fisher handles his fly. In this case, let it be remembered, success will depend on the angler's remaining unseen.

Give us, however, the artificial fly for the Queen of the Brook; and let it be a red-tag, if we must choose one only of the grayling patterns. (If we have the honour to address a disciple of Sir Herbert Maxwell in his theory of colour-sense in fish, let us ask, "What of the green-tags, orange-tags, red-tags, green-bodies, blue-bodies, bodies of every hue, of every combination of hues, beloved of the grayling?") Moreover, let our choice be a red-tag fished singly. Then, with a supply of these, we wade through many a mile of lovely scenery, carefully trying each pool and weedy depth, while the thymy smell from the creel, gathering in volume as the day wears on, tells of successful as well as pleasurable sport, and gives promise, too, if you have a cook at home, of a dish at the end of the journey by no means to be despised.

ROUGH OLIVE.



### OUR NEWEST DOG.

"NEW dogs," like other innovations in well-ordered communities, are not always an improvement on the native stock. Our dogs have long held so high a place in the esteem of other European countries, that the merits of imported breeds naturally invite a certain amount of criticism. But whatever may be thought of other recent additions to the show-bench, the Borzois, or Russian wolf-hounds, now being introduced into our Western island, will be welcomed as the most beautiful, and not the least highly-bred, of all the dogs of Eastern Europe, or of Asia.

The claim of the new dog to belong to the stock which founded our breed of deer-hounds and greyhounds is by no means clearly made out.

In its present form it is a far finer animal than either. On the other hand, both the rough Scotch deer-hound and the greyhound have been modified by breeding for a particular purpose; the first for chasing the deer, the second for coursing the hare, while the Borzois are bred and used for coursing a much more formidable animal—the wolf. Hence their strength may have been maintained at a higher standard, at the expense of the speed which is more necessary to the deer-hound and greyhound. Moreover, there was a British dog, which tradition represents as very like the Borzois, the Irish wolf-hound, so-called probably because the wolf survived in Ireland until the 18th century, and the dogs were bred there after they ceased to be needed in England.

But whether the Borzois be an ancestor of the English dogs, or only a parallel breed, which has developed special characteristics for its work, it belongs to the most ancient type of domesticated dog of which we possess any record, and one which has always maintained its purity. The Russian wolf-hound is merely a variety of the stock of rough, mealy-coated swift dogs, which, under the name of Borzois, Tcherkess greyhound, and Persian greyhound are found all over the Steppes, and South of the Caspian, as well as in Central Asia. A portrait of one exists on an Egyptian monument 3,000 years old. If this is a genuine "family picture," the pedigree of the Borzois dogs must be about three times as ancient as that of the family of the Czars, and they deserve a welcome as most illustrious recruits in the ranks of our dog nobility. They have only recently been introduced into England, and are still so

seldom seen that perhaps some description is needed beyond the presentation of the *form* in the illustration given opposite of three beautiful examples of the breed, the property of the Duchess of Newcastle. The usual colour is a creamy fawn; some are almost white, some rather darker fawn. Their eyes are dark, the hair silky, softer and more lustrous than is usual in a Northern breed. They also stand very high in the leg, and the head, seen in profile, has a curious resemblance to another Northern animal, the Polar bear. In Russia they are regularly used for coursing wolves. Two or three of the dogs are slipped at the wolf, which they soon overtake, and seizing it by the ears, hold it down until the rider comes up, and, dismounting, stabs it with his *couteau de chasse*.

It will be clear to every reader who has either seen the Borzois dogs, or studies their portraits, how unlike our newest dogs are to some foreign varieties which have recently been introduced into England, or to breeds formerly used only by drovers or colliers, such as the bob-tailed sheep-dog, or Bedlington terrier, which have for the moment become fashionable. The Borzois is recognisable at sight as one of the nobler animals, and of ancient domestication. It has nothing in common with the sharp nosed, prick-eared, bushy-coated, foxy, or wolf-like animals, dogs of uncivilised man, such as Chow dogs, Esquimaux dogs, or even the little Schipperkes the common curs of French canal boats, which are now rather fashionable. The Schipperkes like the sheep-dogs, come rather under the category of plebeian dogs, patronised for the moment in more exalted society. But the Chow dogs and Esquimaux are, like all the dogs of uncivilised man, very little removed in type from the wolf and the jackal. It now seems very probable that the dogs of savage races are not, as might be expected, survivals of primitive domestication, but recent "reclamations" from the indigenous wolf, jackal, or even fox, of the countries in which they are found. The best known example are the dogs of the Esquimaux, which resemble the grey wolf of North America so closely that Sir Edward Parry's party did not fire at a pack which was following some Esquimaux for fear they might be shooting their precious dogs. The Turcoman's sheep-dogs are also difficult to distinguish from wolves, and the Hare Indian dogs from Arctic foxes. These dogs are found on the Mackenzie River, and like the Arctic foxes they change colour in the winter, the coat becoming white, or nearly so. They cannot bark, and a pair brought to England by Sir John Franklin remained mute, though a puppy born at the Zoo learned to bark from hearing other dogs. They were much admired by those who saw them, but the introduction of these foxy, prick-eared breeds is a retrograde step in dog-breeding, which appears all the more clearly when the creatures are contrasted with the high-bred Borzois wolf-hound.

C. J. CORNISH.





RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.

Photo by Mr. Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S.

BORZOIS—RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.  
THE PROPERTY OF THE DUCHESS  
OF NEWCASTLE.



### RED HAKE.

By ANNIE ELIZABETH WICKHAM.

THERE was a sport which Tregarthen loved: the catching of red hake. Thus was salmon caught out of season called by the village of Tregarthen and the neighbouring town and country. Red hake began with the 20th of September. It took its place on rich men's tables and boiled in poor men's pots with a piquant sauce of broken law and risk of heavy fines. Conservators of the river did not turn from red hake; magistrates listened to the insidious whisper "a pretty bit of fish, sir"; policemen alertly shut their eyes to mysterious parcels in Yeo the carrier's van. The fish showed a willingness to be caught after the 20th September which it was impossible for fishermen to refuse to gratify. So the trade in red hake grew and flourished until there arose a meddler in the person of a conservator. He discovered that the undoubted falling off in the legitimate salmon-fishing, was owing to the number of fish caught in the close season. A fiat went forth. The delightful sport and means of livelihood was to be stopped. The appointment in the district of a new police superintendent, whose eyes did not naturally close to Tregarthen's little ways, gave a colour of truth to astounding rumour.

Mary Hart was a "furriner" in Tregarthen. She came from Manchester, and she had never heard of laver, red hake, and clotted cream.

"Howiver could 'ee have lived in such a gashly place?" said Aunt Polly Beara.

Mary, left alone in the world, was come to stay with her aunt, Mrs. Beara. A good living was to be made in Tregarthen by a sempstress, and Mary's neat fingers were much in request. The past three months had found her a pretty income and an exciting time.

Her trim figure and delicate face, so different from the robust, untidy, fisher-girls, took the fancy of Tregarthen's splendid youth. The cunning little hat she perched on the top of her brown head on a Sunday, the fit of her bodice, her spotless collars and cuffs, her dimples when she smiled, were the envy of broad-shouldered weather-tanned maids, the admiration of stalwart men. By the end of June her avowed followers could not be numbered on the

fingers of two hands; by September, the siege of Mary's heart was given up with a sigh by the most part to the two leaders of Tregarthen, Bill Trevarn and Harry Shaxon.

Bill was first favourite, said the younger lookers-on at the game; Harry, said the elders.

Bill was tall and straight, a handsome man among a race of handsome men; Harry was small, with slouching gait and bent neck. But Harry was well-to-do, with a comfortable cottage and salmon boat of his own, while Bill had but a fourth share in a boat, and spent his money before it was earned. Moreover, Harry did odd jobs for the parson, and was a regular attendant at church; Trevarn never went to church or chapel.

He lounged on the quay in his week-day jersey, in company with other reprobates, until the Sunday when May passed with Harry Shaxon. He was wearing a black coat made by the village tailor, and he carried her prayer-book.

Shaxon was sneered at as "parson's man," for all Tregarthen is Methodist. The Vicarage young ladies, and Molly Fishwick, their servant, Mr. Trevenna, the churchwarden, and his wife, Captain Pickard, and Harry Shaxon are the congregation at the church half-way up the steep hill.

Mary will always remember the first Sunday when Bill went with her to church. He and Shaxon waited for her at Aunt Polly Beara's door; Shaxon was first to seize her prayer-book, and Bill felt that he had lost a chance; they eyed one another like dogs, ready to fly each at the other's throat. Mary was demure as a little cat. With a dimple in her cheek from a hidden smile, she said the weather was fine, and wondered whether it would last.

The fishermen gathered on the quay to watch the folks pass to chapel, nudged one another with grins and cheerful loud remarks on Bill's black coat and the posy in his button-hole. Bill became sheepish and red as a turkey-cock under the fire of looks and sniggers, yet he stuck to his place by Mary's side. They climbed the street in the wake of maidens and old men on their way to chapel. The wives were at home cooking the dinners, the young men were on the quay. Only old men, maids, and children attend chapel on Sunday mornings in Tregarthen.

There were jeers and mockings when Mary and her young men turned off to the church. Some of the fisher-girls were angry that this "furriner" should have the handsomest man and the most well-to-do for two strings to her bow. Two strapping, red-cheeked maids let Mary hear their thoughts until her cheeks burnt scarlet. She was glad when the churchyard gate was reached and she could cool her face in the shade of the grey stone porch. Bill had no prayer-book. Harry Shaxon felt that his rival was not receiving his just dues when he saw the big tanned thumb and the little pricked white one touching as they held the same book. It almost persuaded him to become a heathen.

Bill cared nothing for the scowls of the small, bent man on Mary's other side. He joined in the responses, and sang away so lustily, in a happy, tuneful tenor, to the quavering old organ, that the Vicarage young ladies turned their heads in the hats that Mary had trimmed to see what stranger had come to church.

"You'll take a walk with me afterwards," he whispered during the sermon.

"Hush!" said Mary, the little hypocrite, for she was not hearing a word of the mumbled, learned discourse.

His face fell to such a doleful length that she forgot her "hush."

"Yes, I will come," she said quickly, and then blushed, meeting his happy eyes.

The parson droned through his sermon, and a bumble-bee buzzed a loud second from one corner and another of the church. Captain Pickard nodded and roused himself with a start to a military straightness of back, glancing with stern disapproval at the Vicar's daughters, who openly slept in their pew corners. The September day was close and sultry, the muttering voice, with its slight impediment, made the air more stifling, the buzzing bee sounded hot.

Shaxon wiped the perspiration from his forehead. He was warm with something more than the sultry weather. A spiteful, speechless rage was burning in him against Bill Trevann. He looked at the two beside him, and he saw the truth. Mary's face had never worn that sweet, half-shamed smile for him. He grew hot with rage at the thought, and drops of sweat started on his unwholesome, sallow skin.

Mary went away with Bill. She never looked back, she had forgotten Shaxon. He stood in the porch and watched them climb the churchyard, and pass through the little gate leading to the path across the fields.

"Maids won't look at such as you," said the old woman who cleaned the church.

She thrust the key into the lock and closed the door with a clanging crash. She had a spite against Shaxon, and was not sorry to find a way to pay back old scores.

"You'm a poor fool to think you had a chance against Bill Trevann; now he's a fine figure of a man, and he hath a heart, which is more than you have, Harry Shaxon."

He was driven from the church by the old woman's bitter tongue.

Mary was late for dinner. Aunt Polly scolded, but her niece smiled at her with a far-away look in her clear brown eyes. The old woman was softened, though she had seen Bill Trevann's square shoulders swing past the window, and heard his whistle go down the street.

In Mary's prayer-book was a bit of yellow furze-bloom, which had not been there before church. Just such another bit shone on Bill's black coat, in place of the big posy of

the morning. Years after she found it wrapped in a piece of white tissue paper, and sewn with coarse, sailor stitches in the breast pocket of that fine coat.

After that Sunday morning Tregarthen folk, young and old, said that Harry Shaxon had lost his chance. His bearing proved they were correct.

He shunned his neighbours, shrinking from their sight, and out of reach of their rough tongues. Bill and Mary on their evening strolls would sometimes pass him; a lonely figure, mending his nets away from the chatter and laughter of the quay. He never looked up or answered their greeting. Once he heard Bill's voice say, "He wants a thrashin', for not answerin' 'ee, my dear."

They were to be married when Bill could furnish two rooms. Salmon had been scarce this season, and what Bill made he spent—without delay.

"Red hake 'll fetch a good price at first. Two or three catches will give me a few pounds, and fi' pounds 'll do it, eh, Mary?"

"I heard one of the Vicarage young ladies say that there was to be no catching of salmon after the season. There is to be a strict watch and —"

"They always say that, my lass, but I'll bet 'ee a shilling the parson has his bit of red hake same as usual."

Salmon always became more plentiful towards the last day of the season, and it was hard for the fishermen to stop on Wednesday after a good catch on Tuesday. The boats were beached, the nets brought up to the quay and hung out to dry, there was every appearance of a laying up for the winter. But with dusk the nets were again in the boats, being rowed with soft dropping oars to the appointed range of beach. This year there was a hitch in the usual course. Policemen walked the quay.

Fishermen talked, seated in groups on planks of wood, leaning against the posts for mooring the vessels to the quay side, lounging in the open bow windows and porch of the "King's Head." Their hands were in their trouser pockets, their black pipes in the corners of their mouths, a twinkle in their eyes. The weather-beaten faces grew solemn and glum as a policeman passed, and murmurs against the law were loud and frequent; with him out of hearing, a guffaw would come from a fisherman and jokes followed. On Wednesday evening two policemen still tramped the quay, and guffaws became forced; on Thursday the groups were silent; on Thursday night a policeman was pushed (by accident) over the quay; on Friday the air of good-humoured laziness marking a Tregarthen man was gone.

Mary heard the talk of the village. She knew what was thought of the policemen; she knew the story of the accident.

"Bill, I don't like such ways. You'd nothing to do with it, had you?"

Bill said he had not, but he thought it served the "bobby right, comin' interferin'."

"You won't go fishing, will you?"

"Mary, you know naught about it. I've caught red hake this ten year past, and the fish are jumpin' pretty in the river. Johnny Hoare seed 'em this afternoon. We'll have a rare good catch to-night, and parson shall put up the banns next Sunday."

He silenced Mary, laughing her fears to scorn. But had he not been wildly eager to make money he might have hesitated. His voice urged his three partners in the boat and nets to dare the policeman, and he it was who planned



the scheme of proceeding. Friday night was moonless, and salmon crowded the river.

The cottage of Johnny Hoare, one of the four partners, stood alone beyond Tregarthen quay, almost on the beach. Here the salmon boat lay high and dry, the net hung on posts before the cottage door.

On Friday evening Johnny and his missus gave a tea-party. The other partners, Amos and Jack Herring, their wives, Bill, Mary, and Aunt Polly Beara were the guests.

The policeman tramped the quay, his beat bringing him every quarter of an hour past Johnny's house. He thought them a merry company. Aunt Polly handed him a cup of tea and a hunch of cold plum pudding through the window.

"You'm a good hand at watchin'," she said in her perky old voice.

"I reckon red hake 'll go up in price," said the policeman with a snigger.

"Iss fag! your trampin' boots 'll frighten 'em out of the bay," and Aunt Polly shut the window to a shout of laughter from Bill and his mates.

Mary was very silent, in spite of her sweetheart's assurance that it would be all right and the laughter of her aunt and the other women. If the worst happened it would mean only a heavy fine.

The policeman handed in the empty cup. His footsteps tramped away down the quay.

The men pulled on the thick jerseys their wives had brought for them under their shawls. Quietly they crept out of the cottage and the door closed behind them. Mary followed. The wives and Aunt Polly drew their chairs to the fire, their tongues going as fast as their knitting needles. Red hake was such an old, old tale for them.

Bill kissed Mary, and told her to return. She crept back with a heavy heart.

The night was dark, and a wind from the sea blew in veering gusts. Amos Herring stumbled, and swore aloud. Johnny Hoare, who knew every step of the way, carried the nets to the boat. The tide had turned for an hour past, and a long reach of wet mud was laid bare for the boat to be pushed across. It took the strength of the four men to launch.

"Tain't worth the trouble," said Amos Herring, a shirker of work.

Bill would hear no grumbles. Afterwards Johnny Hoare said he knew something was going to happen; Bill was too light-hearted.

He paused on his oar in mid-stream.

"Tregarthen lights shine bright and twinklin', don't 'em? Row on, man. Us'll be on the bar with this current in a jiffy."

The wind brought a spit of rain on its gusts to whip their faces. Bill's high spirits dejected rather than cheered his mates. They hushed him when he whistled, and muttered that they were fools to come on such a night. A silence fell until the boat touched shore.

Bill was first to jump into the cold water. Heart for the work came to the others with familiar actions. In a few minutes one end of the net was thrown upon the sand, and the boat was being rowed in a half-circle, folds of the salmon net being dropped from it into the water by Amos Herring, seated in the stern. Boat and men were a darker blot upon the dark night. Bill, stamping his bare feet upon the sand to warm them, looked across the inky water at a light lower

and to the right of the spots of yellow brightness clustered in a lump, which were Tregarthen Town. Was Mary thinking of him? The light in Johnny Hoare's cottage twinkled a happy answer.

The boat was emptied of the net, and had touched shore a few yards lower down the sandbank. Silently the men began to haul the net to land, hand-over-hand, their feet planted on the wet sand, their bodies strained backwards. There was a leap of something which glimmered in the darkness. The men drew in steadily, without a jerk, and in the coils of net at their feet, two shining salmon lay.

"I told 'ee we'd have luck," said Bill.

Again and again the net was cast and never was it drawn in empty. Amos Herring, a superstitious creature grew scared.

The wind was wild and the lighter sky which had been seen above the sandhills was now indistinguishable from the hills. Small waves arose on the river and the boat, its bow in the sand, rocked with a sucking sound. Nearer the sea, to their right, was the lighthouse; in its broad flood of light the white tops of the breakers on the bar leapt up against the dark sky. The steady roar of the sea on the coast was a deep accompaniment to the splash of the small river waves, the rocking boat and souging wind.

"What's that?" said Amos.

A boat crept out of the darkness and grounded a yard below their own.

"Tis the bobbies," said Johnny Hoare, and he dropped the end of the net.

Bill gave a gasp of angry despair. All his fond hopes went with that word, and his happiness and excitement turned to wild rage. The police superintendent and the policeman, Aunt Polly's friend, ran up, followed by a Tregarthen man.

"Harry Shaxon told on 'ee," called this man.

The policemen were seizing the nets and salmon. Bill made a step forward with the roar of an angry animal. Everything seemed going from him with the sight of those nets in their hands.

"You shan't have 'em," he said.

Tregarthen men are not backward in a fight. The superintendent was a "furriner" or he would have brought more than one policeman. The man who had been forced to help Shaxon row them across the river was quite ready to lend his Tregarthen friends a hand should they need help. Amos Herring, who had no stomach for a fight, ran into the darkness, his heavy figure plunging and bending through the soft sand.

Harry Shaxon sat in the boat, his head between his hands, and through the short heaving struggle he kept his face covered.

"I've killed 'un," said the policeman, a quaver in his voice.

Bill Trevarn lay on the edge of breaking waves, his face turned up to the dark night, one hand thrown out, dabbling in the water.

"He's dead," said the policeman, a sob in his throat. "I hit him on the head." He threw his truncheon from him.

"He is breathing," said the superintendent, kneeling to peer into Bill's face.

Shaxon in the boat raised his head at the sudden silence.

"What's happened?" he cried, his voice shrill as a woman's.

"Bill Trevarn's daid and yu've killed 'un," answered back the Tregarthen man.

"I never meant that," shrieked Shaxon.

He waded on shore from the boat, and with his arm before his face, ran up the beach, and followed Amos Herring into the swallowing night.

None looked after him. They lifted Bill into a boat and rowed him home. Nets and salmon were forgotten. Johnny Hoare, tears running down his face, stripped himself of his jersey to lay it under his mate's head. The policeman wrapped his cape about Bill's bare feet. All were in one boat, and the second was towed. In silence they rowed to Tregarthen quay. The place was ready for them as they crept among the smacks and trading vessels in the pool. A crowd of sullen men waited at the landing slip. Above them on the quay, women and children silently looked into the darkness on the river. About the open door of the King's Head, the elder men spat and laid down the law. News of Shaxon's betrayal had run like wildfire through the town.

Hoare stood up in the boat to guide it with his oar to the slip.

"Bill Trevarn's daid or thereabouts," he said to the waiting group, "you'd best send down his mother and Mary Hart."

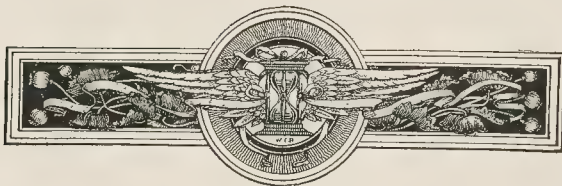
There was a movement above, among the women. Mrs. Trevarn, with loud outcry, on Mary's arm, hurried down the slip. Aunt Polly followed, her wise old face working with excitement, her tongue wagging with advice.

The men made way, the policeman helped to lift Bill on to the landing slip. Lanterns flickered and threw dancing shadows on the quay wall. The crowd of women and children above, the men around, hung over and pressed about Mary and his mother to gain a glimpse at Bill's white face. A child began to cry; a man drew a pitying breath between his teeth; a sudden gust of wind and rain swept up the river.

"He is not dead," said Mary, with a wild burst of tears.

But Bill had lost something better than his life. He rose from a long illness with his reason gone. He sits on the quay in the sun, a silly smile upon his face, his eyes vacant. The children mock and tease him until he whimpers, and Mary runs out to comfort the child man.

Aunt Polly Beara says "'t's a pity the bobby didn't finish 'un outright," and Tregarthen folk echo Aunt Polly's outspoken words. But Mary loves him now and always.





### LEARNING TO SPEAK.

THERE is no definite beginning to the great act of definite human speech. Rossetti very sweetly feigned a first call of the child to the mother; the word is so charming to her that she makes as though she had not heard, so that the child may call again. But, in fact, the word is so gradually formed out of an inarticulate sketch of speech that there is no such first moment. There is, however, a very perfectly definite first emission of an intelligent sound. The cry of the first breath and of the first days has no note of intelligence in it whatever. But a few days after the first real smile (a very different thing from the grimace conventionally so-called) which flowers about the third week, there is suddenly a first little quiet intentional sound that is the earliest expression, the beginning of human speech and the beginning of human laughter.

From this to a syllable the transition is slow. The first consonant is a strong aspirate. The voice becomes exceedingly expressive and communicative long before there is a word said. And there are all kinds of curious little differences between some sounds that are expressive only, and others that are also communicative. The same difference, by-the-way, is made by your adult conversationist, who is apt to talk by way of launching himself, rather than in order to approach his hearer. The infant launches his calls widely upon the air, or he directs them. Gay, commanding, or complaining, he has a whole code of signals, and a sense of their effect upon his hearer, which the crator has not always cultivated.

After the power of speaking, properly so-called, has begun to develop, it varies in various infants most widely. With some there is an almost perfectly regular *patois*, in which certain consonants are invariably changed into certain others. The "probably arboreal" ancestor and the savage have been sought for in the baby, but that nearer progenitor, the peasant, is easily found in him. All the peculiar tricks of quite unlettered country people are the tricks of young children. Especially are both classes liable to the slip of metathesis. The child says "chindrel" for children, and precisely such terms are given to the Italian language, for instance, by the peasants in their various dialect. Obviously a word which is nothing but sound, and has never been seen by the speaker, depends entirely upon the memory of the ear, and this memory has lapses of its own.

Why one child should be so much more addicted to metathesis than another, it is hard to guess. A whole series of inverted words will be used by one little child out of a group—the sweeping-crosser, the tare-caker, the sewing-chamine, the stand-wash. And this child may be, nevertheless, the neatest speaker, who finds no consonant beyond

his powers, and whose ear has a delicately accurate memory for sounds.

It is but necessary to consider how great a work is the learning of human speech in order to give the child credit for his invariable final success. What is of most service to him in the work is his unconscious courage. When he has not the right word at hand he takes the nearest, with an effect of the sweetest humour. Consider the enterprise of the child, for example, who called his pulse his "little heart"; or of the little girl who would not stop her descriptive talk because she did not know the word for horse-chestnuts, but gaily called them cocoa-nuts or dough-nuts impartially; or of the bold translator of six who was taken into the leaning tower at Pisa. She felt the slope of the great tower, and to feel and to smell being rendered by the same work in the French she was used to, she communicated her delighted feelings thus: "I smell it *pencher*."

Another "little youngè maid," as Chaucer says—some-what younger, indeed, than the last—makes free with the same courage and coolness. "I did hurt myself here on my ankle," she says by analogy, showing her little wrist. And lately she had something serious to tell in the morning. "Did you hear," she asked, "a great noise in the miggles of the night? That was me crying. I cried because I dreamt that Cuckoo (a brother) had swallowed a bead into his nose."

This child has the same unhesitating decision in the choice of names to give the colours she admires. Through a few mistakes she attains a great accuracy. By-the-way, the first colour that an infant pauses upon is red.

The parents who took their little one into the leaning tower, got—whether they looked for it or not—a speech, at any rate, for their pains. But every unexpected kind of disappointment awaits those who are too much on the watch for something charming. It happened to one, who might well have looked for poetry from his child, to take a little daughter for the first time to see the ocean. It came foaming to the feet of the poet and the child, and he waited for her impression. "The sea-water," said the little girl, "looks very soapy."

No one who deals with little children wishes to shorten or hasten the time of their learning to speak. What they are sure to learn with time there is no need to desire too impatiently. Nay, the humour of the process is so perpetually fresh that you are tempted to prolong it by your own bad imitations. But that would spoil all.

It is worth noting, too, that the speech of very little children does not depend upon the childish words and childish grammar for its humour. It is as charmingly amusing to hear a tiny child speak well as to hear him speak ill. Whatever he says is strange, and if his sayings are prosaic and exact, so much the stranger and sweeter, in that voice.

Alice Meynell.





*Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.*

GLADYS.



THE time draws near the first Monday in May, when the Royal Academy opens to the public. On the afternoon of that day the "outsider" exhibitors foregather in the galleries, using Burlington House as a kind of club where the members meet to mingle their tears or to dissemble their joy. At five o'clock on this Monday the Royal Academy Club (a real club, this, with an enrolled list of members), collect in the vestibule, to journey thence to Greenwich, where they dine. Each member is allowed to bring one self-conscious guest.

And what of the Royal Academy this year? Will it contain any great work that the public will scramble to see, and for whose possession the Chantrey Bequest and some Merchant Prince will gloomily bid one against the other? I fancy not! The old hands no longer make sensations, and the younger men are so keen about problems of light and colour that they have almost forgotten how to compose a literary picture. No, it is the younger men who will make the interest of the coming Academy, and as in art and politics men are mere boys at the age of fifty, nobody need be offended by this forecast.

Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, who has won the distinction of being known as the painters' painter, has not only produced a beautiful version of "St. Cecilia" but has sold it to Mr. McCulloch, who has also acquired "The Swimmers' Pool" by Mr. Harry Tuke. The price of "The Swimmers' Pool" is mentioned as £600. Mr. Sargent has sent two portraits of Mr. Coventry Patmore. From Mr. Stanhope Forbes we may expect "Shoeing the White Mare," and from another Newlyn, Mr. T. C. Gotch, a picture "touched with a rare spiritual and mystical beauty" aglow with poppies, with the sad title, "Death as a Bride."

To pass from pictures to personalities, or a little further still, to photography. What is to become of the poor portrait painter if sun pictures continue to add excellence to excellence? What, anyway, could be better than the series of photographs we publish with this number, of painters at work in their studios? The artist could give us a more artistic rendering; he could arrange his lights with more effect; he could throw his own rare personality into his work as in Mr. G. F. Watts' wonderful portrait of Mr. Walter Crane, but for faithful transcripts of the appearance of certain eminent painters, how they looked, how they sat, when they painted in the year 1895—what could better answer the purpose than these photographs?

The lights are a little turned down as we look at the photograph of Sir Frederick Leighton, for though he has come successfully through the year's work, ill-health has trapped him at the last moment, and under his physician's orders, he has gone abroad for rest and change. He will be much missed on Private View Day, when he shakes

hands with more people than a child could count in an afternoon, and at the Banquet where Sir John Millais will, no doubt, make a brave effort to rival the eloquence of the absent President.

Of the six works which Sir Frederick Leighton has finished two are called—"Lachrymæ" and "Flaming June," and over and above these he has completed his gift to the citizens of London, which takes the form of a mural picture for one of the walls of the Royal Exchange.

Sir John Millais' health, the world is glad to know, has much improved. Though his easel does not appear in our picture, he has not been idle during the past year. "Speak!" his principal contribution, paints an idea that has lurked in his mind for half a lifetime. It is night, the hour when thoughts fly to intangible things. A man has been reading his dead sweetheart's letters in bed by candle-light, when, lo! the curtains of the bed are pulled aside, and she is there, appalled in all her old beauty of body. "Speak!" whispers the man in entreaty. Hence the picture. Sir John has also painted a St. Stephen.

Mr. Orchardson is wonderfully industrious in the photograph we publish of him, yet the Academy will be without his most important work—an Empire subject (the period, not the place)—which has been sold to a private dealer. To the Academy he will send a little canvas, depicting a girl tending her flowers. Mr. Alma Tadema had always a passion for processions of beautiful young men and women clothed in beautiful garments, and this year he is at this joyous game again. "Spring," a picture of a Roman flower festival, has all the qualities of his former processional works.

Mr. Marcus Stone does not trouble himself with bizarre or symbolistic subjects. He can paint pretty pictures, breathing a pretty summer afternoon sentiment, and as those pictures are extremely popular with the public and the print-sellers, long may he continue to paint them. The picture on the easel in our photograph shows that Mr. Stone is faithful again this year to his old loves. Mr. Briton Riviere, who will always be remembered as the painter of that magnificent work, "Persepolis," has so arranged his pose in the photograph that it would take a Mahatma to discover the subject. Mr. Stacy Marks, as befits a man who has added the art of letters to that of painting, is here shown at his desk, but no doubt a humorous picture, not wholly unconnected with birds, is lurking somewhere behind the vacant chair at the off-side. Sir James Linton has turned to face the camera—pausing a moment from the construction of one of those highly-wrought delicate figures, the delight of all who are faithful to water-colours.

It is to the young men that we must look for the interest of the new Academy. The note of youth has already been struck, for have not Mr. John Davidson and Mr. William Watson been invited to the Royal Academy Banquet?

L. H.

## Some Leading British Artists

Interviewed in their Studios

By GILBERT BURGESS.



Photo by Russell & Sons.

AN INTERVIEW WITH SIR FREDERICK  
LEIGHTON, P.R.A., APPEARS ON THE  
LAST PAGE OF THIS SUPPLEMENT.

*Frederick Leighton*





FROM the time when Sir John Millais and his friends, Holman Hunt and Dante Rossetti, threw off the shackles of conventionality and founded the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, his career has been so successful that it is difficult to say anything about him that is not already public knowledge.

When I called on Sir John and was shown into his lofty studio, which, as I immediately remarked, would be a splendid room for a dance, the pictures on the easels proved that the artist's right hand has in no way lost its cunning.

"I have had the ideas for both the subject-pictures in my head for forty years," said Sir John. "One, as you see, is the stoning of St. Stephen, and, as regards the other, although the meaning is obvious, each individual spectator can place his own construction upon the story. But you have come to interview me?"

"I'm afraid so, Sir John."

"I don't approve of interviewing, and I dislike this modern fashion of prying into privacy and peeping through keyholes. But," continued Sir John, with a twinkle in his eye that belied the severity of his philippic, "I don't say that it's *your* fault—the fault lies with the public. They seem to want it—they want so much. One of the curses of our day is the penny post."

"Why?"

"Because it engages such an immense amount of a public man's time. I have written two autographs this morning," said Sir John, with an air of resignation. "No kindly disposed nature is willing to refuse an autograph; it seems to give so much pleasure, and those who ask for it are generally under age, or at any rate very young."

"I suppose," said I, "you would rather talk about anything than painting."

"Well, fishing is a good subject—I have always been a keen sportsman. What can I say about my work? I have painted subject-pictures, landscapes, and——"

"Portraits," said I with some emphasis, seeing that Sir John's brush has supplied material evidence for the history of the latter half of the present century.

"Yes, portraits, and I hope to paint a large sea-piece before my work is done."

"Haven't you found the physical exposure of landscape-painting very trying?"

"It has never affected me. Talking of landscape reminds me of an incident that occurred while I was painting my

picture called 'Christmas Eve.' I wanted to paint it while the snow was on the ground; consequently I had to wait from storm to storm, and I had a hut built with a window from which I could see the old castle that is in the background—Murthly Castle it is, in Scotland. One day while I was painting a terrific storm came on, and, the roof suddenly beginning to give way, I was alarmed lest the whole of my work should be spoiled. So I held on to the roof and waited, since I was too far away from anyone to shout for help. Now comes an instance of the thoughtfulness of a Scotchman. In the middle of my anxiety I heard a tap at the door, and to my joy and surprise, I found myself, on opening it, face to face with the man who had built it. He had foreseen the possibility of the accident, and although he lived some miles away, he came to my assistance. Luckily he had left his ladder near the hut, so he proceeded to make the roof fast, and did not leave me till the storm was over. With the greatest difficulty I persuaded him to accept the sovereign which he had most assuredly earned."

Changing the subject, I asked Sir John if he would advise a young man to become a painter.

"Not unless he has pre-eminent aptitude; I always try to dissuade a young man from art. Like most other professions—writing, for instance—art is terribly overcrowded. My son, who was in the army, has a wonderful gift for drawing birds and animals. He has just come back from South Africa, where he has been making sketches of animals in their native wilderness—the drawings are full of life and action, and they will be published in book form."

"Do you believe in heredity in art?"

"I used to think it impossible, and one day I inadvertently said so to Mr. Leslie, the Academician. It was rather a blow to my theory when I remembered that his father was a very distinguished painter; yet George Leslie, to my mind, is one of our most beautiful artists."

"English Art at the present time ——"

"Is at an extraordinarily high average. For the moment there is a lack of patronage, but I believe that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, and the good art of the present day will be treasured in the future as much as the old masters."

I mentioned how well Sir John's picture, "Shelling Peas," looks in the new room in Sir Frederick Leighton's house.

"Yes," said Sir John, "and I will tell you how it came to be there. At one Academy Exhibition I saw a beautiful statuette, and I was so delighted with it that I spoke to the secretary with a view to acquiring it. I had no idea who had done it, and you can imagine my surprise when I learned that it was the work of my President. The circumstance came to the knowledge of Sir Frederick, whereupon he had it cast for me in bronze. In return for such a charming gift I painted him the picture you saw at his house."



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co.

*Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co.*



THE French, who are undoubtedly the leading nation in all matters pertaining to the art of painting, have lately awakened to the fact that there have been in the past, and are at the present time, great artists who live and have their being in the land of perpetual fog. The recently-published series of articles in the Paris *Figaro* upon the Pre-Raphaelite movement are appreciative and almost enthusiastic. The work of Mr. William Quiller Orchardson, although it has little in common with the methods of the brotherhood in question, has called forth so much admiration in the French capital that he has been decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour—a distinction rarely bestowed upon a foreign artist; but one which, by reason of Mr. Orchardson's passion for the period when the decoration was invented, possesses special significance. And last year, during the annual picture-show in the Champs Elysées, a prominent Parisian critic declared that were it not for the obstacle that Mr. Orchardson is not of French birth, the coveted *Prix du Salon* would be his by right. Mr. Orchardson, while avowing that he is no lover of publicity, was kind enough to let me call at his house in Portland Place, one afternoon at sundown, and chat with him. "Yes," he said, "I am a Scotchman; though I also have, through my mother, a suspicion of Austrian blood. My artistic education commenced at the Trustees' Academy at Edinburgh in 1850, and it was not until twelve years later that I came to London, sharing rooms in Fitzroy Square with my friend the late John Pettie. On his marriage we separated, and I followed his excellent example a few years later."

"When did you make your first great success?"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"But surely 'The Queen of the Swords,' exhibited at Burlington House (in 1877, I think), was very favourably noticed?"

"Very possibly!"

"And how about 'Napoleon on board the "Bellerophon"?'—wasn't that a popular picture?"

"Well," said Mr. Orchardson, meditatively, "that may be so. The personality of Napoleon has always had a great fascination for me, and I returned to the subject in 1893; 'St. Helena' was the name of the picture."

"I remember. The British public certainly love pictures with a subject. Don't you think so?"

"I think it is rather that the purely literary side of art appeals to them very strongly. A certain amount of subject is necessary; one must always have an excuse for putting paint on canvas, and it is better that the excuse should be an interesting one."

"You are not a Realist, then?"

"No; as I told a young friend of mine the other day, there are no pictures in Nature—there is only the material for pictures."

"Do you approve of the enormous latter-day development of black-and-white art in this country?" I asked.

"The term 'black-and-white' art is absurd. We are all black-and-white artists from the very beginning of our education. It is the first step. But the demand for book and newspaper illustrations is certainly on the increase, and there are a great many young fellows with talent and individuality, who seem content to leave the higher development of art out of the pale of their ambition. To take a parallel from your own profession—would you call a man a *littérateur* because he had written a good paragraph in a newspaper? Could you compare him with a novelist or a historian?"

I suggested that a similar parallel might be drawn from music.

"Music appears to me to be different," was the reply.

"It is so much more one-sided; the talent for it is not necessarily associated with brain power. An eight year old prodigy will play you a Chopin *étude* exquisitely, and then, when he has finished, he will forget all about it, and run back to his toys."

Mr. Orchardson's flesh-painting is extraordinarily luminous in effect—the work of the French painter, Henner, has the same quality—and I asked by what method it was produced.

"I have no method. Artifice in art is impossible—no, 'impossible' is too strong a word—let us say inadvisable. Simplicity and directness seem to me to be the only methods."

"Every artist has a hobby; what is yours?" said I.

"You mean, what *are* mine? I used to be fond of hunting; then I went in for tennis—real tennis, you know; now I am all for fishing, and doubtless the golf fever will attack me before long. I have already felt some of the symptoms."

I was looking at a picture which stood upon an easel. It was the portrait of a girl, set against a delicate background of flowers.

"That picture," said the Academician, "has a pathetic interest for me. I had a dear friend, to whom beauty was a religion, and who lived, as it were, through his eyes. He suddenly lost his sight, yet he frequently came to my studio and listened attentively while I explained to him the drawing and colour of any picture I happened to be painting at the time. One day he said 'there is a space on one of the walls of my drawing-room; I wish you would paint me something to hang there—something with flowers in it.' When it was finished he called, as he said, to see it. His delight at the description of the picture was infinitely touching. I am convinced that, through some inner-consciousness of his brain, he experienced the same sensations as if his eyesight had been restored to him."

This picture, one of the most charming of Mr. Orchardson's works, will be sent to the forthcoming exhibition at Burlington House."





Photo by Russell & Sons

W. G. Russell & Sons



AS soon as you have passed through the large outer door of Mr. Alma-Tadema's house in Grove End Road, St. John's Wood, the contrast between the atmosphere of colour within and the dull greys of London scenery in the street outside, is very striking. A colonnade, bordered on each side by creepers and plants, leads through the garden to the house; the eye is frequently attracted by bright patches of colour, and the general effect is so suggestive of a Græco-Roman villa that it becomes almost fantastic. Once inside the house, you pass through a large glass-roofed conservatory, filled with palms, and enter a small hall, the walls of which are decorated by a series of pictures set as panels in the white wainscoting. While I was looking at these beautiful sketches, which are all done by friends of Mr. Tadema, I heard, with some slight dismay, the sound of many voices, and the faint clink of tea-things in an adjoining room.

"Where is he?" I heard Mr. Tadema say, in his cheery voice, to the servant who had announced me, and in a few seconds he came out into the hall.

"Can't you give me half-an-hour to myself?" I asked, anxiously. "I don't think I shall be able to get anything out of you with so many people present."

"Oh, that doesn't matter," was the reply. "I have had six interviewers this week—somebody else is coming in half-an-hour—ask me questions go on!"

So, accepting the inevitable, I pointed to the panels.

"They are all done by my friends. That is a replica of Sir Frederick Leighton's 'Bath of Psyche'; the one next to it is by Van Haanen; on the other side there are panels by Sargent, Clara Montalba, Charles Wyllie, and many others. Come up into the studio and see the pictures."

The studio has a high dome-like ceiling, which is decorated entirely with soft grey silver; on one side is a recess hung with crimson embroidery, and on another is a gallery. A grand piano, inlaid with ivory and tortoise-shell, is one of the artist's most treasured possessions.

"It was all made in England, too," said Miss Tadema, as she pointed out the exquisite carving and workmanship. Inside the lid are inscribed the autographs of the many great pianists who have played upon it; the only two names of any eminence that are missing are those of Liszt and Rubinstein. "And the pity of it is," continued Miss Tadema, "that they were both here during their lives, and we forgot to ask for their signatures."

Then, as we stood before one of his pictures, Mr. Tadema gave me a brief sketch of his career; when he was interrupted by the arrival of fresh visitors, Miss Tadema kindly gathered up the thread of the narrative for me.

Born at Dronryp, in Friesland, on the 8th of January, 1836, his mother, who was left a widow when young Tadema was four years of age, decided that he should follow his father's profession, that of the law. When he was sixteen his health was so bad that, since the doctors predicted his early death, he was allowed to follow his own inclination, and adopt painting as a profession. He went to Antwerp, studying and painting there until 1865; in 1870 he settled in London; he became an English subject three years later; in 1876 he was elected A.R.A., and full Academician in 1879. He has received decorations from most of the European Courts, and is Member of the Institute of France, as well as of many other foreign academies.

As Miss Tadema was showing me, by means of a magnifying glass, the extraordinary delicacy of her father's painting, Mr. Tadema called to me from the gallery. As soon as one arrives there, a large semi-nude figure of a workman faces one through a door.

"Do you remember that?" asked Mr. Tadema. "It was one of the figures from my large picture of 'Hadrian in England.' For some reason or other the picture did not sell—I think it was on account of that figure being so scantily draped—so what did I do? I cut it into pieces! But," he continued, noticing my look of surprise, "I sold both the other sections—one to the Queen of Holland and the other to a Dutch gentleman—so it did not matter. Come and look at my engravings."

I followed Mr. Tadema to another staircase, the walls of which were hung with engravings and photogravure reproductions of his pictures.

"This photography is a wonderful thing," he said, pointing to a marvellous portrait of Paderewski. "Look at the softness of that—the feeling; engravings and etchings can get better effects of clearness and contrast, but there is always the work of someone else in them."

"To whom does that portrait of Paderewski belong?" I asked.

"To Paderewski, of course. Who else should have it? When I paint portraits they belong to the people who sit to me. It must be so."

We then went to Mrs. Tadema's studio, where I saw, upon an easel, one of her exquisite Dutch studies that are so full of grace and sentiment; Mr. Tadema saw me looking at the painting of a flame of a candle in the picture, and he called to his wife, saying—

"Mind you don't give anyone cigarettes to smoke here—if you do they will try to light them at your picture."

A few days later I happened to see, at the offices of the Berlin Photographic Company, a proof of the photogravure of Mr. Tadema's large picture, "Spring," which is on its way to England from Berlin. The picture, which is on a canvas measuring  $5\frac{3}{4}$  by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet, has taken Mr. Tadema five years to paint, and it is safe to prophesy that it will be the "picture of the year" in the forthcoming Burlington House Exhibition.





Photo by the Berlin Photographische Co.

Alfred Nakamura





ALTHOUGH there are many painters who live in St. John's Wood, the district that lies between Holland Park and Melbury Road, is undoubtedly the capital of Art—it is there that she holds her Court. From Mr. Marcus Stone's studio there is a fine view of Sir Frederick Leighton's house and garden; and near by stand the houses of Mr. Watts and Mr. Luke Fildes. As I entered Mr. Stone's studio, I found that the photographer had forestalled me, but the artist, with characteristic good-humour, consented to let me put him forthwith through the equally tiresome ordeal of being interviewed.

"I was very precocious," said he, in answer to a question of mine about his early life, "and, in consequence, was very much overrated. I was let out very early, and therefore have very long memories. I can remember Samuel Rogers, and have a distinct recollection of my father pointing out to me the great Turner in the street one day. Turner, by the way, was made an Academician in the year that Sidney Cooper was born—92 years ago."

"Who was your first teacher?"

"Until I was eleven I never saw a studio, and hardly any pictures; then I worked in my father's studio, exhibiting my first picture at the Academy at the age of seventeen. In the intervening years I received all my elaborate art-education—such as it was."

"You have no record of early struggles or disappointments, then?"

"I'm afraid not; and, as an instance of sheer good luck I may mention that, although I have exhibited continuously since then for 38 years, I have never had a picture rejected or hung above the line."

Passing over the self-depreciatory mention of the word "luck" I asked Mr. Stone what was his strongest personal conviction on the subject of painting.

"I have," he answered, "a special religious belief in telling a story, and, moreover, telling a story that can be told in a picture. Painting differs from literature, in that the opportunities are more limited; a picture has to be content with recording a dumb instant of time."

"We English," commented I, "are accused by other nations, and by superfine critics at home, of paying too much attention to the mere subject of a picture."

"A subject may be a dramatic incident, an effect of light, a bit of form, or a gesture, but no subject is good unless it expresses, clearly and fully, what the artist set out to paint. A professed subject should be obvious."

"Won't you give me an instance?" I asked.

"An admirable instance is the work of Mr. Alma Tadema; one can always tell, without looking at the catalogue, the exact meaning of what he intends to convey. Personally, I always try to have a little drama in my pictures, and, as a test, I design the figures and leave the heads blank; then, if the picture does not tell the story from a distance—across the room, as it were—I am dissatisfied with it."

"Your pictures, then, are quite works of fiction."

"Well, I am intensely fond of fiction, and my love of it, in my younger days, brought me into contact with Dickens, Thackeray, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, and Anthony Trollope."

"I have seen your illustrations to 'Our Mutual Friend.'"

"I knew Charles Dickens intimately; staying with him, as I did, for weeks at a time, I saw him under all conditions and in all his moods. He was certainly a very remarkable and illustrious man."

"What struck you as being the most noticeable traits in his character?"

"Energy and order. He never forgot anything, and he was absolutely reliable. If he had promised to render you some little service a month ahead—and he was always doing little services for people—you could be certain that it would be done. His energy kept him in perfect physical condition; he was active as a boy, loved exercise, and the cold tub was a cult with him. His study was always kept in perfect order, and, even if he was in a strange house, he would alter and arrange the position of the furniture."

"What do you think of the state of English art at the present time?" I asked.

"It is head and shoulders better than it was when I was a boy. The bright particular stars may not be so numerous—the first-rates are always few—but the general average of excellence is much higher."

"Yet painters complain of the bad times?"

"The so-called prosperous period, of a few years back, was merely the accident of a few millionaires bragging against one another. The wealthy, certainly, do prefer the turf, and, in my lifetime, I can hardly recall an instance of a member of the House of Peers having bought a picture. But we are beginning to be appreciated abroad. My last three pictures have gone out of the country. Before you go," said Mr. Stone, "I must show you a landscape I am painting of the lake near Vevey. My country-house is there, that is to say, a very excellent hotel which does duty as such, and I prefer to paint all my landscapes there. The climate is better, as are also the 'flesh-pots.' I will even confess that I find splendid material for my English landscapes in Switzerland; the country, leaving out all that is essentially Swiss, is very similar."

As he showed me to the door, Mr. Stone said, "I am surprised that you haven't learnt shorthand—Dickens had a perfect passion for it, and taught my brother to write it."



Portrait of Frederick S. S.

Marius Stora



LOVE of animals is one of the most characteristic traits of the English people, and any picture that deals with them is certain to be popular. Mr. Briton Riviere, the foremost animal painter of our time, did not receive his art education at the Academy, although his father and grandfather, as well as his own eldest son, were all students at that institution. Mr. Riviere's father left London in 1848, in order to become drawing-master at Cheltenham College, where his son Briton was entered as a pupil. Ten years later Mr. Riviere moved to Oxford, with the intention of forming a drawing-school in that city, and he took his son with him, so that he might complete his education at the University. But although Briton Riviere was obliged to devote a great deal of his time to the study of Latin and Greek, he was working also at art under his father's tuition. When he was eleven years old he sent two pictures—"Kitten and Tomtit" and "Love at First Sight"—to the British Institution, where they were accepted and hung; and before he took his B.A. degree, which he did at the age of twenty-seven, he had already exhibited his "Sleeping Deerhound" at the Royal Academy—a picture which is the keynote to all his subsequent work. His style was then formed, and from that time to this he has never deviated from it.

"How do you manage to get a sense of movement in your pictures of animals?" I said to Mr. Riviere, as we stood before his picture of Phœbus Apollo driving a chariot drawn by lions.

"By trying to *learn* animals," was the reply. "To be an animal painter one should really have two lives—the first should be spent in learning animals by heart, and the second in painting them."

"That is something like a Japanese theory, isn't it?"

"Yes; a Japanese artist will give up years to the study of one bird—a flying stork, for instance—and then, when he knows it perfectly, with all its plumage and all its movements, he will spend the remainder of his life in reproducing it over and over again."

"You don't think, then, that it is advisable to paint entirely from nature?"

"Everything begins in the brain, and you can only evolve from nature what your brain tells you. It is a great mistake to let the model that is before your eyes lead you away from your original conception. It is better to select various types, and work out your ideal from what seems best in all of them."

"That," said I, "is almost creation."

"Of course, but all art is creative—the more creative it is, the more valuable it is."

"You must know animals pretty well by this time?"

"I still have to go to the Zoological Gardens for hints, but my first conception is always entirely free. It is rather for verifying, than for creating, that I go to see the thing itself."

"Is it the same with domestic animals?"

"Of course, with them one has far better opportunities for study, and one can work upon one's picture direct from nature. I never attempt to paint a dog or any domestic animal without a living model, but, in a subject picture I would rather have half-a-dozen to paint from than one, so that I may have more material from which to evolve the particular dog I have in my mind."

"Burton Barber, who died recently, must have known a great deal about dogs?"

"Yes, and he knew something of what for the want of a better word I must call the soul of a dog. He shows this by his sympathetic rendering of canine expression."

"How do your subjects occur to you?" I asked.

"I keep a list of ideas—sometimes I put down a mere name, and sometimes a few lines of facts or a chance quotation—and then on reading the list over, a subject which I may have thought of ten or fifteen years ago, suddenly stirs me, and I immediately proceed to work it out."

I said that it was much the same with ideas for stories.

"Yes," assented Mr. Riviere, "a parallel is generally possible between painting and literature; they are kindred arts, and they both express definite ideas—the one in words and the other in form and colour. It is merely a different set of symbols that is used."

Mr. Riviere pointed to his Phœbus Apollo, and said the subject had been on his list for twenty years.

"The main point," he continued, "is to keep your idea absolutely flexible: turn it about in your brain thoroughly before you do anything definite. Directly you have a line on paper the whole affair is changed. It is the difference between a thing and a thought."

"But there is always a risk that somebody else may forestall you."

"Yes; during last summer I devoted some time to a series of designs upon the subject of St. George and the Dragon, but, as you know, a set by Sir Edward Burne-Jones is being exhibited at the present time."

I noticed a striking model of a wounded lion, crouching at the feet of an Assyrian hunter.

"I am very fond of modelling," said Mr. Riviere, "but as I never work more than three hours a day, I have not much time for it. This is not clay; it is a Belgian preparation of wax, which always remains plastic. This cast," indicating an anatomical model of a lion, "has just been reduced from my model. I have been eight years over it. My object was to make an anatomical model of a lion in movement, with all the play of the muscles. Whenever a lion dies at the Zoo they very kindly let me know and I am able to verify what I have already done."

Before I left we were talking of a certain art-critic.

"He is a real critic," said Mr. Riviere, "because he can discard his personal preferences, and throw himself into the point of view of the person he is criticising."





Photo by Russell & Sons.

Arthur Squire



"I'M afraid I haven't anything new to tell you," said Mr. Marks, as I entered his studio. "You see, I have put everything I ever saw, heard, or did, into my book."

"Which has been very successful, I hope."

"I am very well pleased with the notices, and somewhat surprised; I had an idea that journalists did not approve of painters who write books."

"Your verses on the subject of the 'Painter's Parasite' were rather a severe satire."

"Perhaps; but I was only attacking a principle, not any individual personality."

"Will you tell me something about your career?" I asked.

"In 1851 I became a student of the Royal Academy, working also at Leigh's art school in the evenings. Then, in the following year, my friend Calderon—now also an Academician—persuaded me to go with him to Paris, where for five months we shared a room in the Rue des Martyrs, in the Montmartre quarter. Calderon, in his capacity as Keeper and Trustee of the Academy, lives at the present time at Burlington House."

"Rather a striking contrast," I remarked.

"Yes, but in my time art-students were poorer and simpler in their tastes. In the antique school, when I studied there, only two or three of us, at the most, possessed dress-suits. After my first picture had been exhibited at the Academy and sold—a great event in the life of a young painter—I did all sorts of odd work, such as wood-drawing and portraits at thirty shillings a-piece. Then I helped Mr. John Clayton with his designs for glass until the firm of Clayton and Bell was founded, and there was no longer any need of my services."

"When was the St. John's Wood clique founded?"

"In the early 'sixties. It was not a clique; it was really a bond of brotherhood. Our intention is best expressed in the words of Calderon—"We have all of us now to work together and do our very best, not caring who is first or last, but helping each other, so that all may come out strong. The better each man's picture, the better for all." From that time to the year 1878—the date of my election to full Academic honours—I did a good deal of decorative work as well as pictures."

"I have seen your designs of 'The Canterbury Pilgrims' in the saloon, near the entrance hall, at Eaton."

"Yes, but I enjoyed much more doing the panels of birds, which are in a smaller room in the same house. Some birds, especially the eagle and the adjutant-stork, are admirable models; they are not conceited like the human model, who is generally convinced that he is the prime factor in the success of your picture."

I asked Mr. Marks what he regarded as the most significant feature of modern English art.

"The growth of illustrated journalism," was the reply. "More than thirty years ago, what time I was art-critic for the *Spectator*, I wrote an article upon the excellent work that was then being done in *Punch*. But look at the papers now-a-days! The development has been extraordinary. I think the first impetus to drawing in monochrome was given by Sir John Gilbert and Fred Walker—who was much influenced by the German artist, Menzel."

"You were very intimate with poor Walker, were you not?"

"Yes; my friendship with him was an episode in my life that I can never forget. You see that sketch"—and Mr. Marks pointed to a drawing that was hung on the opposite wall—"doesn't it tell its story vividly? I know it isn't the fashion now-a-days to care for pictures with subjects, but there are many stories that can be far better expressed by the brush than by the pen."

"You are a Londoner, are you not, Mr. Marks?"

"I am a thorough Cockney, and I quite agree with Dr. Johnson, that London is the best place in summer, and the only place in winter. To walk through the London streets, or to ride upon the top of an omnibus, is more interesting to me than foreign travel. The types upon the tops of omnibuses are infinitely varied, and well repay study, as are also the street boys. I once asked a news boy why he would persist in shouting 'Westmin-is-ter' Gazette instead of Westminster. His reply was quick, and after all, logical. 'Well, guv'nor, it's wrong, I know, but it's 'andier for your throat.'"

We went on to talk about various other features of London life, and finally drifted, in our conversation, to the music halls.

"With one or two exceptions," said Mr. Marks, emphatically, "the performances are no better in tone than they were in my young days, with the exception of Mr. Albert Chevalier."

"Yes," I interrupted, "we must except him; but he seems to have deserted London. Perhaps the sentimental coster has been overdone."

"But how artistic he is in his methods! By comparing him to Robson, I consider that I pay him a high compliment. But why are comic songs, or alleged comic songs, always about drunkenness or midnight orgies?"

"Why, indeed?" echoed I.

Mr. Marks showed me his Academy picture—two friends meeting with fishing-rods under their arms—two friends in whose faces I fancied that I could detect likenesses to certain well-known artists, who shall be nameless, and I then took my leave. In conclusion, I quote the closing words of the last chapter of Mr. Marks's book, "Pen and Pencil Sketches" (published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus) which, to anyone who cares for the history of English art during the past half-century, will be found as interesting as it is amusing. "Always present with me has been the reflection, though not in a maudlin or melancholy sense, that 'the night cometh when no man can work.'"



Photo by Russell & Syon.

*R. M. R.*





ALTHOUGH Sir James Dromgole Linton is not a member of the Royal Academy, he occupies, in his capacity as President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours and Institute of Painters in Oil Colours, a very distinguished position in the modern art-world. As a boy he was determined to be an artist, much against the wish of his father who, however, compromised matters by allowing his son to adopt the craft of stained-glass painting. In his leisure time Sir James studied water-colour to such good purpose that his early work was well hung at both the Academy and the Dudley Gallery, and he decided consequently to accept that particular form of art as his profession.

The Institute of Painters in Water Colours held their exhibitions, in former days, at a little gallery in Pall Mall, and, as it is chiefly through Sir James Linton's exertions that they now have such splendid quarters in Piccadilly, I called at his studio in Cromwell Place, and asked him to tell me how the transformation came about.

"Well," said Sir James, "when the Royal Academy moved from Trafalgar Square to Burlington House, Piccadilly became the head-quarters of the world of painting, and many of the picture dealers moved to that neighbourhood—to Bond Street, for instance. So the Council of the Institute decided that it was superlatively necessary that we should make a change. There was a splendid vacant site in Piccadilly, and, as we were not rich enough to pay for the expense of building, we were obliged to form a commercial company to carry the scheme through; from this company we rent the galleries."

"Did you make any innovations in the rules or methods of your Society?"

"For the first time in England we admitted the work of outsiders to our exhibitions; up to this time all water-colour organizations had closed their doors to the work of those who were not actual members. At present we are obliged to charge a small commission upon the sale of pictures, but I hope that in a year or two we shall be able to dispense with that, and thus give a further impetus to what we contend is the *national* art of the country."

"By which you mean water-colour?"

"Yes; the art of water-colour painting is essentially English. The English school was founded about the middle of the last century, that is to say, as regards landscape—figure painting was not much done until the beginning of the present century. All the foreign schools sprang from ours."

"What do you consider to be the principal advantage of water colour as a medium?" I asked, as I looked at the drawing Sir James was working at—a head of Jessica.

"Water-colour has its own processes and its own materials, and one is not trammelled by the rules of the old masters."

"Why, then, do most painters prefer to work in oil?"

"One reason is that a water-colour can never be very large; and most people like to have as wide a scope as possible. But it is all a matter of individual preference; the actual medium chosen as a mode of expression is of no importance whatever—it is simply a matter of art. Turner did equally good work in both oil and water-colour, although I personally prefer the work that he did in the latter medium."

"Do you think that the condition of English water-colour art at the present time is satisfactory?"

"I cannot mention names, for obvious reasons, but I think that it is distinctly healthy and full of vitality. It is commercially depressed, but that is another question. As an art it will always be representative of the nineteenth century."

"And in the future?"

"I think it will take a still higher place. Many who are not appreciated now will be appreciated in the next century, just as many who are overrated at the present time will find their true level. It has always been the same in all arts. When the personality disappears, a free independent judgment is the result, for, in spite of ignorance, truth will survive."

The large collection of sketches that cover the walls of the studio and ante-room gave me another opportunity of being inquisitive.

Sir James confessed that he has a mania for buying pictures, and, to show that he has in his possession almost enough examples of the work of the English masters to form a history, it is only necessary to mention the names of Turner, David Cox, De Wint, Samuel Prout, William Hunt, Constable and John Varley—the father of English water-colour painting. "You see," continued Sir James, "on the floor above this I have a large studio, which is known as the Linton School. I have between forty and fifty pupils, and it is an enormous advantage to have examples of different painters ready to one's hand."

Among the best known of Sir James Linton's works are the series of five large oil-pictures, descriptive of a soldier's life in the sixteenth century, and his "Cardinal Minister," and "The Wedding of the Duke of Albany." A stay in Venice brought him under the influence of Titian and Tintoret, and a series of mediæval drawings was the result. At the present time he is engaged upon a number of drawings upon subjects taken from Shakespeare's comedies; his friend, and brother Member, Mr. Orrock, is making studies of the landscapes of Shakespeare's country, and the two series will be exhibited at the Fine Art Society during the season of 1896.



Photo by Russell & Sons.

*J. Paul & Zimmon*



THE position held by Sir Frederick Leighton in the modern art-world must inevitably be compared with that of the great painter-princes of the Middle Ages. President of the Royal Academy and a Baronet, he also possesses the rarely-bestowed French Order, "Pour le Mérite"; honorary degrees of five universities have been bestowed upon him, and he is a member of over a dozen foreign academies. The office occupied by Sir Frederick is a peculiarly arduous one: the President must be a good speaker, and an equally good listener; he is obliged to go into society and occasionally to deliver lectures, and, above all, he must be possessed of infinite tact. That Sir Frederick has fulfilled all these requirements nobody can deny. Born at Scarborough in 1830, he first began to learn drawing at Rome, at the age of ten, his father insisting, however, that his general education should be in no way neglected. Two years later his family moved to Berlin, where Sir Frederick studied at the Academy, but it was not until the winter of 1844 that he finally decided at Florence to be an artist.

After some years at school in Frankfort, he went to Brussels at the age of 18 and commenced his career. A few months in Paris, followed by two years at Frankfort, filled the time until 1852—memorable as the year in which the young painter first studied in Rome. Sir Frederick decided to settle definitely in London in 1860, the immediately preceding years having been spent in Paris, from which city he sent to the Academy his first important picture, "Cimabue's Madonna carried in procession through the streets of Florence." He was elected an Associate in 1864; and four years later he became a full Academician.

"You must not ask me anything about my general theories," said Sir Frederick, when I called upon him. "The question of the relations between ancient and modern art, and between English and Foreign art, are too important to be lightly dismissed at a moment's notice. When I feel constrained to speak upon the subject, I prefer to do it myself in my own words. But come into the studio and look at some of my pictures."

One end of the studio is occupied by easels, upon which were several recently-finished canvases; in a niche in front of the window are several studies in plaster for figures in pictures, and also the original sketch in the same medium for Sir Frederick's statue, "The Sluggard"; the walls are covered with sketches—landscapes for the most part—which form a sort of picturesque chart of the President's wanderings.

"That," said Sir Frederick, as he pointed to a view of a mosque, "I painted in Damascus. The mosque has since been gutted by fire; so, you see, the sketch becomes a document. The three little landscapes in the corner were

all done in the island of Rhodes. If you have not yet forgotten your Iliad, you will remember that each of the three towns on the island sent a ship to the siege of Troy. At a later date, a port was built for the mutual convenience of the three towns—the port of Rhodes. But the three townships—you see them there—are now forgotten, yet they were older than the Rhodes that we know of, in the same way that Fiesole is older than Florence."

In the splendidly-lighted winter painting-room, I was shown the model for the Jubilee medallion, the commission for which came through Lord Randolph Churchill. Passing again through the studio, we entered an ante-chamber with a glass dome.

"This is my new toy," said Sir Frederick. "I have had this room enlarged, and most of my favourite pictures are hung here. I have lent that splendid Millais in the centre to several exhibitions, but perhaps," with a smile, "I shall not be so willing to do so again, now that it is hung in such a beautiful light."

In the same room are also pictures by Alma-Tadema and Watts; a design by Sir Edward Burne-Jones for a memorial tablet; a sketch for Sargent's decoration of the Boston Library, and many other beautiful works, among which the most interesting is a wonderfully-painted head of a woman by an unknown German artist, who preferred to conceal his identity under a forged signature of Albert Durer.

Facing the top of the staircase that leads down from the studio into the hall is a large unfinished picture, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of the Marquis of Rockingham seated at a table with Burke, who was at that time his secretary. This picture is interesting, Sir Frederick pointed out to me, inasmuch as it shows the genesis of Sir Joshua's methods. The background and accessories having been copied from Sir Joshua's original sketch by pupils, are finished, but the two figures are incomplete, that of Burke being a mere blank on the canvas, and, in accordance with Sir Joshua's theories, it is not drawn in. The chair upon which the Marquis is sitting was presented by Sir Frederick to the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House, he having purchased it at Christie's. In the drawing room are some exquisite canvases by Corot, representing the four seasons of the day.

"The reason why they are so beautiful is that Corot painted them out of love and admiration for his friend Decamp, without thought of the market. He subsequently painted the same subjects for Prince Demidoff, but they are not nearly so good."

Before leaving, I looked into the Arab hall, with its lofty dome, Egyptian lattices, Persian tiles, and fountain; and I asked Sir Frederick whether he would advise a young man to become an artist nowadays.

"That is surely a very vague question," he replied. "From the commercial point of view the outlook does not seem very bright, and most artists are, to a certain degree, dependent upon commerce. But if a young man has talent, and is content with the prospect of narrow means, he should certainly give up everything else, and he will be happy that he has done so. An artist is an artist because he *must* be one. That is all."



# The Album

*A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.*

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 14.

MAY 6, 1895.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post 6<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d.



*Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.*

MISS FORTESCUE.



**A**MONG the minor entertainments of London there is one that is always open and always free. No matter how crowded the thoroughfare, this diversion is constantly available; indeed, the greater the crowd, the more chance of amusement. Nor is this gratuitous relaxation confined to streets alone; wherever there is gathering together of people—train, 'bus, gallery, pit, stalls, pew—ready ears may be tickled by the Fugitive Scrap of Conversation.

It is wonderful into how brief a space a really funny incident can be compressed. The morsel of conversation is heard and the joke caught, though we have had little or no chance of marking the speakers, who vanish very often almost before the chance listener has realised that he has heard something good. Sometimes, when the full import of the saying has fully dawned, one would give worlds to see what manner of man, woman, or child has contributed to the moment's felicity; but the talking pitchers have swirled away on the tide of life beyond knowledge or recall. Perchance, poor luckless clay, they are already shattered against other and tougher vessels, or sucked down by some relentless whirlpool to eternal silence. But the remaining pitchers go on talking just the same.

The words overheard are not always funny in themselves; sometimes, though amusing, they cannot be appreciated at the moment: as, for example, when the disappointed newsboy or crossing-sweeper has levelled a stinging sarcasm at one's personal peculiarities, accentuated and rendered glaring by lack of liberality. It is not till some time has elapsed, and a Christian spirit has revived, that we see how exquisitely humorous and apposite the *gamin's* jest really was. Then we retail it in society; fitting it, if possible, on some friend whose peculiarities are sufficiently like our own to edge the joke. If there is no such friend, we hold our peace.

Sometimes, of course, the joke is not personal to the hearer. Recently, I overheard a satirical fragment of dramatic criticism from a Teutonic brother who sat behind me at a matinée. The piece was neither musical nor a comedy, though the play-bills said it was both. Throughout a dreary first-act we sat patiently hoping against hope that the music and the comedy would soon transpire, but the curtain descended before that consummation. Then, as several of us rose to depart, the Teutonic brother behind brayed out to his comrade, "Yes, let us also be going; for

truly, I have not boorst myself with laughter!" He had put over-much faith in the bill.

It is not a bad pastime, in days when alleged amusements are so pitifully dull, to return to the diversions of earlier years and revisit "regulation" sights, such as the Zoo or the Tower. But one should try to infuse some element of novelty into the ancient shows. For instance, in the old time, we went to the Tower "if it was fine," and it is well that childhood should see the grim old place, dreaming in restful quiet under summer sunshine. But later in life it is well to catch something of the real dreariness of that scene of suffering and bloodshed. Go down to the Tower on a November day, when the fog is on the river, and the walls of the fortress are dank with ooze. There in the yellow light, if light it may be called, when keep and turret wear a larger and more forbidding frown, one can realise something of the old terrors of the place, the languishing, the torture, the dull hopelessness of those imprisoned there.

On such a day, the Traitor's Gate, with the green slime on its water-worn pavement, seems indeed a portal of Death. As one gazes, the mad nineteenth century whirls away, and the slower, but no less cruel Middle Age starts from the dust again. The tide flows in, and goes lapping with hungry lips around the grated doors, a barge glides up, the gates swing wide, and for a moment on the steps there is bustle and a blending of rich colour, for these times were picturesque. Then from the boat a pale man steps ashore. For an instant he gazes out across the dull river, the next the gates swing to and the Yeomen of the Guard hurry their prisoner up the stairway to the dungeon, from which there is small chance of return. The Tower is haunted by these "last looks" at life and freedom, and on a day of yellow fog they rise before the visitor with an insistence unattainable in genial weather.

What irony of circumstance led my quill from carping at musical comedies, that do not divert or edify, to the advocacy of dull imaginings as a means of diverting edification, and, above all, why did I choose the Tower? Yet is it not in the eternal fitness of things that my pen should take this path, for has not a great humorist hung around this very Tower of London a quaint and delightful musical comedy that is none the less charming for the sad-coloured thread interwoven? Of course, it was of the essence of the Gilbertian humour to hang a comic opera around a melancholy pile; but the place asserted its spell and the story grew pathetic, though its full pathos is not caught by everyone who plays the Jester, nor, indeed, by everyone who sees the piece. But I am getting on controversial ground. Some say the opera is not pathetic at all, and was not meant to be; others say it was meant to be funny, and is not; while some strange beings say it was not meant to be funny, and is; and altogether it is a tangled question. At any rate, there is a fine, unmistakable spirit of the Tower about it—of screws that twist and racks that turn, of "the block, the headsman, and the tomb," of oppression, intrigue, love, and sacrifice; and, whatever the difficulties of the piece, it contains at least some manly sentiment, some fine historical *tableaux-vivants*, if you will—and some humour that would not, perhaps, have made our German "boorst with laughter," but would, at least, have edified him and kept him and others in their places to the end—a thing hard of accomplishment at a latter-day musical comedy, compared to which a foggy day at the Tower is as crystal to clay.

JOHN A' DREAMS.



Photo by Fred. H. S. Son, London, Eng. 1895.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.





# A NOTE ON BACH.

"MUSIC owes as much to J. S. Bach," wrote Schumann, "as a religion to its founder." And Bach shared the fate of the prophets in being left without honour in his own country for many years after his death. His influence on the latter part of the eighteenth century was of the slightest, and the position he occupied in music may be estimated by the fact that his son, Emmanuel, was considered a greater composer. After the time of Beethoven, Germany awoke to a sense of Bach's real greatness. The "Romantic School" established his cult, and Schumann's words have passed into an article of faith.

England, of course, was some time in recognising the god of polyphony. We move slowly in literary and artistic matters, but our pace therein is rapid compared with that at which musical opinion progresses. So, although the Bach Choir was established in 1876, Bach has never really achieved popularity here until the last few years. Mendelssohn and Handel held the field; Bach was alluded to as "very dry." Yet at the late Bach Festival at the Queen's Hall, the cheap places were crowded, as they seldom are, even at ballad concerts. Everywhere people are heard talking in praise of Bach, and lips curl at the name of Mendelssohn. The English worship of Johann Sebastian has begun. It is idle to ask, suspiciously, whether a craze is sincere. It really does not matter in the least so long as the object of the craze is worthy. And in this case the object is something more than worthy. The force of music on the lines of harmony, rather than structure, can no further go than it did in J. S. Bach.

The enormous difficulties of the "Passion" and of the heroic B minor mass, were not grappled with successfully at the Festival. They were noble efforts, but painstaking labour will not give Bach's choruses as they ought to be given. For that marvellous choral writing is not the work of a musical grammarian, intent upon the perfection of form. Formality is there, but the body has a soul of majestic and beautiful expression. Bach restrained his powers of poetry by correctness and ingenuity of writing; but the poetry is there, greater, perhaps, because of its strict adherence to law and order. A choir, which can be accurate in music bristling with difficulties, and yet feel and bring out the spirit underlying the wilderness of notes, is ideal. As we are not undertaking a criticism of the performances of the Bach Choir, it is enough to say that the ideal was not approached at the Queen's Hall.

"How surprised Bach would have been if he could have

heard the organ," was said in many different ways when the Bach festival was over. There is something a little vain about the remark. As a purge for modern vanity, let us add that Bach would have been surprised, too, if he could have heard his Concerto for three clavier and orchestra played on three pianos! We believe he would have shuddered. Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch gave this same Concerto at one of his delightful old-world concerts, and three harpsichords were used. The effect on the older instruments was incomparably better. The delicate lights and shades to which Bach, remembering the slender tone of the clavier, devoted all his skill, were lost on the Broadwood grands.

The clavichord, by the way, was Bach's favourite instrument, and is more beautiful than its English counterpart, the virginal. The volume of sound is tiny, but the swelling of the notes gives it a variety which the louder-voiced piano might envy, if it were not so self-satisfied.

In a small panelled room of an old English country house the virginals sound pleasantly. It is unfair to play them in the concert-room, where they give the enemy of old instruments cause to blaspheme. "Wiry," "wheezing," "tinkling" were the epithets freely passed when Queen Elizabeth's virginals were heard at the New Gallery. Yet it was in no spirit of contempt of the wiry quality of the virginals that Shakespeare wrote one of his most delightful sonnets:—

"How oft when thou, my music, music play'st,  
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds,  
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st  
The wiry concord, that my care confounds,  
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap,  
To kiss the tender inward of thine hand."

It is not a far cry from Bach to Shakespeare:—

"Music resembles poetry; in each  
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,  
And which a master hand alone can reach."

Bach, the master of method, had the nameless grace of which Pope speaks. Had he been merely intellectual, his works now would only be of interest as studies in harmony. They might delight professors, and other learned men, but to the world at large they would be dead. It is an error to suppose that only practical musicians can appreciate great music. The plea for its incomprehensibility by the general public was never made by the composers themselves. "I know it will please some day," said Beethoven of his last quartet on his deathbed. There is room in the temple of music for the humblest worshipper, only let him worship honestly—like or dislike—without waiting for an authoritative opinion. "Il n'y a qu'un vrai document sur un artiste, et indiscutable: c'est son œuvre."

R. C. SAVAGE.



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper ...

MR. C. HAYDEN COFFIN,  
AS RUDOLPH, IN "AN  
ARTIST'S MODEL," AT  
DALY'S THEATRE.

# THE WELL DRESSED WOMAN



## IN MY LADY'S CHAMBER.

"WELL, little woman," said my sister-in-law, dancing into my room at 11 o'clock one morning when I had been vainly trying to induce a last year's hat to assume an up-to-date appearance, while it was sublimely deficient of any such ambition, "what do you think of bicycling?"

This being interpreted by anyone who knows my sister-in-law—and most people do—means "will you please say something that I can contradict, and give me the opportunity of telling you what I think of bicycling." She is quite a nice woman, this relation of mine, but she has a mania for following fashion. If it were suddenly ordained by the powers that are, that we should give up our carriages and proceed up and down Regent Street and Piccadilly on roller skates, she would find such a method of progression "absolutely perfect," and would laugh to scorn anyone who dared to dispute her verdict; would consider that they were all desperately unenlightened and stupid. She invariably considers anybody stupid who does not agree with her absolutely.

"Bicycling, my friend," she said, "is the only exercise worth taking. You can, under its ægis, wear the most fascinating of costumes; wander out miles into the country by yourself, unattended: and—crowning joy!—you can have the sublime privilege of shocking all your elderly relations."

"But it is so absolutely graceless," I protested. "Every woman bicyclist looks to me like a monkey on a stick viewed sideways; frontways she looks red, hot, figureless, and desperately uneasy."

"Well, I shan't argue with you," my visitor remarked after she had been doing absolutely nothing else for quite ten minutes; "but at least you will have the amiability to tell me whether you think serge or alpaca the more suitable material for my new bicycling costume. Bicycle I shall, in fact I do, and as you set yourself up as an oracle on costume, give me your advice."

Alpaca is a capital material of which to make knicker-

bockers. In grey it looks its best, while the ideal lining is white pongee, and as this costs but a shilling a yard at Peter Robinson's, it is not prohibitive to the proletariat. The best bodice for the bicyclist has yet to be discovered. Every variety looks equally hideous when mounted on a saddle. If it boast long skirts these fly out in the wind, which is no respecter of persons; if it boast no skirts it is unbecomingly exceedingly; and perhaps, the least objectionable style is the Norfolk jacket of convention elongated to meet the exigencies of the position. But why should women wear such frightful clothes and do such fatiguing things as to turn wheels with their feet, unless Fate has labelled them seamstress? The goddess on the machine is an unknown quantity. My sister-in-law is a misguided young woman. Time may temper her idiosyncrasies; unquestionably it will quell her ardour for athletic exercise, and the hour will arrive when she will call on me in order to preach the doctrine of the tea-gown and the loose bodice.



Meditating on loose bodices, as I did directly I was left alone, I came to the conclusion that in the tightness of the corset lurks the sum of a woman's good temper and bad temper, well-being or ill-being. It is all very well for the philosophers, who know nothing and spend all their time in uttering wise sayings devoid of wisdom, to declare that tight-lacing has gone out of fashion. It is desperately in fashion; a girl will tell you candidly that she measures twenty-two inches without her stays, and twenty in them,

which is a blank confession of her sins. "I wonder why," like Daisy Vane of "Artist's Model" celebrity, and "I wonder where" those two inches disappear. However, the popularity of the blouse—which is something stupendous—may induce us to seriously consider that we want not a waist. It is a moveable quantity under any circumstances. To-day it is under our arms; to-morrow it is round our hips; and the box pleat which overhangs the belt ought to encourage us to make it sufficiently loose. So long as we are fairly small round our hips we can manage to





look well in our clothes; it is the inches there which are fatal, transforming the elegant into the inelegant.

Yet most women may look well under the auspices of the fashion of the moment. One woman who has just passed my window looked remarkably well in a dress of blue serge. (How dare the cynics say we are fickle when season after season we cling to the joys of blue serge, or, rather, permit them to cling to us?) It had a coat with a short basque and a large sailor collar of white silk with an appliqué of yellow lace on the extreme hem and the front was a soft muddle of white muslin and yellow lace; while the hat was all made of rosettes, different coloured roses, kilted chiffon frills and shot-green straw, which looked like paper. I believe the new straws are paper; they have that texture and appearance; they are pleasing, nevertheless, boasting a *dégaré* air which has its own attractions. The hues of the latest triumphs in millinery are varied exceedingly, and the last straw, which has, however, defied tradition, and not broken the camel's back, takes the most aggressive tone of cerise. The fates be praised! its perpetrators see fit to decorate it chiefly with black adornments, jet butterflies, of a form which would throw any self-respecting ethnologist into the depths of despair, and black ospreys being generally used. The ostrich has been re-instated in favour once more, its plumes wave on most of the new hats and bonnets, and not in moderation either, three, five, or even seven being clustered together to follow their own sweet will, and droop over the hair at the sides and the back on many of the large hats. Large hats display the "jam-pot" order of crown, and elaborate ruchings of silk-edged grenadine, which is called chiffon by the uninitiated, and which by any other name would be equally effective. These grenadine ruffles do not confine their attentions to our hats, they embrace our necks affectionately in company with satin ribbons, and more or less appropriately disposed artificial flowers of most artificial hues—flagrant misdemeanours against the horticultural laws. Net ruffles, lace ruffles, and satin ruffles, all

have their devotees, and scarce one of us is so stiff-necked as to rebel against this order of sartorial affairs and to cling to the more becoming simplicity of the linen collar. The poor linen collar suffers complete annihilation at the hands of the elaborated variety of lawn and lace, which now intrudes itself on stuff, silk and linen gowns alike. The turn-down collar, though, I reflect, sadly, is only to be worn with impunity on the unwrinkled neck of youth, and——

Why cannot I be allowed to write in peace? Here is the door flung open, and my sister-in-law returned, telling me that she quite forgot to show me a picture of her new evening dress, and imploring me to let her know whether she shall buy a cape or a coat. The evening dress should be a complete success, with its skirt of pale yellow *chiné* silk scattered with rosebuds, and its bodice of the inevitable chiffon in yellow, with trimmings of pink and white pearls, interspersed with gold thread and gold sequins. The coat or cape question is vital, and only to be properly answered by the immediate purchase of both garments. "Why," I ask, "the vexatious intrusion of the word 'or'?" Change it to 'and,' my dear, at once; set your doubts at rest; have whatever you desire; a drab cloth cape, and a black coat lined with white satin; indulge in every conceivable extravagance; commit every indiscretion you can think of, except bicycling in the London streets. Better fifty pounds of new clothes than the cycle of to-day."

PAULINA PRY.





# FENCING.

THE modern doctor is nothing if not the friend of sport. The new athletic activity which he preaches—at two guineas a time—from his pulpit in Harley Street has helped not a little to that revival which every sportsman notes with pleasure. The jobmaster has been moved to paeans of delight by the apocalypse. Fat men have hired the sorriest nags, and have been well shaken as the chirurgeon prescribed. Jerry builders have run up tottering villas, and have chortled as they advertised æsthetic wall-paper, and tennis-courts. Far-seeing club proprietors have leased waste lands, and provided opportunities for elderly gentlemen to chase balls, and to fee caddies. And all the while the man in Harley Street has hugged himself—at two guineas a time—because there has been added to the pharmacopœia a drug which the common or garden family practitioner despises, and which is never named by the student in *materia medica*.

As the thing stands, some three games are favoured by the average consulting physician. He approves of bicycling in a mild way; he is the friend of lawn-tennis; he raves about golf. In the winter time he will stoop to admit that a game of billiards is better than an arm-chair; but he will hear nothing of football, and boxing appears to him to be a pastime for grooms. He is thus unable to cater for that busy man who has no time to get far away from the city, and cannot pursue health in the jerry-built villa, with the æsthetic wall-papers and the lawn-tennis court. In all my experience of doctors, I have never known one of them that recommended the best and the most graceful of all exercises—fencing, to wit. It is an art beyond the cognizance of the consulting physician. He is so accustomed to prescribe the mixture as before, and the horse as before, that the mere existence of the foil as an instrument of health is unknown to him. Yet, if he would only think of it, he might be led to see that a new weapon was at hand for his armoury; that an old pastime was forcing its way rapidly into a new popularity, not alone because of its magnificent traditions, but by reason of its suitability to the needs of that man who cannot inhabit the jerry built villa, nor mount the sorry nag of the jobber.

You can fence nowadays in the heart of the West End just as you can bathe and play tennis. Fine swordsmen like Captain Alfred Hutton and Mr. Egerton Castle have brought manuals to the assistance of the *maitre d'armes*, and have done much to compel the revival of this most fascinating science. The value of the exercise as a health-promoting influence is beyond question. The grace of *l'escrime* is not to be disputed. Stroll into the *salle* of M. Bertrand any week-day, and you will see unromantic merchants beating the appel with infinite vigour, assuming a fine bearing which is in absurd contrast to their bearing on the Corn Exchange or in Threadneedle Street. For the moment the spell of the art and its traditions engross them. They are, if they possess any imagination, carried back to

the centuries of the claymore and the rapier. They may even fancy that they have been challenged by an artist in Paris, and are sawing him up in the Bois. It is pleasing to them to know that if they tread on the toes of a Frenchman while they are drinking Bass's ale at Amiens, they will not shudder when two of his friends wait upon them. They may, perhaps, entertain a sneaking hope that some day they will "go out" and be induced by pretty girls to tell the tale—with reservations—at dinner parties. Meanwhile, they are keeping their weight down, and succumbing to the fascinations of one of the most fascinating of all arts.

The danger of learning to fence is the danger of this fascination. There is no other pastime which engrosses so completely. A man learns to box, paying a guinea for two lessons. Lesson No. 1 allows the professor to black the pupil's right eye. In lesson No. 2 things are balanced, and the left orb assumes a similar hue. Then the man comes to the conclusion that he was not born a boxer, and curbs his ambition. But when a *maitre d'armes* pinks you, there is no hurt of the wound. The mask and padding are perfect shields. The worst injury is the injury to the pride. It is humiliating to have one's foil sent spinning out of one's hand, while an irritating person with no delicacy of taste makes suitable comments. And it looks so easy. But this is the mischief of it, for of all arts fencing is, perhaps, the most difficult to master.

It is only in recent years that an attempt has been made in England to put the teaching of *l'escrime* upon a really scientific basis, or to bring it into touch with Continental methods. Students of the foil owe much to Captain Hutton. Until he wrote "The Swordsman," the practice of blindfold exercise was hardly known here. He was one of the first to show us the value of the *sentiment du fer*, of that delicacy of touch which enables a man to judge his opponent's intentions by the mere voice of the blade. Here is the essence of the whole art. Teach your pupil to fence with his eyes shut—teach him to feel for his antagonist's attack—and you are on the way to make a master of him. No manuals which speak boldly of distances and lunges, of supination and pronation, of low inside lines and high inside lines can be worth one hour's practice with the eyes blindfolded and all the nerves strung up to feel for danger. Any fencer, taught by such a scheme, must be a booby, indeed, if he do not attain some proficiency. But he must be prepared to continue at the work—to give to it a very large share of his leisure.

Once, however, a man enters a *salle d'armes*, the fear that he will abandon the pastime is small. It grips too surely, lures unfailingly; and its virtues are not to be written. No science that man has invented trains the temper so surely, imparts such a dignity of bearing, or such an ease and grace of carriage. And, as a writer has well said, "it is pre-eminently a polite pastime," deserving Mr. Egerton Castle's designation, "the courteous and academic assault of modern times."

MAX PEMBERTON.



*Photo by W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

H.R.H. PRINCE HENRY  
OF BATTENBERG.





# A CHAT WITH AN ARMENIAN.

**A** NATAMOFF was what some folk describe as a "superior person." In rank he had been the owner of considerable flocks in the region of Sasun, although at the time of our "interview" he acted in the capacity of guide in the Russian Armenian District. We had found him intelligent, as most Armenians are, and fully alive to the difficulties of the situation in which his nation is involved. We were one evening chatting upon the all-absorbing topic, amid the surrounding discomforts of a Russian posting-house; we, sitting upon the wooden bedsteads, devoid of bedding, which, with the bare table and a rickety chair, formed the sole comforts for the wayfarer at this "haven of rest" in the Lower Caucasian region.

"What is the Commission going to discover?" we asked him casually.

"Nothing at all," was his emphatic reply. "The Turks will take good care that no dangerous witnesses are forthcoming. Those who testify will be peasants who have nothing to lose, and who probably will evade the authorities in the hope of gaining something from sympathisers. Their word will, however, go for little. The real sufferers will be kept carefully out of the way."

"How so?" we asked.

"Scouts are posted on all the roads to examine travellers as to their business," he observed. "We know also, on undeniable authority, that scores of poor wretches have been murdered in prison, by means of poison, solely because they were known to be dangerous witnesses. Hundreds of others, too, have been imprisoned to prevent any, even indirect, testimony being given before the Commission."

As we had ourselves been turned back by the Turkish

Authorities in an effort to reach the disturbed district, we knew that part, at all events, of this statement was true.

"You have been a sufferer yourself, have you not?" we asked.

"I have had my flocks carried away by the Kurds," he said simply. "I have had my house burned before my eyes, and myself been thrown into a Turkish prison for three months without a trial."

"For what?"

"Simply because I asked our governor to give me redress."

I was called an "Armenian dog," and told that the authorities could not trouble about me, and I must look after my property as best I could. When I lost my temper and asked for what it was I paid taxes, I was answered by being cast into prison."

"So on your release you left Turkish territory?"

"Yes, as hundreds of our people are doing yearly. We want some security for our property, and we cannot get it in Turkey. We shall stay here 'till a new day dawns."

We smiled at the allusion. "Which means — an independent Armenia?" we asked, significantly.

Our guide smiled and nodded, whereupon we questioned him as to its possibility and the hopes of his nation.

"We were a great people once," he said simply. "We had a kingdom of our own, and were respected and feared. Our young men, who are educated, are striving for the old independence, and, with the blessing of heaven, we shall get it. Our clergy, too, are willing to suffer and die for the good cause. There will be no happiness till we are free from the Turk!"

"But do you not see that the Turks are likely to treat this 'rebellious' spirit harshly?" we asked.



A KURDISH CHIEFTAIN.



ARMENIAN PEASANT WOMEN.

"They dare not. The Christian countries of Europe will help us. Now that we have gained the ear of Europe the action of the Turkish rulers will be jealously watched. You must not forget, too, that the Armenian race is scattered over the whole world—is found even in your own country, and that we are all one, nevertheless, and act in concert. We shall get our freedom in time," he answered emphatically. We had heard the same sentiment before, and knew that it was the aspiration of the race.

"We owe no allegiance to the Turk!" he continued with emphatic gesture. "For years oppression has been the treatment meted out to us. If we get no help we shall rebel, and then perhaps your European countries will see that we are in earnest."

"What help do you expect to get?" we asked him, anxious to elicit an opinion upon so problematical a subject."

Anatamoff shrugged his shoulders. "Heaven alone, knows! Your nations move slowly in official matters. They never act with the Turks as they should—treating them as liars and unscrupulous scoundrels who will be fair to the faces of the Commissioners but, behind their backs, will behave like wolves. The Western nations know little of the Mussulman character—how that to trick a Christian is regarded as a praiseworthy, even a religious, action—aye, though the trickery be by direct lying. The Russians alone know how to act with these infidels!"

His usually mild countenance was lit up with a revengeful fire as he spoke. There was no mistaking the earnestness of the man.

"Then you are prepared to make great sacrifices and meet great dangers?" we asked.

"Can we suffer more than we have done already?" he said grimly. "Our homes, our honour, our all—long since

lost. We have little else they can take, except our lives,—and we can sell them dearly."

"And you in Russian Armenia are you to form part of this new independent State?" we asked slyly.

It was a repetition of the dangerous crisis in which a Russian finds himself at intervals and skilfully avoids. Anatamoff had lived long enough under Russian rule to understand.

"Russia is good," he answered carelessly.

"Maybe; but will you form part of the new State?"

"Russia is good—the case is different," was his evasive reply. Vainly we pressed the question.

"Russia has never yet parted with territory she has once acquired." The old proud boast of the great Empire formed a convenient retreat.

We spoke generally upon the prejudices against his nation. Our guide laughed merrily, in perfect good temper, as we finished.

"Yes," I know we are called 'liars,' and are thought to be dishonest. It is not so. If there is any outward 'cunning,' it has been brought about by oppression, and owing to the caution which an Armenian has to use to protect himself. Were not the Jews treated ill, and with the same result, in time past?"

Then he rose to attend to our evening meal: no difficult task, since a traveller on the road in out-of-the-way places is satisfied with the rudest fare. As we gazed upon the mild, gentle-mannered man before us, we wondered what material was here for a furious "fight to the death" with an unscrupulous power? But, perhaps, it is but another instance of the old adage that "a worm will turn." Who knows, too, with what the movement is fraught, or to what extent a great empire may in the end be shaken?

C. T.



AN ARMENIAN PEASANT.





IN one of Coleridge's letters—it is included in the collection made by the poet's grandson, Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, and given to the world only last week—there is an admirable little disquisition on the true nature of stage-illusion. Coleridge correlated this, and very rightly, with the process of dreaming. If he had only known as much about dreams as our modern physiologists, and something of that subject of hypnotism, which has assumed such importance since his day, he might have made his theory scientifically complete. This is what he says:—"It is among the feeblenesses of our nature that we are often, to a certain degree, acted on by stories, gravely asserted, of which we yet do most religiously disbelieve every syllable, nay, which perhaps we know to be false. The truth is that images and thoughts possess a power in, and of, themselves, independent of that act of the judgment or understanding by which we affirm or deny the existence of a reality correspondent to them. Such is the ordinary state of the mind in dreams. It is not strictly accurate to say that we believe our dreams to be actual while we are dreaming. We neither believe it, nor disbelieve it. With the will the comparing power is suspended, and without the comparing power, any act of judgment, whether affirmation or denial, is impossible. The forms and thoughts act merely by their own inherent power, and the strong feelings at times apparently connected with them are, in point of fact, bodily sensations which are the causes or occasions of the images; not (as when we are awake) the effects of them. Add to this a voluntary lending of the will to this suspension of one of its own operations (that is, that of compassion and consequent decision concerning the reality of any sensuous impression) and you have the true theory of stage-illusion, equally distant from the absurd notion of the French critics, who ground their principles on the presumption of an absolute *delusion*, and of Dr. Johnson, who would persuade us that our judgments are as broad awake during the most masterly representation of the deepest scenes of Othello, as a philosopher would be during the exhibition of a magic lantern with Punch and Joan and Pull Devil, Pull Baker, etc., on its painted slides." Now, it would be too much to say that we invariably measure the skill of the dramatist by his power of creating illusion. At the two ends of the dramatic scale, for instance—poetic tragedy on the one hand, farce on the other—illusion only exists in a minor degree. Tragedy, with its demigods and heroes, speaking in Iambics, or Alexandrines, or blank verse, is so obviously unlike life as we know it that it seldom illudes us. It is the poetry, the rhetoric, the lofty spirit, the sheer beauty of the thing that gives us pleasure, not the illusion of reality. So with farce, in which probability is outraged at every turn; here we put away all care for illusion, and make

the concession cheerfully, because of the laughter of which that sacrifice is the price. But between these two there is serious drama, which does aim at the representation of life as we know it, and in which, it obviously follows, illusion becomes all-important. In a serious drama of modern life, the playwright who fails to keep us illuded has failed in the very essence of his business. And that is why *Delia Harding*, the new Sardou play adapted by Mr. Comyns-Carr for the Comedy Theatre, is so signal a failure. Sardou, who—whatever else may be said for or against him—generally shows a marvellous dexterity in the art of illuding us, in making what is really only a series of clever tricks pass for a representation of life, has for once forgotten his cunning. The scoffing laughter of the pit and gallery on the first night, at two critical moments of the plot, showed that the "voluntary lending of the will," of which Coleridge speaks, to the suspension of its own operations, had come abruptly to an end. Just when the villain was leaving the heroine's house, at her imperious bidding, a servant brought in a trayful of letters and thrust them under his nose, in order that he might have the opportunity of intercepting them, the heroine herself kindly furthering his purpose by withdrawing from the room at the same moment. Later on, the same villain was left alone in the same room with a glass of poison, which the heroine had filled for herself, in order that he might have the opportunity of draining it in mistake for wine. Both situations were so obviously the result of artifice that all sense of illusion was destroyed. These are only two among many incidents in the play so maladroitly contrived that I cannot bring myself to believe *Delia Harding* to be really a work of the Sardou of to-day, the veteran trick-maker, the proved expert in stage illusions. I think it must be one of his earliest efforts, rejected by the French managers, lately discovered in some drawer where it had lain hidden for many years, furbished up and exported to America as good enough for that market. If it was good enough for New York, it is assuredly not good enough for London. The delicate, fastidious art of Miss Marion Terry is thrown away upon it. I can only wish this delightful actress and her companions—Miss Rose Leclercq, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Cyril Maude, and the rest—better luck next time.

Mr. Arthur Law's new farce at the Vaudeville, *The Ladies' Idol*, is not a masterpiece of ingenious contrivance; it is a hodge-podge. But as its incidents, notwithstanding their lack of sequence, are amusing in themselves, it serves its purpose. Mr. Weedon Grossmith is the irresistible droll that you know, Miss May Palfrey is—like the infant in the advertisements—as bright as a button, and Mr. C. P. Little, as the French say, *impayable*.

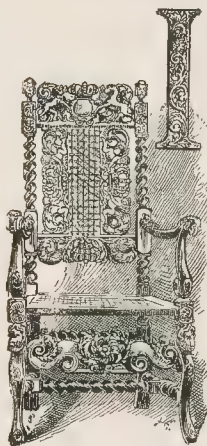
A. B. WALKLEY.





*Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.*

MISS JULIA NEILSON.



JACOBEOAN ARM CHAIR.

I AM told that there is a law which renders it a criminal offence to send circulars to minors inviting them to borrow money, and I think the law ought to be extended to sending catalogues of old books and furniture. With the catalogues of books I deal simply by putting them in the waste-paper basket—even such costly productions as Quaritch's are not respected—and thus I preserve my husband from extravagance and myself from ruin. Unluckily, the other day he got hold of Litchfield's catalogue of old furniture and china. I say "old" because there appears to be a custom in the furnishing trade which makes the term "old" refer to an article made, or supposed

to have been made, at the period which its style suggests in fact, to *genuine* old things. The hapless word "antique" is degraded and distorted to meaning merely in olden style, and is applied to *sham* old things.

That catalogue has almost undone us. We rushed off to Hanway—why not Hanwell? Street, but found that Mr. Litchfield had moved to Sinclair's splendid galleries in Shaftesbury Avenue. We hastened down Wardour Street. As a rule, that street of about 300 yards costs me three-quarters of an hour, for I cannot hurry by its interesting shops. Mr. Litchfield showed us over the place after making apologies for its untidiness. It appears that he has lately bought Sinclair's historical collection, to which he has added his own famous stock. It was really like going through the South Kensington Museum, with the disadvantage that you could buy the objects if you chose and your purse permitted. Many of the pieces have rare historic interest, such as two splendid chimney-pieces in white marble, with large statues of the four Apostles as supporters, which came from Arundel Castle, the Duke of Norfolk's place.

By-the-bye, I need hardly warn people nowadays against the ordinary black, or mottled, marble builders' mantelpieces. Those horrors, at one time a real "gig-manity" mark of respectability, have broken the hearts of hundreds of people when trying to make a room look beautiful. Yet a well-designed white marble mantelpiece, such as you will find in many late eighteenth-century houses, is delightful.

Mr. Litchfield has a large number of slabs of carved white marble, some of them beautifully executed, bought long ago by Mr. Sinclair. He has enough to make up a hundred mantelpieces or rather, he had, for I insisted upon buying a set with classic subjects exquisitely carved in low relief. Two large figures in Bath stone, of a Watteau Shepherd and Shepherdess, chiselled by Roubillac—his famous tomb in Westminster Abbey is known by everyone—fascinated us; but they had just been sold. Passing by a great deal of fine statuary, we came to some magnificent wood-work. Who would not like a large sideboard, showing Thomas Sheraton at his best, complete with two urn-shaped vases on the pedestal wings to hold the knives; or an old Flemish oak cabinet representing Abraham and the Ram, which was once the property of Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill, and eventually sold by George Robbins, the auctioneer, whose unique, florid eulogies upon the things he had to sell have given him a small place in history. However, I must pass by the beautiful cabinets of famous English workers, and also French works of the time of Louis XIV., XV., and XVI., and not "Robbins," with their exquisite metal mounts and beautiful marqueterie.

On the first floor we had a surprise; there was a charming suite—a sofa, six chairs and a low screen of gilt wood-work with beautiful, slightly-faded tapestry. It was very pretty, very quaint, and would just have suited my views for



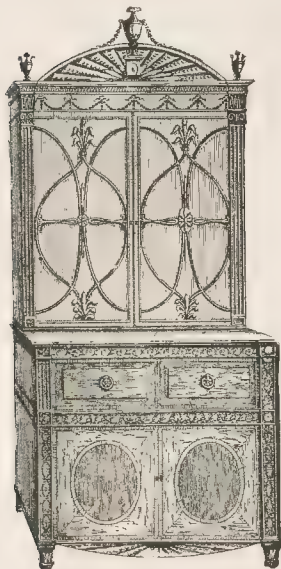
KNEE-HOLE TABLE BY SHERATON.

a morning room. However, we were told that the tapestry is fine old Beauvais, that the suite is almost unique and the price twelve hundred and fifty pounds, so we decided to wait. Indeed, Mr. Litchfield said he expected to find a customer in some Frenchman, for our amiable neighbours are better buyers than we and have a strong taste for the finest works. We grew rather silent after this, till he opened a large safe and began to take out wonderful pieces of old jewellery—real jewellery and not mere precious stones stuck in gold. There was a key, in diamonds beautifully arranged, which was used by the Chamberlain to one of the Queens of Spain, and sold by



the widow of one of the Ministers on condition it should not be re-sold in Spain. One object was most touching, a present from Pope Pius VI. to the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the ill-fated Louis XVI. It was given after the Revolution, and in the fine dark-green binding is shown a trumpet-blast blowing away the lilies of France. Oh! the lovely jewelled watches, the miniatures, the *livres d'heures*,

the splendid little *nécessaire à ouvrage* in gold, with quaint decoration in coloured stones. Of course, I cannot ramble on for ever, or speak in detail of the rooms devoted to Louis XIV., XV., and XVI. furniture, of Chippendale and Sheraton, and pieces designed by J. Adams, or of another floor divided into compartments for the display of Empire old oak, and Spanish work. We came away utterly chastened and cast down, because of our inability to do more than buy some of the minor works of art, and since then I have wasted I should say spent hours and hours reading Mr. Litchfield's wonderful "Illustrated



SHERATON BOOKCASE

History of Furniture." The book, of which we got the third edition, has, so Messrs. Truslove and Shirley, the publishers, told me, had the large sale, which by reason of its pleasant style, large knowledge, and wealth of illustration, it deserves thoroughly, and it should do much towards civilizing the taste of the British householder.

As a practical hint for the week I may suggest that in dealing with reversible curtains, it is best to dispense with the ordinary "hold-backs." Instead of using them, sew at a suitable height (which, of course, must vary with the height of the room and windows) on the under side of the inner edge of the curtain a one-inch brass ring, on which you will find it easy to wind fine silk cord, harmonising with the curtain. Then about two-feet six-inches higher, screw into the jamb of the window a small brass hook, and catch back the ring into it. This will make the curtain fall into very pretty folds, and you can alter the folds to admit more or less light, by simply pulling some of the stuff through the natural loop so formed. The great additional advantage is that it only takes a second to unhook the ring and let the curtain fall straight. It is quite comical to see how often, on

account of the difficulty of unfastening, or fear of disarranging the elaborate draperies, people leave the curtains drawn back at night and exhibit blinds which are not always chosen for their beauty. This arrangement is also very pretty for curtains lined with a material of happily contrasting colours, or for soft frilled muslin. To give figures of proportions, I may say that in one of our rooms, nine feet high, with windows beginning twenty-eight inches from floor, the ring is sewn thirty-eight inches from the bottom of the curtain, and the hook is fastened in the jamb, sixty-six inches from the ground.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To "R.S.V.P." I must answer that serviette rings are no longer used except at very homely gatherings; perhaps the disuse comes from the French custom which forbids a guest to fold a serviette, since to do so might suggest he had come to stay. However, if "R.S.V.P." has more silver rings than she needs for the

family, she may very well make them into pin-cushions. All that she has to do is to cut a disc of cardboard of the same circumference as the ring, then take a strip of linen the height of the ring, stitch it round the cardboard, and on the top sew a piece of linen equal in dimension to the cardboard, leaving a small opening through which the stuffing of bran may be poured. The top can be covered with velvet, or any stuff that matches the style of the dressing table. It is easy, with strong glue or cement, to fix the cushion thus made to the ring, with the bottom of which the cardboard disc will be flush.

"OLD MAID" wants to know the best way of preventing the blades of table-knives from indulging in a kind of Home Rule, and separating from their handles. The handles should never be

immersed in water, but the blades only should be put in a jug or vessel kept for the purpose, filled with hot water and soda. However, she is certain to find, do what she may, that servants will not be careful, and therefore, she should get her knives from a first-class house, such as Mappin and Webb, where for a reasonable price, as I know from experience, she can get knives with blades so rivetted to the handles, that even the most energetic and clumsy servant cannot effect a divorce.

"FIANCÉE" tells me she has just received, as a wedding present, a cheque to spend on house-linen, and wishes me to recommend her a good place in London where she can get it. Personally, I know of none, for some years ago I got all mine from Robinson and Cleaver, of Belfast, and it has worn so well that I have not yet had occasion to replace it; but if she likes I will enquire and let her know of some good London firm next week. Robinson and Cleaver will send her catalogue and price list if she simply writes to them addressed merely to Belia-t.

GRACE.



SEVENTEENTH CENTURY ARM CHAIR.



ELIZABETHAN STAIRCASE.





THE fame of Lady Wolseley's picture ball has spread beyond the seas, and one of the most successful evenings of an unusually gay season in Rome has just been given by the Brazilian Minister's wife, much after the manner of both recent festivities at Warwick Castle and in Ireland. The Palazzo Santa Croce has, even for an Italian house, unusually splendid entertaining-rooms, and the effect produced by a series of "lovely ladies" and their cavaliers, each costumed from well-known pictures, made a sensation which is still a tea-table subject in the Holy City. The hostess, Donna Regis de Oliveira, is a dark beauty, and her character of "Sappho" was well carried out in a suitably diaphanous and most becoming arrangement by Worth. Princess Odescalchi came in a Louis Seize brocade and wig, as did that handsome American who is now Duchesse de Talleyrand. Princess Baratow recalled one of Watteau's piquant shepherdesses, and the scene was altogether one of unusual charm and brilliancy. I hope this prettiest of all manners in ball-giving may be taken up this season by hostesses in town—they have excellent precedent to go upon.

Those who make summer holiday at Dinard this year will find a bicycle racecourse added to its usual list of amusements. The wheel whim has caught on in serious earnest, and rivals golfing, which up to now, was the only manner of the moment. At the spring meet, which is just over, there was a large attendance. Lord and Lady Gainsborough take a keen interest in the game and were to be seen on the links every day. Sir Francis and Lady Blackwood, Miss Blackwood, Lord Berkeley, Lady and Miss Duntze, Mr. Paget, and dozens more who have spent the season at Dinard, got up some excellent theatricals last week at the New Club, after which a dance and cotillon followed as a matter of course. Mrs. Frewen's ball at her pretty villa was another affair of note, and for Whitsuntide I hear of many anticipated arrivals, amongst what poor Corney Grain used to call "nice" people, with a long accent on the monosyllable.

Perfumes are coming into vogue again, for which one does not know whether to rejoice or mourn. The woman who announces herself with chypre or frangipanni before she comes in sight, is about as welcome, and happily as rare now as the musk-odoured crocodile. Nor can one quite realise how Madame de Pompadour could expend twenty thousand pounds sterling in one year on scents and essences. But the fact remains. At Grasse, where the manufacture of perfumes is carried to perfection, there is a charming old house—the Maison-Malvilan—where some pictures of Fragonard's, painted for Madame Du Barry, still remain. She wrote to Fragonard, however, saying she could

not pay both him and her perfumer, who was clamouring for two thousand three hundred pounds, so the pictures were never sent on to that charming pavilion at Lucienne, for the man of rosemary and lavender was perforce appeased instead.

The harmless, necessary sardine, whose chief motive for existence is finally to play a prelude to dinner, can now be promoted from the *hors d'œuvre* to the savoury stage of that ritual by a sufficiently simple, but gratifying process of amalgamation. Rub half-a-dozen boned sardines with two ounces of butter and a slight flavouring of lemon juice, Worcester sauce, and cayenne pepper at discretion. Heat in a chafing dish, spread on buttered toast, sprinkle slightly with grated cheese, and serve "piping hot."

It has been remarked of Arlington Street that the biggest parties are given in the smallest street in London, a truism which would certainly strike home to the observant foreigner who found himself at a mid-season gathering at Arlington House, for instance. The doors of Lady Zetland's fine town house are often open to her friends, and the *éclat* with which her parties go is undoubtedly assisted by the welcome with which each guest is received, for Lady Zetland has both kindness and tact, which for the lack of one or other, many women who should be social leaders—suffer in prestige and popularity. Lady Lillian Elizabeth, third daughter of the ninth Earl of Scarborough, was married in 1871. Shortly after Lord Zetland succeeded to the Earldom, but it was not until 1892, following a two years' administration of Irish affairs as Lord-Lieutenant, that he received his present title, which makes Lady Zetland the first Marchioness. A considerable portion of her great income is yearly spent in unostentatious, but wide-reaching, charity, and it is only those who are intimately connected with her that know how generously Lady Zetland's hand is ever open to the necessitous. Waplington Hall, Allerthorpe, is one of three splendid properties in Yorkshire, while Kerse House, Stirling, another of Lord Zetland's possessions, is a favourite Autumn rendezvous with discriminating guns. Lord Ronaldshay, his son and heir, who comes of age in two years, has inherited his mother's tall, graceful figure, and pleasant manners.

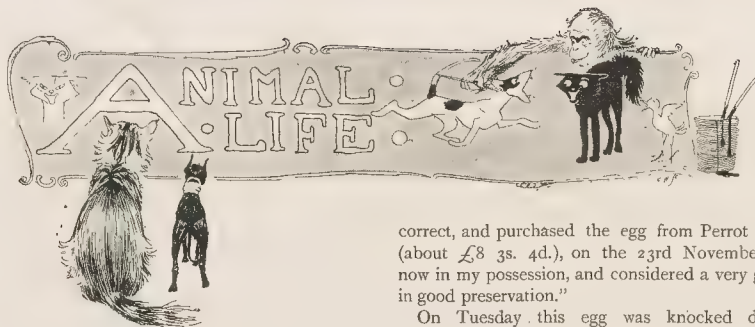
The date is not yet fixed for Miss Clarke's marriage with Lord Ely, though wedding presents have already begun to arrive. It will probably take place about the middle of the season, however. Miss Clarke is a splendid whip, whose prowess is proverbial round St. Albans, where her engagement with the Marquess is very popular. It is not impossible that Mr. Hamilton Gatliff will be best man, as it was at his mother's house in Eaton Square that the engaged couple first met.

VERA.



*Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.*

THE MARCHIONESS OF ZETLAND.



THE GREAT AUK.

THE Great Auk is one of the latest birds exterminated by the agency of man. The last survivors of the race were killed at Eldey, off the coast of Iceland, in June, 1844, barely half-a-century since. No sooner is any specimen of the animal creation destroyed than a 'high value is placed on the remains. The skins and eggs of the Great Auk are now in much demand for the embellishment of natural history museums and private collections. Ever since the extinction of this animal, the value of the remains has been rising rapidly, and has now reached what may be regarded as an extraordinary height. As much as £300 has been given for a single egg, and the specimen of the bird portrayed on the opposite page was bought in at auction after 360 guineas had been offered for it, and has since been added to the Edinburgh Museum. Every known specimen of the bird, and every egg, has been carefully chronicled. Large and expensive books have been published respecting it, so that this creature, so little valued in its life, has a bibliography of its own. The latest list of its remains was compiled by the late Mr. Champley, of Scarborough, and published in 1888. The number of eggs known is under seventy, of which more than half are in museums. Mr. Champley records the total number of stuffed specimens known as seventy-nine, the majority of which are in public museums. Twenty-two of these specimens are in England. Previous to the auction on Tuesday, April 23rd, when the one we have portrayed, the property of Sir F. Milner, M.P., was offered, the last specimen that is known to have been sold was in 1869. It belonged to the late Dr. Troughton, and was sold by auction by Messrs. Stevens for £90. It was afterwards re-stuffed and disposed of for £120 to Mr. D. G. Elliot, of New York. Since this time no specimen of the bird has come into the open market, but several eggs have been sold. The bird here shown is a very fine specimen, which has been carefully and admirably re-stuffed by Mr. Cullingford, of Durham, who, from his careful examination of the skin during the process, has stated that it is perfectly genuine, not a single false feather having been placed in it.

Along with the bird was sold one of the eggs, apparently that bought by the late Sir William Milner, Bart., who, writing to Mr. Champley, said, "Whilst I was staying at Dusseldorf, in November, 1847, I heard that there was a Great Auk's egg to be had at Perrot's, an out-of-the-way shop down by the Seine, in Paris. As I was returning to England I stopped in Paris, found that the information was

correct, and purchased the egg from Perrot for 200 francs (about £8 3s. 4d.), on the 23rd November, 1847. It is now in my possession, and considered a very good specimen in good preservation."

On Tuesday this egg was knocked down by Mr. Stevens for 180 guineas, being nearly twenty-five times the price for which it was purchased. There are good investments to be made even in objects of natural history. The skin was bought in, but the egg was secured by the proprietor of "The Edinburgh Castle," in the Mornington Road; and it is believed that it is intended to be displayed in his public billiard-room. The price for which it was sold may be regarded as a low one, inasmuch as eggs have recently been sold by auction for £225, £260, and last year one was sold for 300 guineas. This fall in price must not be taken to indicate a permanent decline in the value of auks' eggs. The temporary fall was, doubtless, owing to the recent death of Mr. Champley, of Scarborough, who was the possessor of nine out of the sixty-nine eggs known and recorded. These, it was thought, might come into the market, and the idea has temporarily depreciated the value. But, commercially speaking, the proprietor of "The Edinburgh Castle" has made a very satisfactory investment.

The Great Auk itself was described as a rare living species in the first edition of Yarrell's well-known "British Birds," 1843, the writer little dreaming that before a twelvemonth had expired it would have become extinct. We have on record the chase of a specimen by Mr. Bullock, the proprietor of a large museum which was on exhibition in London. He pursued one for several hours in a six-oared boat without being able to kill it, for so expert was the bird that it appeared impossible to shoot it at sea. This bird, however, was afterwards killed on land, purchased by him, and at the sale of his collection was bought for the British Museum. It may still be seen at South Kensington. The nearest relative to the Great Auk now existing is a bird which much resembles it in form and habits, the common Razor-bill, a species that may be familiar to many sea-side visitors, as seen in all suitable localities, mainly on the western coast of the British Islands.

The Razor-bill, however, differs in one respect from the Great Auk. It possesses wings large enough to enable it to fly in the air. The Great Auk, with its much smaller wings, had not the slightest power of aerial flight, although, like the Razor-bill, it used its wings and flew—if the term be permissible—under water, when its movements were, as described by Mr. Bullock, exceedingly rapid. On land, as may be judged from the shortness and position of the legs, the movements of both species are of a very clumsy character. Those of the Great Auk were perfectly known, as the habits of the specimens that were captured and tamed are on record. There is a third allied species, the Little Auk, also a native of Britain, and the Guillemots are closely related.

W. B. TEGETMEIER.





*Photo by Mr. Stevens.*

THE GREAT AUK.



WITH the new edition of "Tess," Mr. Thomas Hardy has incorporated the indignant little essay he wrote three years ago on some of the criticisms of that novel. It serves as a reminder of much foolish prejudice, and in that historical sense it is interesting, though I cannot understand why Mr. Hardy ever troubled himself about such small beer as the attack on the murder of Alec D'Urberville, because it was done with "a lodging-house knife." A critic who made Tess's frenzied act a theme for ridicule deserved about as much notice as the commentary of a village idiot on a passing funeral. The last chapter of this fascinating story remains, for me, one of the most pathetic things in English literature. It has that element of tragedy which springs from the sport of destiny, overwhelming you with a disaster neither to be prevented nor repaired. Tess has been condemned by many readers for returning to D'Urberville, the original cause of her misfortunes; but with no hope of seeing her husband again, and pressed by the entreaties of a mother who had no fastidious scruple, how could she meet forlorn misery with inflexible will? Except on the principle that in story-books people ought to be what we know they seldom are, Tess does not cease to claim our pity in her second fall.

In reading this novel again I find few of the most hotly contested passages which do not justify the author. The milkmaids dying of love for Clare are not creatures of extravagant fantasy. Clare himself is a prig, if you will; but his priggishness comes uncommonly near the average standard of a man's judgment on a woman's transgression, even in a case so hard as that of Tess. There are inconsistencies in Clare's conduct, but they do not exceed the ordinary limits of blundering. The unexpected development of D'Urberville as a field preacher, and his relapse into his unregenerate state, are less easy to attune to ordinary experience; but "conversion" as rapid and as fleeting is by no means unknown amongst the phenomena of revivalism. A debauchee may turn ranter, though the question in this instance is whether a debauchee of Alec's type would have succumbed even temporarily to an enthusiast who painted the countryside red with flaming and threatening texts. This rural Lothario does not belong to the class in which we usually see the old Adam submerged, at any rate for a while, by the flood of hysteria. Mr. Hardy would have lost nothing had he left D'Urberville consistently brutal and selfish, for surely this was a case in which perpetual self-indulgence hardens the dominant grain in character. In Tess, moreover, there is a curious oscillation between the country girl of Arcadian speech and the descendant of the D'Urbervilles, whose "Skellintons" lie under brasses in the Wessex

churches. Mr. Hardy seems to be conscious of this, for he incidentally attributes Tess's rather subtle turns of phrase at times to the influence of Clare. Was this impressibility due to the original strain of distinguished ancestry, or to native genius, or to what? There may be room for cavil on this score, but the vital womanhood of Tess is triumphant. In all essentials she is real, and in the fiction of our generation she remains the type of the hapless girl who suffers through ignorance, both of the evil that men do, and of the hardships they attach to penitence in women.

There is a different moral in Tolstoi's "Master and Man," a story in which precept is not very successfully harnessed to example. Vassili, the churchwarden, is a cheat and a humbug, and Nikita, his servant, is the submissive Russian peasant, a fatalist, indifferent to life. They are lost in a snow-storm, and Nikita is in a fair way to be frozen to death, when his master has a sudden inspiration of self-sacrifice. When the dead body of Vassili is dug out of the snow, it is found that he is lying on Nikita, in whom a flicker of life has thus been preserved. This consummation would have delighted Dickens. In the case of Ebenezer Scrooge, we have a hard-hearted miser turned into a benevolent old gentleman by a ghost. Tolstoi does not employ this machinery, which mitigates the abruptness of the transformation. Vassili leaves his servant in the sledge and tries to escape. Quite characteristically he is concerned solely with his own safety. He wanders about in the darkness, and returns to the spot where Nikita is slowly freezing, and there he has a compunction. All the baseness of the man vanishes in a flood of tears; he forgets his money and his sordid schemes, and thinks only of keeping some warmth in his servant's body. So Vassili perishes in a halo of heroism, and the man he despised and robbed survives him. The story is told with admirable art. All the details of the night journey grip you with that intensity which gives such a vivid impression of truth to Tolstoi's best work. But the regenerated churchwarden is as fantastic as Scrooge. The transition from the cheating, grasping trader to the martyr is too tremendous a leap from the real to the ideal. The artist is not debarred from showing us men as they ought to be; but when a mass of avarice, lying half-drunk in a snow-drift, is suddenly vivified by the highest abnegation, the miracle is too great to make the example entirely profitable.

L. F. AUSTIN.

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles." By Thomas Hardy. New Edition. Osgood, McIlvaine and Co.

"Master and Man." By Count Leo Tolstoi. Chapman and Hall.



Photo by H. H. Cameron, Mortimer Street, W.

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN.

A son of the late Rt. Hon. Sir James Stephen, he was born in 1832 and educated at Eton, King's College, London, and Trinity Hall, Cambridge, of which College he was for some time a Fellow and Tutor. In 1864 he left Cambridge for literary work in London. He edited the Cornhill Magazine from '71 till '92, and then undertook the editorship of the "Dictionary of National Biography" which he has since resigned. From May, '83, he was Clerk Lecturer in English

"The Vicarage and Pinn  
Speaking, "A History of English Thought in the 18th Century," "The Science of Ethics" and other biographical and critical works.



## THE INEVITABLE INTERVIEWER

MADAME OLGA NOVIKOFF.

MADAME NOVIKOFF, or "O. K.," as countless English readers know her, holds a unique place in the political and social world of London. Since Princess Lieven, no foreign feminine personality has ever attempted to rival the influence exercised by the lady whom the late Lord Beaconsfield once nicknamed, not unkindly, "the Member for Russia."

When in England, and that means the winter and spring months of every year, "O. K." watches over Russian interests; in her own country she is unceasing in her efforts to popularise the idea of at least a platonic Anglo-Russian alliance.

"During the course of our chat," writes a representative of *THE ALBUM*, "the Venerable Father of the House of Commons, Mr. Villiers, happened to come in, and I was struck by the extreme grace and charm displayed by *cette maitresse femme* in the character of hostess."

"Of course, I like being in England," she exclaimed, smiling, in answer to a question, "not only because I love the nation, but on account of the many memories of past and present friends. London, to me, is peopled with great shadows—those of Carlyle, most loyal and steadfast of men, of Kinglake, of Mr. Froude, of George Eliot, and many, many others. When I first came to England I had no thought of writing, still less of doing, any political work. I had always been attached to the country and familiar with the language."

"Then what revealed your literary vocation, Madame?"

The mobile face quivered. "My younger brother's death. He was the first Volunteer killed in the Russo-Turkish War. When this occurred I said to myself, 'If England and Russia had been sworn friends and allies, the events which led to my brother's death would not have occurred,' and I made up my mind that I would devote my leisure and life to promoting, in as far as lay in my power, the friendship of the two countries."

"And I suppose you thought your pen the best agent?"

"Yes, and No. I was asked by Katkoff, the famous Russian journalist, who edited the *Moskovo Gazette*, to write him some articles on the then-strained relations between our country and Great Britain. I wrote, as you may imagine, strongly in favour of *peace* and a good understanding with England. I signed "O. K.," the initials of my maiden name, Olga Kirieff, for owing to my husband and various members of his family holding diplomatic and other Government appointments, I could not write even my name."

"And then were these articles translated into English?"

"No, my first volume published here came out a little later, and was entitled 'Russia and England,' and Mr.

Froude wrote the preface. Although I already possessed a large circle of English friends, this work brought me many more. Mr. Gladstone reviewed it in the *Nineteenth Century Review*, and said 'Every Englishman should read this book,' and, concluded Madame Novikoff, with a smile, 'Many Englishmen, aye, and Englishmen's women too, did read it, and I hope had, to a certain extent, many prejudices cleared away by its perusal.'"

"But a great many still remain, Madame; the Jewish question for instance?"

My hostess silently handed me the proof-sheets of her latest contribution to English literature: "Jesus Christ or Moses?" Then she said quickly, "Two London Publishers refused to bring out this pamphlet because they feared to publish what they thought might be an attack on the Chosen People! The Jewish question as it affects Russia is entirely misunderstood in England. Everyone is free to practise his or her form of religion in Russia, provided they will abstain from propaganda; that is the only law affecting those who do not belong to the Orthodox or National Church. Again you must remember that the Russian nation as a whole is intensely patriotic, and devoted to the three leading principles of Slavonic life, Orthodoxy, Autocracy and Nationalism. You cannot conceive of the kind of loyalty we all, from the humblest peasant to the most powerful member of the aristocracy, feel for the Tzar."

"Apropos of the new Emperor, Madame, what is your opinion of the Princess of Wales' nephew?"

"He is in every way worthy to be his father's son," she answered seriously, "and that is no small praise. I at one time saw a great deal of the late Czar, and I cannot tell you how splendid a nature and great a heart he possessed. Our new Emperor was born and brought up in the happiest conditions, beloved and cared for by both father and mother, highly educated and, as was amply proved by his actions during the late awful famine, full of kindness and intelligent love of his people."

"He seems disposed to follow in his predecessor's footsteps?"

"Yes, and why not? Where could he seek a better example? He is fortunate, also, in his beautiful young Empress, who is already winning golden opinions for her goodness of heart and efforts to benefit the poor and suffering of St. Petersburg."

"One word more, Madame. Do you sympathise with the New Woman Movement?"

She laughed heartily. "In Russia we ladies already have all the rights we desire—excellent married women's property laws and an open career. Believe me, in this, as in much else, my country might set a profitable example to yours."

M. A. B.



*Photo by Fall, Baker Street, W.*

MADAME OLGA NOVIKOFF.  
["O. K."]



### THEY TWAIN.

BY SHAN F. BULLOCK.

I.

AT the top of the table, facing the parlour window, and with his head (as he leant back in his chair) right beneath the weights of a clattering Dutch clock, sat Hugh Fallon, a well-aged, solemn-faced man; on his right, wedged between the best china cupboard and a corner of the table, sat Maria, his wife; on his left, Hannah, his second daughter. These made the Fallon party.

Facing Hugh, his feet tapping impatiently on the clay floor, his chair tilted back and threatening every moment to work havoc among the geraniums in the window-recess behind, was Martin Hynes, well-dressed, handsome, a man of about thirty years. He was the other party; and between the two, before the fire and below a resplendent portrait of William III. (hanging precariously, so it seemed, over the china ornaments on the mantel-piece), was that man of words and wit, Fallon's brother-in-law, Big Ned Nolan. Him we may call the intermediary.

"Well," suddenly cried Hynes; "what are we waitin' for? Why can't we start at once?"

"True," answered Fallon; "we may as well get the thing over, there's nothin' to hinder us I suppose?"

"Aisy," said Big Ned, and spread his hands. "Aisy now. Mebbe it's *onreg'lar*, an' mebbe 't isn't; but on me left here sits *himsel*; may I ax where then's *hersel*?"

Himsel' (so called) twisted impatiently in his chair; the father of hersel' turned and looked inquiringly at his wife; it was hersel's sister who spoke.

"Ye won't see her this night," said Hannah; "horses wouldn't drag her here. I did me best to bring her an' 'twas no use."

"No matter," answered Ned, "no matter; I only axed—*Aisy now*, Martin, me son, one minit now. It just struck me, seein' by chance the text on the wall over there, that mebbe somewan," and Ned threw a sly look at Hugh sitting dour and solemn at the head of the table, "somewan 'd lek to start proceedin's wi' a mouthful o' prayer." Mrs. Fallon turned her eyes and fixed them on the big Bible lying solitary in the middle of the table; Hugh himsel' sat grave and irresolute. Was the occasion fitting? thought he. Yes and no. It was well always to ask a blessing on man's feeble deliberations; still——

"Here," cried Hynes, all abruptly, "no more o' this foolery we want no prayin' to settle what's to be done here. Hugh Fallon, ye know me and the kind o' me; your father knew mine. I'm a good Protestan' and a man o' me word, an' I've lived your neighbour all me life. Well, I've courted your daughter Jane off an' on these years—an' she says she'll marry me. But all that's neither here nor there. Ye know what I've got for her; there's a tidy farm an' a good house an' offices—ye know it all; if your daughter marries me, she'll not be the worst off in these parts by a long way. She can act the lady if she likes, an' for food or raiment she'll need nothin'. All this ye know, Hugh Fallon, as well as I do. Come! have I said enough?"

"Plenty," answered Fallon, "plenty—so far as it goes. But there's one thing I'd like to have your word on. What's this I hear about the money ye owe Bob Hicks over there on mortgage?" Big Ned brought his fist down heavily. "Right," said he, "right." Mrs. Fallon tightened her lips; Hannah coughed nervously.

"Who told ye that, Fallon?" cried Hynes, springing to his feet. "Tell me the blaggard's name." ("*Aisy, aisyy*," said the peacemaker.)

"If I did, I'd have to name a whole townland."

"Ye know it's a lie, a damned lie." ("*Aisy, aisyy*.")

"Well, that's as may be. It's one word against another. If ye say it's a lie, well, I believe ye."

"Just as ye like, Fallon; say ye believe me, an' I say no more. Say ye believe the lie (Hynes half turned to the door) an' out I go."

The Fallons stepped back. Debt or no debt they had no desire to close the door on Hynes. He was a man of standing in Gorteen, of good family and appearance; he made, with all his faults of temper, extravagance, and the rest, a better match for Jane than they had ever hoped for. So having shown him that, if on his side there were hopes, on their side there were doubts, the Fallons stepped back, asked pardon, and presently were forgiven.

And now came the other side of the transaction.

"What," asked Hynes, "was the sum total of the fortune which Jane Fallon would bring with her?"

A hush fell in the little parlour. Big Ned drove his hands into his pockets, and fixed his eyes on the family Bible; Mrs. Fallon and Hannah exchanged knowing looks; Hugh looked thoughtfully for a moment at the portrait of King William, then coughed, and leant back in his chair.



The opening of Hugh's speech was clever, but rather tiresome. He was conscious of Martin's virtues; he would be glad to welcome him as one of the family; he hoped that everything might be amicably settled, and have the blessing of the Almighty. Still, he was anxious to remove misapprehension. It passed current in Gorteen that he, Hugh Fallon, was a man of means, and that his daughters would bring with them large fortunes. Now——

"I say, Fallon," interrupted Hynes, with that tone and manner of supercilious arrogance which, perhaps, experience had taught him to assume in transacting matters of business, "enough of this. I know what you're drivin' at. If ye can't belittle me, you'll belittle yourself. Suppose ye cut the speech short, an' make your excuses after you've told me what you'll give with the girl."

"Young man, young man!" cried Big Ned; "that's a foolish way to talk. You'll gain nothin' by goin' to work that way. Go on wi' your speech, Hugh; it's great."

Fallon had flushed crimson; his jaw was set; and when presently he fixed his eyes on Hynes and began to speak again his voice rang hard. He would take the young man at his word; he would say at once what his daughter Jane would take with her—*Item*, her grey pony; *Item*, her brindled cow and calf; *Item*, sundry hens and chickens which she had reared; *Item*, a wooden bedstead and fittings——

"Take all that afterwards," said Hynes. "What's the money?"

"Fifty poun' in notes," shouted Fallon.

No wonder Mrs. Fallon and Hannah exchanged wondering looks; no wonder Big Ned smote the table. Fifty pounds! Why, rumour and their own knowledge had set the dowry at not less than three times that sum. Fifty pounds! No wonder Hynes threw back his head and laughed. *Fifty pounds and Jane Fallon*—oh Lord, Lord!

"Fifty pound," cried he; "is that what ye say? D'ye hear your husband, ma'am? He says he'll disgrace ye all before the country. D'ye hear him, Ned Nolan?"

"I hear," said Nolan. "Ye've brought it on yerself, young man; ye may fight it out between ye;" and with that answer Mrs. Fallon and Hannah, well knowing that Hugh had spoken in anger, and in the end would not disgrace them, agreed.

So Fallon and Hynes fought it out, pound by pound; the younger man attacking strongly and with more discretion than he had hitherto used (as, indeed, became one who was fighting, not so much for a wife as for money wherewith to pay his debts—yes, his debts); the other retiring stubbornly and not without a grim satisfaction at the sight of his opponent paying so heavily for his folly—at last stopped dead at one hundred pounds. That was still far short of Jane's dowry. No matter; he had been crossed and angered. One step further he would not go.

And now ensued a battle royal; a long, hot, nearly foul struggle, in which the combatants wrangled as do jobbers in a fair over the price of a horse; in which Hynes argued, persuaded, threatened, and Hugh Fallon stood doggedly firm, nor scorned the voluble services of his supports; whilst ever between the two parties Big Ned strove mightily for peace and terms. So for an hour the battle waged, then flagged somewhat; presently, under Ned's astute generalship, came near an issue.

"Come, boys," cried Ned, "enough talk! Listen to me, me sons. Hynes here says he'll take a hunderd an' twenty—no less; Fallon says he'll give a hunderd—no

more. Come! gie me yer hands, split the differ, an' say a hunderd an' ten. Is it a bargain? Now then! no drawin' back; clinch the bargain quick an' be done, for God knows me throat's pantin' for a drop o' sperits."

"It's a hunderd," said Hugh.

"Well, curse ye," cried Hynes, "for a heart o' stone! Come! here's the last word: make it guineas, an' I take the heifer."

The offer (which was precisely such an one as Ulster men make every day in fairs) seemed reasonable. His wife and daughter urged Fallon to accept it; Big Ned lent his voice on the same side.

"Very well," said Fallon, at last, "very well; guineas be it, an' I wish you luck o' it."

"Amen an' Hurroo!" shouted Ned; "an' now out wi' the glasses Maria, ye girl ye, till we christen the match; out wi' the glasses—Whisht! who's this? Be Jabers! it's Jane. Come in, Jane, come in; we've settled ye, ye girl, ye."

Jane, very pale and very calm (so it seemed), walked slowly up to the table; and as Hynes eyed her, his thought was that even with a hundred guineas glimmering behind her, she looked deuced old and ugly.

"Come!" shouted Ned; "come, Martin, an' kiss yir sweetheart. Damn it! man, if I was your age——"

"I'll ask ye to stay where ye are," said Jane to Martin; then, "I'm thankful to ye all for the good opinion ye have of me; an' I thank ye all for the way ye have bought an' sold me this night—it's the custom I know; still, I thank ye."

"Don't be a fool, Jane," said her mother.

"I know I am," answered she; "maybe 'twas Satan tempted me to listen to all ye've said about me—but I was curious. Again, I thank ye."

"Och, not at all," said Big Ned; "sure, we'd do as much for any decent girl."

"For all that, I'm worth more'n a hundred guineas—an' if you, father an' mother, choose to sell me for that, I don't choose to go. Money's not my price—an' you, Martin Hynes, should know it. Your heifer!—that was the word."

"Come, come, Jane," said Hynes, "stop this foolishness—the word meant nothing—forgive it."

"Thank God I know ye in time—I'll never marry ye."

Then Hugh Fallon rose and took Jane by the arm and sat her in a chair.

"Sit ye there," said he, "an' drink your own health, an' hold your tongue; for you'll marry whoever I tell ye to marry."

And Jane, her lips moving in prayer for strength, sat down.

## II.

Next morning came Hynes, all radiant and hearty, all his indiscretions forgotten, his faults hidden conveniently away; his voice now soft and pleasant, his face shining with good fellowship; Hynes, the lover, in a word; no more the man of the night before than Jane was the woman who had once loved him.

"Where's Jane? Where's Jane?" he called from the threshold; presently found her hard at work in the kitchen, seized her and tried for a kiss. Quickly she freed herself and faced him.

"Ah," said she bitterly, "you'd kiss me as Judas kissed the Master! Ye may go; you and your kisses are not for me. D'ye think I forget? D'ye know me so little as to think one night would change me?" Martin's eyes fell.

"Ah," said he, "is it for a word you'd give me the go-by? Sure it was only a slip: I meant nothing —"

"No," said Jane, "maybe you didn't; but the word can stand all the same. If I'm not what ye said, ye bargained for me like one. Money, money! — that's what ye want to marry, Martin Hynes; not me at all, but my money. 'Give me so much,' ye said — oh! I heard ye — 'Give me so much, an' I'll take the heifer!' Take me! —"

"Ah!" said Hynes; "quit your foolishness. Isn't there a bargain in Gorteen before every marriage? An' supposin' I *was* hard. Wasn't I obliged to be when I faced your father, an' Hannah, an' your mother?"

"I know! I don't forget it! It's all o' ye. Oh, the disappointment! An' ye lied last night, Martin; hard ye lied. Ah! I could tell it by your voice. Ye *are* in debt, I say. It's not me ye want; it's the money, to cover your disgrace. Oh, I know it! Oh, the disappointment! And I thought ye wanted me for myself. It's all over—all over!" and fast came the tears.

Now was Martin's chance. For a woman in tears is at your knowing man's feet.

"Och! there, Jane," said he, and came closer. "Och! there, woman dear. God knows, I do care for ye. Sure, ye know I do. Come, old girl!"

He laid his hand on her arm, and for a moment Jane wavered—Ah! he was such a handsome man; such a bright, handsome man, and his voice was so soft as he stood there pleading for a moment she wavered, then suddenly found strength and drew from him.

"No, no!" she cried; "don't touch me. Never, never! Go away! Martin, ye tempt me, ye tempt me! Never, never! will I marry ye!"

"Ah, don't say that," pleaded Hynes; "don't, woman, don't. Sure, you'll break me heart."

Jane dried her tears.

"Martin Hynes," said she, "this is my last word. Ye may go an' get a wife to be your slave somewhere else—for in this house, God helping me, you won't get one. I did care for ye till last night. Now I don't care a thraneen for ye; the face o' ye is hateful to me, an' the soft words o' ye. I know ye now—oh! I know ye now. It's your slave, I'd be; cat an' dog we'd live all our days. Ah! it's well I know—well I know!" And she hid her face in her hands.

Martin stood and looked hard at her. Was she in sober earnest, or only playing with him, trying him? Was all his hard bargaining to go for nothing, and the money with it, and—and Jane, too? Not that he cared a deal for Jane! No. A little pale-faced thing like that, with her plain smooth hair and sober dress, and slow, dreamy eyes—how could he care very much? Still, a good wife she would make for any man, and she had the money. He shook her.

"Come, Jane," said he. "Come! woman dear." No answer.

"Och! Jane. Och! woman dear, won't ye forgive me?" Still no answer.

"And ye won't marry me, Jane—your own me—eh, Jane?" He walked to the door. "Very well, then, so be it. Your mind's your own—who'd try to force it? But don't be a fool, Jane, I'd advise ye; don't try me too far."

The door closed; Jane ran to the window and watched Hynes cross the yard; then put her head down on the table. "Oh, God help me," she sobbed; "God help me."

Not dolefully, or in any bad humour (for he had no thought that Jane would resist him long; nor, indeed, cared

exceedingly if she did. Was she the only girl in Gorteen who had gold jingling in her pocket?—not dolefully, therefore, Hynes went swinging across the fields and soon came to the potato-plot where Fallon was working.

"It's a good day," said he, and pulled out his pipe. "I've been above. Jane's in the tantrums. I couldn't make head or tail of her. I left her roarin' yonder an' shoutin' that she hates the face o' me. What in glory 's come over her?" Fallon leant a moment on his shovel.

"Foolishness," answered he, "that's what ails her—some sentimental whim or other about love, an' all that. It's nothin'. Women are lek that it'll all go. When you're as old as I am you'll know it."

"She says she'll not marry me—swears she'll not." Fallon laughed.

"Ay! that's another way they've got—they lek to be forced, an' made much of. Ay! they're all alike. Ye needn't fear; she'll marry ye."

"Suppose she won't?"

"Suppose! What supposin'? Am n't I her father? Didn't I breed an' rear her? Am n't I marryin' her? D'ye think childer o' mine are brought up to rebel against their parents?" . . . and so on, wearily.

"Ay," answered Hynes. "True. Still, Jane's powerful determined, an' she might hold out."

"Determined! An' what am I?" cried Fallon. "Hold out? Well, no. She'll not; niver fear. She's just playin' wi' ye. Just you come an' see her as if nothin' had happened; I'll talk to her. Away, now, an' get your weddin' garment ready; five weeks come the morra you'll want it."

"Very good. I'm willin' an' ready. It's in your own hands," said Hynes. "Good day to ye."

"Ay, it's in my hands," thought Fallon, as he stood looking after his would-be son-in-law; "an' serve ye right, my play-boy, if Jane doesn't take ye. Still —" He drove his shovel into the ground, and for the rest of the day sweetened toil by fitting to his tongue certain texts and apt phrases bearing on the rights of parents and the duties of children; then, night having come, went home, led Jane into the parlour, and there, from his place beneath the clattering clock, glibly delivered himself. He had heard that Jane was inclined to be wayward, and stiffnecked, and rebellious; was that so? Indeed! And Jane was still inclined that way? Oh, just so. Well—and thereupon came the parental lecture; long, rambling, authoritative, brutally frank. He would stand no nonsense. He was master in that house. So long as she lived under his roof, Jane should do his bidding. And for herself, in conclusion, let her beware of the sin involved in the breach of that commandment delivered to Moses on the Mount, "*Honour thy father . . .*" and let her take to heart that other command, "*Children, obey your parents IN ALL THINGS!*"

"Father," replied Jane, "always have I obeyed ye, an' honoured ye, as ye know, for the good ye have in your heart; now I want to honour ye—but how can I when you command me to do what is wrong? You've quoted texts for me; don't ye mind that other passage: '*And they twain shall be one flesh . . .*' D'ye think think we could be one flesh?"

"Enough of this!" cried her father, and rose wrathfully. "Are ye goin' to obey me?"

"Father, don't ask me to set myself against ye. Always



*Photo by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.*

THE MARQUIS OF STAFFORD,  
THE ELDEST SON OF THE  
DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.



to this day have we agreed together. Surely ye can see. I *want* to honour an' obey ye—why can't ye let me?"

"Go your ways," roared Fallon; "go your ways an' purify your rebellious heart. Don't talk to me! Five weeks hence you marry Martin Hynes, or you're no daughter o' mine. Go your ways!"

That was plain speaking; what could Jane, a poor weak woman striving to do right, without friend or place of refuge, with her hopes shattered and her soul weary, what could Jane dare answer to it? In sooth, nothing. Words were so vain, argument so useless; everything was against her; alone she stood face to face with her fate; what should she do? Speak and go out into the world? Ah! no—no; her friends (except in this trial) were still her friends, not unworthy, any of them; her home was still her home. Submit and go under the yoke; No—no! In God's name! what then? Keep silent and endure, and hope that all might come right in the end? Yes, perhaps so.

Ah, poor Jane!

So Jane endured in silence, and her life was hard. Often Hynes came, and always she received him coldly, silently, nor dare trust herself to look at his face. Day after day she endured her mother's hard looks, and shakes of the head, and bitter murmurings about the fate of those doomed to breed fools and rear them ingrates. Day after day Hannah, her sister (of whom, had you known her, you might have expected better things), upbraided her for her joylessness, her foolish attempts to thwart their father, and to make them all the laughing-stock of the country; above all for her treatment of Hynes; day after day Jane heard all this and endured it; endured, moreover, her father's stern high-handedness—and still kept silent.

The days passed. Preparations for the wedding went swiftly on. The banns were called; presents and congratulations came; guests were bidden to the feast; Hannah's tongue wearied; Hynes (like many others) taking Jane's silence for consent, grew jubilant: and Jane herself? "Oh, what about Jane?" said her friends; and their word just here may stand. A fool she was, with her head full of nonsense, going about the house with a face like a corpse, an' mumblin' an' mutterin' to herself. Oh, ay! A fool she was—a fool! What better match than Hynes could any girl wish for? He had faults—ay, so had every man. "Serve Jane right if she missed him—the fool!"

Poor Jane! She was fallen on evil tongues and evil days. And yet she was only a poor, weak woman, striving feebly to do right. Only a poor weak woman. Ah! she knew herself to be pitifully weak. Might strength, great strength be given to her . . . Ah! how happy she had once been. Ah! the bitter, bitter change a few dark hours had brought.

So the days passed, and at last came the wedding day. The carriage (the day before it had gone dolefully through Bunn town as a funeral coach) was at the door. The bridegroom, arrayed gloriously, and radiant as the morning, had come. In the house of the Fallons was joy and laughter.

"Time to start," was the cry. Bring forth the bride . . . Eh? Eh? What was that? Jane not in her room! Not dressed! Where in glory, then——? Great bustle, great search; hands up everywhere; bewilderment on every face. No wedding? No breakfast? No meat! No *drink*! Oh, absurd! Jane *must* be found!

High and low they searched. No Jane anywhere. Out they all went; searched up and down, started even, some of them, to peer half-heartedly into ditches and bogholes. No; Jane was lost.

"She's drowned herself!" cried Hannah. "I know it. She's had death in her face this week. Oh, Lord, Lord!" she sobbed, and ran wildly into the fields; there suddenly came on Jane, dressed in her work-a-day garments calmly weeding in her little garden patch.

"What's this; what's this?" cried Hannah. "What new foolishness is this? Come in! Come in!"

Jane tightened her lips, and went on weeding.

Then Hannah shook her.

"Come in, I tell ye!" cried she; "before half the town-land is here to jcer at ye. Come in! it's too late now to repent. Come!"

Jane shook her head.

"You're not coming?" cried Hannah.

"No."

"You'll disgrace us all!" cried Hannah. "Niver again can we lift our heads in Gorteen. Oh, you miserable fool!" shrieked she, and ran to spread the news. But Jane worked on, her lips moving in prayer for strength, her face very pale and plain below her shining black hair.

What was this? her mother panted. What was this? She would be late—the breakfast would be *spoilt*; all her lovely cooking be *lost*.

Her father came, took her roughly by the arm, and pointed towards the house. "Go in an' dress yourself," said he. "March! Be ready inside fifteen minutes."

"No, father," said Jane.

"Do as I bid ye!"

"No—you'll kill me first."

"Do ye want me to raise a scene?" shouted Fallon. "D'ye *dare* to defy me? Defy *me*! Quick! in with ye!" With both hands he gripped her and strove to pull her towards the house. "Quick! in with ye!" he shouted.

"No, father—with God's help, no."

The guests came hurrying up, among them the bridegroom. Hynes stepped forward and took Fallon by the arm.

"Stand back," said he, "stand back, Fallon; let go her arms, I tell ye. Jane," he went on, and took her hands, "look me in the face and answer the truth. Here before all of us say that ye won't marry me. Say it, Jane."

So Jane lifted her eyes, a great sob in her throat, and her lips prayerless; lifted her eyes and looked at Hynes, and at sight of him, his manhood, his glory and beauty, she suddenly lost strength, and she went in and married him.





PORTRAIT OF A LADY, BY MORPHIE  
[OF THE SCHOOL OF KNELLER].  
REPRODUCED BY KIND PERMISSION  
OF MESSRS. DOWDESWELL AND  
DOWDESWELLS, NEW BOND ST., W.



## THE PLEASURES OF CHILDREN.

IMAGINATIVE children enjoy some of the things provided for their pleasure much more than the providers ever dream, and some other things not at all. Precisely as with their elders, purely personal and accidental conditions decide the matter. This party was a great success, while that was not, because of some particularly fortunate frolic in the games, or because of some greatly interesting companion or partner (of either sex), and not because the music was good or the supper brilliant. And when a child's party is a real success, the charm and glory of the evening are such as to pass soon into the mysterious region of dreams. A few years afterwards the child cannot tell you, looking back through repeated visions of the night, how much was fact. And the doubtful memory lasts through life, surviving many later pleasures long forgotten.

All childish children live, like Wordsworth, "by admiration." The little blooming girl, unconscious of herself, has her first enthusiasm for a somewhat older child, whom to look at is delight. The tenderness of the feeling is so great as to give a false idea of "first love" when it exists between boy and girl. It is really nothing but a gentle passion of admiration, and far from a precious devotion, for it is the most primitive and most childlike of emotions—one that is the most quickly outgrown, and that takes the remotest place in those recollections wherein lurks the antiquity of the world.

As a rule, the "first love" of children should be left to the poets, who have in this matter experiences that far transcend the world's. As dealt with by American novelists—a certain class of whom are very fond of it—it is the sickliest thing in life or literature. They seem to find a charm, not in the child's simplicity, but in his lack of it; and to see a grace in the mere rehearsal and imitation of the trivial future. It would be hard to say which is the less delightful—this paltry "flirtation" (no less vulgar word would suit it) of the American story, or the analogous passages now to be found in some French fiction for family reading. A very glib little French boy turning compliments to the modish girl he calls "Mademoiselle" is no more childlike than the less articulate American.

The real romance of the child, which takes a thrill from the dreams that brood at intervals over it, throughout childhood, is nothing but the delight of admiration that grows quickly into a legend. What tradition does for the heroic figures of the world, the vision of remembrance does quickly for the child. There is nothing he would not believe of the magical evening he looks back upon, and of the "playmate mild" he loves. The child has his unlettered age before history begins. It is a sweet insanity which he never tells. So short is the adult memory of childish things that, if he

told them, his mother might take fright for the soundness of the little brain that has mingled sleep and remembrance, or else for the soundness of the soul, suspected of untruthfulness.

Not all children, it may be objected, mingle so much magic with their memories. And there are, no doubt, some who keep a cooler record of their pleasures. But for these also, there is every possible chance and accident; an evening, carefully planned, may be brilliant for the individual child, or it may prove to be an evening fuller of secret distresses than would be possible for any grown person (not being a conspirator).

For instance, you place a little girl in view of the most attractive conjurer. She sees that he borrows here a ring and there a handkerchief, and she asks in a whisper whether there is a chance of his coming with such a request to her. If you do not know the child, you are as like as not to answer her as though she had been ambitious to have her little part in the entertainment; you may say that there is a very good chance that the conjurer may come her way. But for the poor little child the evening is spoilt. A terror of shyness had prompted her question, although she will not say so. In fact, she has not words to say so. She suffers the distress that cannot express itself, even in distinct thoughts. When this child is discovered in unexplained tears, the unlucky hostess has probably not enough fortitude left, after many fatigues, to resist making an internal commentary upon the disagreeableness of the children of her friends.

Such are but the accidents of pleasure that is, under the best conditions, pleasure indeed. But there is another class of pleasures that are so but in name. As a rule children grow far wearier of a walk, an excursion, a day out of town, than people are willing to believe. Readers of *Fromont Jeune* cannot forget what M. Daudet said there of the exhausting pleasures of the poor, and of the more than proportionate share in that burden of fatigue borne by their children—who take a double number of steps in the long walks, and who have but half the strength to take them with.

The child in *Fromont Jeune* comes back through the dust of the suburban fields, carrying fading flowers gathered in the "vague lands" that are most accessible to the citizen; he waits with unspoken fatigue in the crowded stations, suffers the indefinite lassitude of his parents as well as his own, and has none of their perpetual, commonplace comfort of anticipation of rest.

Hope is so eternally natural to the child that he never starts upon a project of amusement without absolute confidence that it will mark a day of delight. No experience refutes these forecasts or even troubles them. The child is always to be blest.

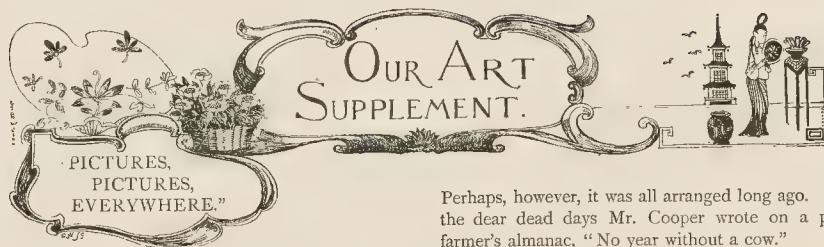
ALICE MEYNELL.





*Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.*

"SHIP, AHOY!"



TWO years ago the literary picture was anathema in polite art circles. A brilliant weekly paper, which has since fallen from its high estate, hammered into the world's ears, week in and week out, that morals had no more to do with art than with mathematics, and that no self-respecting artist should ever so lower himself as to paint a picture around a literary idea. We were told to sit at the feet of that Frenchman who painted one haystack twenty-two times over, under twenty-two different kinds of weather, and to weep over the magnificent errors in the art teaching of John Ruskin. "Philistia, be thou glad of me," cried the young English painter just fresh from the French studios, babbling the while of tones and values, and Degas and Monticelli.

Time passes and the reaction is upon us. A couple of weeks ago *The Speaker*, soaring from the last lingering mists of Mr. George Moore's audacious views on Art in general and British Art in particular, published a long article, extolling the literary picture by reason of the pleasure it gave to the toiling millions of the East End and others in the West who do not toil. Elsewhere, too, there are signs that the go-carts of Impressionism, and Symbolism, and Uglyism, must skip into the bye-ways to make room for the worthy waggon carrying that great battalion of British painters, who paint subject pictures, and every detail that they see in them.

These serious men (most of them are Academicians) have gone on painting quietly and selling quietly all these years, and it is now quite refreshing to find them where we left them before we went after those strange young gods from the Parisian studios. Like that "lost love" of the story, they never disappoint us and we never lose them. Cast your eye through the Academy pictures which form the Art Supplement to the present number. Are they frenzied? No! Do they torture the mind, and ensure sleepless nights? No! Do they clamour of new methods, new theories, new achievements? No. Well? How then stands Art with them? Mr. Sidney Cooper has painted more cows, and Mr. Goodall another Ruth.

Which to my mind is just as it should be. How upsetting if all our painters were continually breaking out in a fresh place, like Mr. Herkomer. Or even if at the next Academy Mr. Sidney Cooper were to paint Ruths and Mr. Goodall cows. Our Sargents and Swans furnish all the excitement we require—our Goodalls and Coopers supply the mellow background to our Academic year. As most painters reproduce the same subjects season after season, it follows that they are only obeying a natural law, but one is conscious of a faint curiosity as to the exact hour, and day, and season of each year when Mr. Cooper finally determines to paint another cow, or Mr. Goodall another Ruth.

Perhaps, however, it was all arranged long ago. Perhaps in the dear dead days Mr. Cooper wrote on a page of his farmer's almanac, "No year without a cow."

The arms of Art are very wide, or how could she take to her wide bosom work so very different as, say Mr. Brabazon's and Mr. Yeames'? "Defendant and Counsel" is a pleasant, healthy, clean-looking production. Observe the carefully painted waste-paper basket. In the hands of the very modern young painter, a smudge would have done duty for that waste-paper basket—a smudge which might have been a poodle or a new mat, according to your temperament.

Mr. Solomon J. Solomon usually manages to make a hit with his Academy picture. Each May during the past half-a-dozen years the Solomon has glowed upon us down the long vista of rooms, and though "Echo," in his 1895 picture, is a little too plump for my taste, I make no complaint on that score, for tastes vary. Rubens had his own idea about the beauty of women, and Burne Jones has *his*. Yet if one is permitted to be hypercritical, this "Echo" is a somewhat too buxom presentment of the chattering nymph, who loving unwisely, pined away till nothing remained but her voice. "Echo" should be fragile, fair and elusive. As she looks in our Supplement, can you wonder that Narcissus should prefer the reflection of his own bright face to his companion's woe-begone eyes?

Now the Daphne in Miss Henrietta Rae's "Apollo and Daphne," is, as she should be, pretty and coy. Daphne, poor child, had not a very gay life. It was spent in hiding herself in little woods from amorous young gods, with curly hair. And to escape from Apollo she was obliged to get herself changed into a bay tree. Most girls would find it more amusing to be loved by Apollo than to be a green bay tree.

Mr. Leader and Mr. David Murray have again painted large landscapes, which, like most modern landscapes, look uncommonly well in black and white. There is no breaking away from traditions with either of these painters. In "The Opening Ceremony of the Tower Bridge" Mr. Wyllie has been forestalled by the photographer, but if it was necessary to paint this subject, nobody so competent to do so as Mr. Wyllie, who knows all about ships and those who go down to the sea. The Tower Bridge has been called the ugliest thing in London, but that is hardly fair to the Albert Memorial.

Mr. H. S. Tuke is another painter of the sea, but it is the western sea that beats about Cornwall—the cool, clear, calm sea into which you plunge at the close of the hot day, like the boys in "The Swimmers' Pool," that he loves. For some years past, now, Mr. Tuke has been wedded to the beauty of flesh-tints in the open air, and the exacting difficulty of painting these shining, shimmering tints. He lives on the sea, he paints the sea, and in May when he comes to town you would think he was some jolly young longshoreman, but more intelligent than other longshoremen.

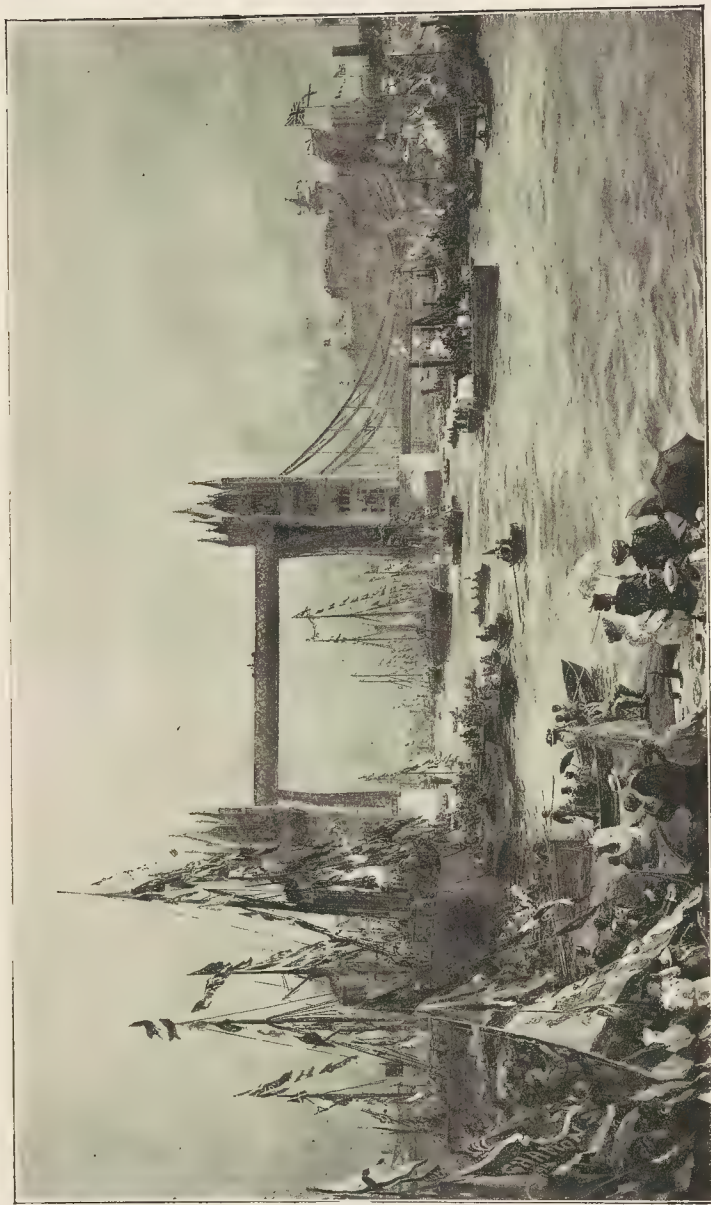
L. H.

Royal Academy Pictures.—First Series.



"MRS. GRESHAM AND DAUGHTER,"  
BY W. P. FRITH, R.A.





"THE OPENING OF THE TOWER  
BRIDGE." BY W. L. WYLLIE,  
A.R.A.



MODEL BY FREDERICK  
GOODALL, R.A.



"APOLLO AND DAPHNE."  
BY HENRIETTA RAE (MRS.  
E. NORMAND).





"ENGLAND'S CANALS: KENNETT  
AND AVON." BY DAVID MURRAY,  
A.R.A.



"THE TOWN MOUSE AND  
THE COUNTRY MOUSE."  
BY J. B. BURGESS, R.A.







"ECHO AND NARCISSUS." BY  
SOLOMON J. SOLOMON.



"MISS LUCY INGRAM." BY  
SOLOMON J. SOLOMON,







"STUDENTS READING PROHIBITED BOOKS." BY J. B. BURGESS, R.A.



"A FAIR DISPUTANT." BY  
JAMES SANT, R.A.



"A SUNNY MORNING: SURREY."  
BY B. W. LEADER, A.R.A.





"REPOSE." BY T. SIDNEY  
COOPER, R.A.



"DEFENDANT AND COUNSEL."  
BY WILLIAM F. YEAMES, R.A.



"THE SWIMMERS' POOL." BY  
HENRY A. FINE.



# The Album

*A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.*

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 15.

MAY 13, 1895.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post 6d.



"A TEMPTING OFFER."  
PHOTO BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.



# PARIS OF TO-DAY.

IT is impossible not to marvel at the ignorance of one nation, where the actual habits of its nearest neighbour are concerned; although the individual householder, with his mental vision blindfold, and his education omitting the lesson which leads to observation and analysis, is content to admit that his knowledge of the people next door is confined to the gossip of his servants. The cultivation of indifference may indicate good breeding, but in that direction (when exaggerated) lies Boredom (with a capital B). What is true of the individual is an acknowledged possibility in a crowd, and while an Englishman smiles at a Frenchman's mistakes in our own language, the latter rarely shudders at the torturing lack of music in the French accent, as understood by John Bull. This fact was brought home to me lately by a Parisian's comment on a certain English paper. He said, with an amused smile, "It must be sadly in need of copy, for it is continually jeering at the mis-spelt English in our novels; although its pages teem with misused French idioms, correctly written, I admit, but absolutely inappropriate to the subject discussed."

The ordinary visitor to Paris departs in pitiful ignorance of the city and its inhabitants. The same may perhaps be quoted in reference to the tourist exploring London—but I happen to be writing about Paris, and am reminded of a yachtsman fresh from a tour round the world, who observed complacently, "I don't remember much about the rum places I saw, because I made straight for the hotel which possessed a billiard table—and stayed there." So his mental vision never got beyond green baize, and it may be hoped that this satisfied him. The above is intended to introduce the explosion of the fable that Parisian women neither walk nor enjoy any other healthy exercise. The encouragement to do so before marriage is not great. Convent schooling does not tend that way, nor does the constant attendance of a maid make a constitutional absolutely attractive. A *bonne* who forms the third in a *coupé* "made for two," is not all that might be desired on a warm May day, when the Bois is looking its best.

What a relief the advent of lawn tennis must have been, with the latter-day Palais de Glace, and the modern bicycle. Her chaperone sits sedately behind the barriers to watch the skating, doling out encouragement, frozen and shivering in spite of her furs. For the young married woman the rink is merely a step towards the Cercle des Patineurs, and according to the medical faculty here, a somewhat perilous step. French doctors rarely approve of the heated atmosphere of the Palais de Glace, nor do they look with complacency at the rage for bicycling. The Bois each morning is a curious sight. Parisian ladies discard skirts, and the most

beautiful look grotesque in a costume which finishes with Turkish trousers. The latest invention is a pale-blue machine, with a new saddle, and from the highest to the poorest cycling has become a mania, and is likely to hold its sway.

At the Concours Hippique, which has just closed, a kind of amateur circus has attracted all Paris. Imagine the bliss of occasionally detecting a horse worth admiring, of stifling in a hot atmosphere, of seeing a stout lady anxious to relieve the monotony of the proceedings lose her hat, and trot away with her grey hair on her shoulders; or the rapture of watching a refractory animal refuse a jump, career wildly into the centre of the place to the discomfiture of the umpires, who forget their dignity, and take refuge in flight, leaving their chairs for it to vault over, with possible damage to itself and its rider. Yet from three to five the entrance is crowded, and where marble statues repose during the May Salon, there is a perfume of the stables, and a circus ring. To the ignorant observer, this is a source of aggravation to the horses, for its oblong shape, and the practice of jumping *à deux* appears to fret them beyond bearing. The better animal has to be pulled back to wait for its companion, and it naturally shows its contempt for the practice by behaving "no how."

At the Isle de Puteaux the Vicomte de Janzé instituted tennis some years ago, but its attractions are somewhat forgotten in favour of polo. In the old days the latter was played at Madrid, which is also the scene of the winter skating, but two years ago a new club was started by the Vicomte de la Rochefoucauld, close to the Longchamps race course, and near to the place possessed by the late Sir Richard Wallace. The chief players include Lord Shrewsbury, Captain Burnaby, M. Raoul Duval, Duc de Luynes, and the Duc d'Uzès. It will be remembered that last year a match was played between a French team, a Spanish team, the 7th Lancers team, Lord Shrewsbury's team, the Hurlingham team, and an American team, in which the Hurlingham team won the victory.

So the modern Parisian has no lack of opportunities for the enjoyment of healthy exercise, and if the truth were realised, probably does more in that line than the average Londoner. Tennis, skating, riding, and bicycling, are within easy reach, and the dainty French lady changes her manners with her costumes, and after a morning's promenade in a dress from "Old England," (usually designated as "Old" alone), on a sky-blue machine, she rustles into the Concours Hippique, in a frivolous mixture of lace and silk, with a flower garden on her head. There she chatters and whispers, with total disregard for the performance, and finishes with a languid attitude of fatigue in the Bois, before returning home in time to dress for a dinner or a ball.

CLARA SAVILE-CLARKE.



POLO IN PARIS. PHOTO  
BY DELTON.





# THE POPULAR TENOR IN GENERAL—MR. BEN DAVIES IN PARTICULAR.

ALL sorts of cruel, undeserved phrases have been used about the *genus* "tenor." The worst was, perhaps, Von Bülow's characterisation of a tenor as a "disease"; but then, he was a pianist! Despite all these compliments, the real importance of tenors is unchanged, and their value and powers of attraction are unaltered. It is a difficult rôle to play, that of being a popular tenor. It is not one long path through crowds of admirers, one unbroken series of audiences shouting "Encore" in all the languages of Europe. For the tenor has just as many trials and pains as other less-gifted mortals, accentuated by the highly nervous temperament of a great artist. Mr. Sims Reeves has told the world in his reminiscences, of the care which a tenor has to exercise over the voice, which is his most precious possession, guarding it continually from over-strain and the effects of weather. A popular tenor is not simply a good-looking man in a fur coat, receiving fabulous salaries and the friendship of monarchs. His throat is his gold-mine, the rich ore of which will soon be exhausted in the absence of precaution. Mr. Sims Reeves himself is a living witness to the beauty of voice which may remain to a man nearing seventy, if only he will refrain from the risk of singing with a cold. Mr. Edward Lloyd, who reigns supreme in oratorio, has managed to reduce to a minimum the occasions when ill-health has compelled him to disappoint the public. He is very punctilious as to outdoor exercise and the taking of food at regular times. But then Mr. Lloyd is punctilious in most things, especially as to being present before, rather than after, the time appointed for a concert. He used to be fond of cricket, and still enjoys seeing a game; he is a good oarsman, as I can testify, having seen him rowing up the delightful Dee after the Three Choirs' Festival. The popular, and erroneous, view of a great tenor would receive a severe shock if a full account were given of the daily life of such men, for example, as Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Ben Davies. The American reporter who interviewed Mr. Lloyd on his triumphant visit to Cincinnati, seemed quite disappointed to find him "an ordinary, quiet English gentleman," and when Mr. Ben Davies likewise impressed the newspaper-men in the United States, the characteristics of the tenor, as a type, had to be revised.

Vanity could, very reasonably, be excused in a popular tenor, for we do our utmost to spoil him with adulation. Royalty delights to honour him; Wealth will have him at any cost to warble at her most brilliant fêtes; Society and the ball of fame are at his feet. Can we wonder that conceit is

not unknown among tenors? I believe it exists even among the pupils of the Guildhall School of Music. Yet, as far as I know the chief tenors of the day, they are more modest than successful barristers or painters. (Of course, the least conceited great men are journalists.) Monsieur Jean de Reszke might well be pardoned if he grew ridiculously proud of that thrilling voice of his, which is like a nest of nightingales in full song. But he and his brother do not need our pardon; they do their work with the satisfaction that comes from art at its best. Both the De Reszkes, in reality, take more pleasure in their horses than in the flowery compliments showered on them. It might be invidious to name many other tenors who are favourites with the public. But, perhaps, one may mention, in passing, Mr. Iver McKay, who is steadily winning favour in the rendering of sacred music; Mr. Hirwen Jones, who has much of the fervour which ought to belong to a musical Welshman; Mr. Edwin Houghton, the possessor of a very melodious voice; though it would be easy to add several other names.

Mr. Ben Davies, a recent portrait of whom is given on an adjoining page, is essentially a "popular" tenor. He has at a comparatively early age won the favour of two hemispheres geographically, and two hemispheres of human approbation. There is no need to say that the Queen is one of his circle of admirers—that, all the newspapers have told us from time to time. But the people also throng to hear him sing "I arise from dreams of thee," or "Waft her, angels."

Mr. Davies, who is no relation to any other famous musicians with that surname, was trained at the Royal Academy of Music, having Signor Randegger as his teacher. Mr. Davies thinks that a man should not begin to train as a vocalist till he is twenty-one years of age; he thoroughly believes in at least five years' hard study. He makes it a daily rule to sing a certain number of scales every morning. It was his appearance at the Royal English Opera House (now the Palace Theatre) in *Ivanhoe* that was the tide which, taken at the flood, led him on to fortune. Since then he has made acquaintance with continental audiences; in Germany just recently he has won the valued praise of keen critics. Mr. and Mrs. Ben Davies have a charming home in London, with the Welsh name of "Cartref," and another musical inhabitant of that home is a little five-year-old daughter. Mrs. Davies still occasionally delights her friends by singing, and not long ago she joined her husband at a charity concert in the exquisite duet, "My song shall be always," in the rendering of which she proved that the Miss Perry of former days was still a fine vocalist.

D. WILLIAMSON.



MR BEN DAVIES. PHOTO  
BY A. ELLIS.



I WAS brought up to believe that plumbers were the most dilatory creatures on earth; the belief is a delusion.

It arose at a period when sanitary engineers were unknown. However, it is but just to distinguish between the dilatoriness of the two. The plumber is the passively dilatory—the sanitary man the actively. The former wastes time by working slowly, or rather wastes time by only working during small portions of it, and using the large balance by going back for tools that he has forgotten and returning without them. The latter is aggressively inactive—he does not get on fast, because he spends half his time in undoing what he has done—in finding that he has connected X with J instead of with Z, and that he has not connected A with anything at all, so the work has to be done over and over again.

This opening may seem irrelevant, but it is really the bitter cry of a woman who is kept out of the house that she is longing to furnish, because the gentlemen with the drain-pipes cannot be evicted. The pavement is up in front of the house, the floors are up inside, and there is a prodigious perfume of peppermint everywhere—used in testing the drains—a perfume fashionable in France, no doubt, but capable of bringing one into bad odour in English society. Consequently I am driven to shopping in a sort of Platonic—should I say ladylike?—fashion of visiting shops, and after an hour or two deciding that “I must think over it.”

The last establishment that I favoured with my custom is that of the illustrious firm of Mappin and Webb. For a long time I have noticed that our knives have degenerated into files and even shrunk so low as saws, whilst the dearth of forks has led to *sotto voce* sarcasms at our “At Homes” which have rarely failed to reach my sensitive ears. Consequently, my first visit was to the practical department. However, it

is difficult for anyone who has not been trained as an auctioneer to be eloquent about African ivory handles, silver ferrules, patent screw-fast tangs, etc. Certainly, I was convinced that I could get hard steel blades that would ever cling to their handles at a less price than, in my salad days, I gave for some wretched things that would not cut a blancmange, and would, though I washed them at first myself, insist on parting company with their handles. By-the-bye, the word “auctioneer” makes me wonder

why women neglect a business in which they ought to shine. I am sure that the brilliant members of the Pioneer Club would make vastly successful Cheap-Jacks, or rather Cheap-Jills. There is another neglected path for the pioneers—dentistry. I always envy dentists, for who can have a more glorious time than the man who makes you hold your mouth wide open for half an hour, during which he can talk as much as he pleases whilst you must hold your tongue, and may not even keep it in your cheek, or, at least, the cheek in which he is working?

After I had settled the question of knives and forks, I was particularly attracted by the beautiful workmanship and design of some of Mappin & Webb's artistic pieces, and I do not wonder at the number of regiments for which they have made

presentation statuettes and silver cups. The statuettes are not only modelled, but also cast, and entirely finished in the workshops at Oxford Street, and the figures are full of life and movement; in fact, the work may be compared with the exquisite modelling by Russian artists that excited admiration at the last great French Exhibition. To pass again to things useful, but on which much skill has been displayed, I noticed some very fine massive crystal cut-glass jugs, with beautifully-chased silver mounts, and next to them a most exquisite coffee





and liqueur *tête-à-tête* service. The coffee-pot, of simple but good design, had a very quaint handle of ivory stained a deep malachite green—the tone is delightful next to silver—the inside of the pearl-white Coalport china cups was tinted a deep green, and the small spoons had knobs of the malachite ivory let into the handles. The tall, gracefully shaped liqueur bottle and glasses were of a soft, rich shade of fluted glass; altogether the effect was charming so charming that even the Dorothy tea-service, with a very original stand that holds sugar and cream bowls suspended on the handle of the tray, daintily painted Doulton cups and saucers round, and cake dishes fitting cosily between, did not make me waver in my determination

to call the "*café noir*" set mine—some day. For immediate use I chose an asparagus dish, for which I would have craved long ago, had I known it existed. On a silver dish a slanting rack is fixed and on either side rests a sauce-bowl—one, I suppose, for the barbarous *sauce blanche*, which is death to the flavour of the asparagus; the other for *beurre fondu*, which brings out the best qualities of that amiable vegetable. The invention is a real boon to gourmets, for sauces generally follow their leaders at intervals that mean ruin to the *chef d'œuvres* of the *cordon bleu*. *A propos of cordon bleu*, may I venture to mention that by that term I mean a woman-cook, for really, as a matter of fact, journalistic reference to a *chef* as *cordon bleu* is founded upon the ignorance of French, which produces the term *double entendre* where actually *double entente* is intended. Incidentally, I constantly hear people say that they serve the English melted butter or bill-stickers' paste, because of the difficulty of making what is called "oiled butter"—a somewhat unattractive name. As a matter of fact, all that you have to do is to put as much butter as you want to use in a very clean saucepan leaving it to melt gently on a very slow fire, stir it till it is quite melted, and throw in a little pepper and salt; then give a hint



CRYSTAL JUG,  
SILVER MOUNT.



SILVER STRING BOX.



CAFÉ AU LAIT SERVICE. STYLE, LOUIS XV.

of lemon juice, and serve in a well-heated tureen. Any novice can make it, since it is easy to prevent it from getting burnt.

Whilst looking at some travelling tea-baskets, so skilfully arranged that cups and saucers, kettle and tins, take no more room than would the costumes of ladies in "Living Pictures," some very sweet chimes "forced themselves upon my ear," if I may use the classic expression of Mrs. Cluppins. They came from a very handsome Grandfather's Clock in early 19th century style, into which had been inserted a set of silver Harrington's chimes. The effect was so charming as almost to make one wish that the hours would fly by more rapidly—at least, a man might feel that, though hardly a woman. However, the principal effect on me of the silvery chime was to remind me I should have to rush for dinner—so I rushed.

As a practical hint let me suggest that the ordinary arrangement of disused fireplaces in summer, always seems strangely lacking in imagination. And yet the modern hearth, with its surroundings of artistic tiles and good metal work, lends itself admirably to many schemes of decoration. One, easy to carry out and very pretty in effect, I arranged last season for my drawing room. A tin box with a drainer was made to fix inside the grate, and in the box I planted an ivy in full growth and let the long trails of dark glossy leaves wander over the beautiful de Morgan lustre tiles that showed up delightfully through the net-work of foliage. A little later, in full summer, an ivy geranium, gorgeous with pinky-white blossom, replaced the hardier plant, but only for some days, as I found the ivy endured more happily the ill-usage of a gas-lit room and the draught from the chimney.



SILVER PILGRIM BOTTLE.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I cannot advise "SUBURBANA" as to the colouring that would look best in her room, since she has neglected to tell me the colour of the paper or carpet; but if she writes to Hewetsons', of Tottenham Court Road, she will discover that they have a lovely collection of cretonnes copied from old French designs, and I am sure "SUBURBANA" will find it easy to select a pleasing pattern from so many. The question of colour is very troublesome if one is so unfortunately fortunate as to start with bare walls and floors. I have heard of a man who never got "any forrader" because he could not decide whether the paper ought to be chosen to harmonize with the carpet or the carpet with the paper. "SUBURBANA" should write to Hewetsons' and ask them to send a book of patterns.

"LENA" wishes to know if her old-fashioned copper coal-scuttle should be covered with grease or chamois leather during the summer months to prevent it from getting discoloured while not in use. The best thing she can do is to have a tin fitted and grow ferns or an *Aspidistra* in it, for "LENA" will find that it will make a charming *jardinière*. If, however, she prefers leaving it unused, it is unnecessary to protect it in any way, as if it be fine copper it will take a delightful deep tone, and if kept in the kitchen may develop an exquisite blue tinge in the red. Moreover, after any length of time, a quarter of an hour's interview with Brooke's soap and a piece of flannel will really give her "new lamps for old."

GRACE.



IF I should be betrayed into a vein of what may seem rather churlish comment on Mr. G. W. Godfrey's new piece at the Court, please understand that it is, as the lawyers say, "without prejudice." Many years ago so many that I do not care to be too precise—Mr. Godfrey wrote a capital little play of the Scribe or Tom Taylor school, an extinct school now—but a very pleasant little piece for all that. *The Parvenu*, it was called; if I am not mistaken, I have seen Miss Marion Terry in it; and my recollections of it are altogether agreeable. I was prepared, therefore, beforehand, to be pleased with *Vanity Fair*, merely because it was by Mr. G. W. Godfrey. I was prepared even to forgive him the audacity of the title. There is nothing to prevent a man choosing to call his play *Vanity Fair* or *The Pilgrim's Progress*, or *Paradise Lost*—only, I confess, I would much rather he did not choose. You may christen your son Julius Cæsar, if you like; but you had better not like, I think. I have no logical objection to offer; it is all a question of taste. And yet, even as I write, I am not sure that a logical objection cannot be found. "Noblesse oblige" and such a title as *Vanity Fair* has its obligations, too; it binds you to a large and comprehensive treatment, to something cosmic, universal. To put it colloquially, such a title is rather "steep." And the final word of Mr. Godfrey's piece is rather precipitous, too. "Blow the trumpet! Beat the gong! Walk up! Walk up! Just about to begin again! The scene may be varied, the cast will be changed; but the great human comedy will be played in *Vanity Fair*—until the Crack of Doom." The "great human comedy," the "Crack of Doom"! This is tall talk. You would suppose that the mountains had been in labour. Whereas we have only assisted at the birth of a ridiculous mouse. Mr. Godfrey, in sober truth, does not deal with humanity at all; he is merely concerned with a handful of eccentric types supposed to inhabit a particular corner of a particular London postal district, but, in reality, not to be found even there—not to be found anywhere—for they are types created by dramatists who have drawn upon their imagination rather than their observation, and by journalists short of "copy." There is the Duke of Berkshire, who comes to Mrs. Brabazon-Tegg's reception to insult all his fellow-guests and his hostess into the bargain. There is Sir James Candy, one of Her Majesty's judges, who comes to the same reception to invite fashionable dames to a "big show" at the next Old Bailey Sessions. There is Bertie Rosevere, who fires off epigrams. There is Lady Jacqueline Villars, a cigarette smoker, a Stock Exchange gambler—"stony broke," of course—and a singer of coster songs in her friends' drawing-rooms. There is this lady's lover, or *cicisbeo*, or whatever we are to call him, who is more concerned about the propriety of her conduct than her own husband. There is Mrs. Brabazon-Tegg, once a music-hall "artiste," now

wife of "Tegg's Entire," who spends £1,200 on roses for her Pompadour ball, and £400 on a dress for the same, writes out £100 cheques for all the charities she knows, when in doleful dumps, and, on recovery, reduces them all to £5 a-piece. There is Tegg's Entire himself, who purposes to get into Parliament by indiscriminate bribery. There is—but why prolong the catalogue? It is obvious enough that these people are not types, and not, therefore, true denizens of *Vanity Fair*. Practically, they do not exist. I have no objection to the pretence that they do exist—a pretence made every week in the "middles" of the society newspapers, and in Mr. Du Maurier's drawings—so long as the fiction is the excuse for good fun. But you have no right to create a bogey and then to be angry with it. The lash of the satirist must be reserved for realities; when it curls round the creatures of the satirist's own imagination, we only have the unpleasant spectacle of a man in a passion about nothing. And that, I think, is at the root of my displeasure with Mr. Godfrey. At the best, the satirical frame of mind is not an engaging one; its only excuse is a stern moral purpose—for surely the great aim of life is not to scorn and to expose, but to understand and to forgive one another?—and there can be no moral purpose in exposing what we, or somebody else, have invented. That is really a case of self-exposure; the satire recoils upon the satirist. Mr. Godfrey, I know, calls his play a "caricature"—which is as much as to say, "Don't blame me if my characters are overdrawn, if I am guilty of gross exaggeration; I make no pretence to follow the strict outline and copy the exact colouring of life." The excuse, I fear, will not hold good; for this caricaturist also comes forward as a satirist, and for reasons I have already hinted at—satire which has no basis in reality is merely a gratuitous exhibition of ill-humour. There are some amusing *mots* in Mr. Godfrey's piece: Mrs. John Wood, as the music-hall songstress who has become a Mrs. Leo Hunter, is the Mrs. John Wood that we have known, and delighted in, these many years past; Mr. Arthur Cecil makes the most of a diplomatist who looks preternaturally wise, and never opens his mouth without saying something foolish; Mr. G. W. Anson plays a truculent rascal with gusto; and it is evident that the piece affords considerable gratification to many playgoers. I am sorry that temperament or original sin—Mr. Godfrey may, if he pleases, call it sheer wrongheadedness—prevents me from being one of them.

A new farce by Messrs. B. C. Stephenson and William Yardley at Terry's, *The Fopsperit*, is an agreeable bit of nonsense—especially agreeable for the chance it gives to Miss Gertrude Kingston, an actress previously suspected, and now proved, to have brilliant gifts in the way of light comedy.

A. B. WALKLEY.



MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD. PHOTO  
BY BASSANO.

Miss Baird, who, owing to the indisposition of Miss Beatrice Lamb, appeared as Rosalind in "As you like it," in the series of Shakespeare Memorial Performances by Mr. Ben Greet's Company at Stratford-on-Avon, is a recent recruit to the Stage. As an amateur she played Ir. in "The Tempest" with the Oxford University Dramatic Society early in 1894, and afterwards appeared as Galatea, also at Oxford. She was then engaged by Mr. Greet for his tour, during which she has played, among other parts, Hippolyta and Helena, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Georgina, in "Money," Constance Neville, in "She Stoops to Conquer," Lady Henry Fairfax, in "Diplomacy," and Paulina in "A Winter's Tale." As Rosalind she won . . . ten opinions at Stratford-on-Avon.





SOME State Prisoners still linger in the Tower, securely held in a cage of glass and iron; iron, because though they have never made any attempt to escape, multitudes of philanthropists would be only too glad to effect their release (a charity which has not been unattempted); glass, because these captives make a goodly show, which the public may and do enjoy in return for one shilling sterling, per prison visitor.

This exhibition dates from the Restoration. Previously the place of incarceration varied. Sometimes the prisoners lodged in the Tower, sometimes in the Treasuries of Westminster or the Temple, kept, even then, as strictly under lock and key, for their continuance in certain hands has ever been a matter of importance.

Their offence—but this is a delicate and doubtful point where silence, like the prisoners themselves, is golden—their offence, let us say, cannot be determined; but their misfortunes have been great. Prisoners from the beginning, they have sometimes had to endure a double captivity. Several times have they gone into durance at the sign of the Triple Spheres—a house of detention kept by one whose nephews claimed lordship, nay kingship, over these poor languishers behind bars, and who, less generous than Thackeray's ideal uncle, gave the boys sundry half-crowns only in return for whole ones.

But the captives have been redeemed, and now their restraint is purely honourable; like Luther's confinement in the Wartburg, it is a counsel of safety. Yet even in the sure keeping of the Tower warders the Crown jewels have suffered outrage. A man with a truly villainous surname—Blood to wit—who claimed rank as a Colonel, deeming it a good thing to aid the distressed, sought to carry off Crown, Globe, and Sceptre, the three most distinguished prisoners. That was in 1671. Later, in 1815, when the Regalia were kept in a strong vaulted chamber of the Martin Tower, a woman thrust her hands through the bars and tore the royal crown to pieces.

Of course it is only in the abstract that we can safely assign all these adventures to the Crown jewels at present exhibited. The individual dies, but the type remains even in regalia. During the civil wars the old regalia were sold and destroyed. Charles II. replaced them at a cost of £21,000. These jewels are actually the coveted of Blood, and these are what we now see; jewels that only by descent have known the pledging indignities hinted at. Mindful of these misfortunes, the visitor blesses the happier lot the captive treasures now enjoy, and as he turns away he breathes over them a gentle *Requiescant*. Then, thinking of the heads

that wear such baubles, he once again, with deeper meaning, sighs out his Latin prayer and goes his way.

Outside in the yards and winding ways of the Tower, under grim portals and frowning bastions, one encounters at every turn a reminder of uneasy heads, some crowned after the conventional fashion, others only with manly or womanly worth. One worthier, perhaps, than all, wore the crown, perforce, three days, and then the fair head, that knew its Plato so well, rolled in the dust. What uncanny spell lurks about regal emblems that, for having them thrust upon her, she who had the "learning of a clerk and the life of a saint, had yet the death of a malefactor?" But a truce to these dull moralities! *Leviara canamus!*

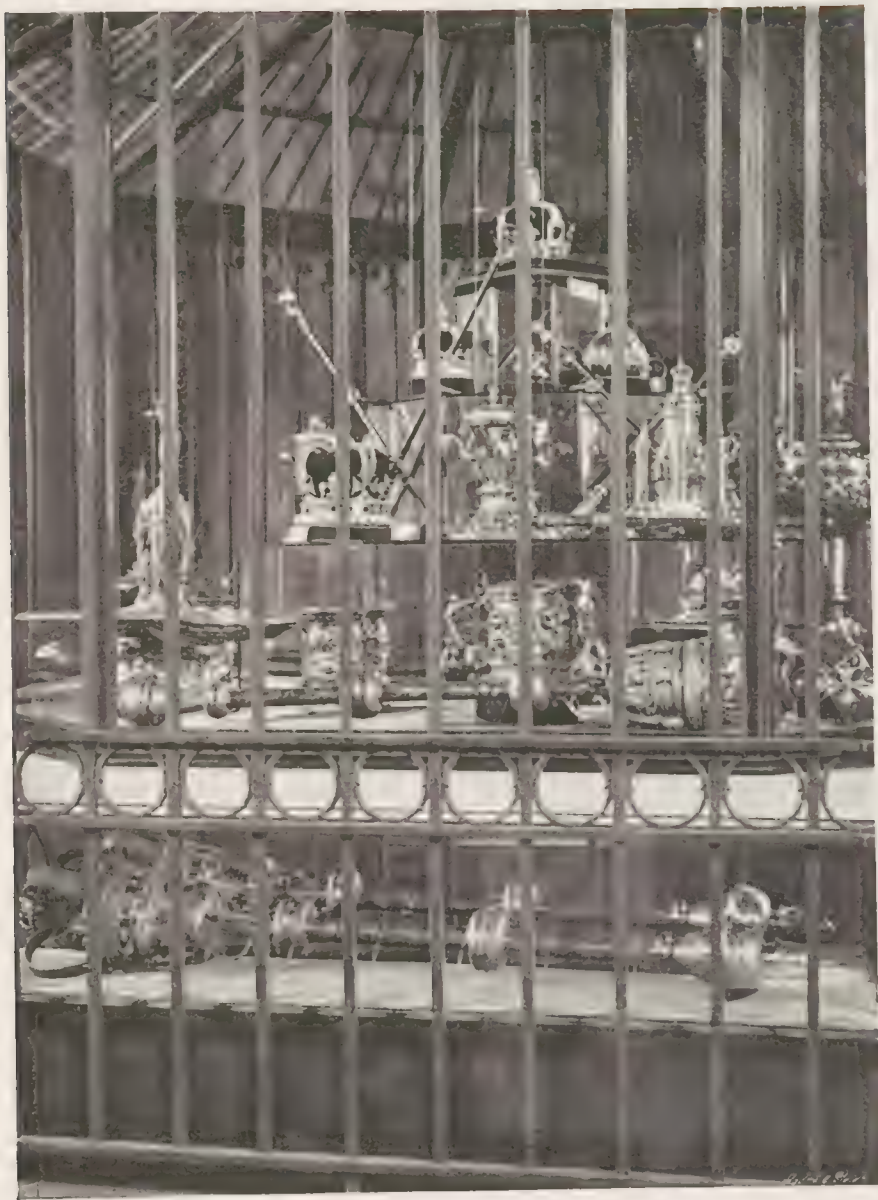
At the Traitor's Gate one can imagine the picturesque and romantic arrest. It was a very different arrest that I was privileged to witness the other night from the top of a late 'bus; there was no romance, only a very practical realism. Suddenly the 'bus stopped, and the conductor, jumping off, closed with a man on the pavement. Under the lamp-light the wrestlers swayed to and fro, then the conductor was flung off and one figure darted up a side street, with the other in full cry after him, shouting "stop thief!" The policeman's whistle blew, and in a minute more the chase was ended. As officers and conductor returned with a bull-headed gentleman in charge, the aforesaid gentleman held out a small dark object, saying sulkily, "Here's the purse, curse you!" Then the passengers learned that the valiant collector of fares had seen a robbery committed, and had by his sharpness brought the guilty one to book. "It's one o' our oldest pickpockets," he shouted excitedly. "All right, p'liceman, I'll be along as soon as we puts the 'bus in; you'll find e's the right 'un safe enough." And so we drove on into the night, marvelling greatly at the strange little one-minute drama that had relieved the chill monotony of the journey.

One marvelled also at the alacrity of the police, whose bodily readiness it has ever been an article of faith to distrust at such critical moments. In this case they were on the spot in a twinkling, and made merry music on their vocal reeds while the play was enacting. But after all, the credit of the affair lay with the conductor. He was protagonist, the others were mere *auletai*, which the discerning will translate "whistle-blowers."

The finest part of the achievement certainly lay with the man of the foot-board; the police performance was less—well—less intellectual. Touching which, I have a tale that fits this place well, albeit it is but slight.

Darkness was closing in, and the night watchmen in queue, like well-bred ducks, were clumping heavily to their beats, in a certain region not far from Kensington Gardens. As they clumped, they conversed in subdued tones, and one guardian was expostulating with another for giving way to moodiness and morose temper. The "intelligent officer" is a commonplace alike of our literature and of our journalism; we believe in his mental acumen as we believe in *habeas corpus* and trial by jury (or in the intelligent juryman, for that matter), but it would seem that in the force itself cerebral activity is viewed with suspicion. For as I passed the bobbies, he who admonished his brother delivered himself on this wise: "W'y, Ned, wot 'as come over you? You're as dull an' as grumpy as any sargint. Wot 'ave you been doin' to-day?" Then, with a burst of inspiration, he added: "W'y, one 'ud actooally think yer 'ad been workin' yer brains."

JOHN A' DREAMS.



THE CROWN JEWELS AT THE  
TOWER OF LONDON. PHOTO  
BY YORK & SONS.



PERHAPS it is man's fond delusion that woman, when she writes a novel, never gives a true idea of him. He stands out in disproportionate iniquity, or shines with a holy lustre that brings a blush to his conscious cheek. Mrs. Craigie, in her new book, has discovered that he is a more complex creature than you might imagine, feminine in his impulses, perverse in his resolves. Dr. Simon Warre may have been drawn to show us that women have no monopoly of waywardness, and that a man may be irrational in just that way which men commonly assign to the unreasonableness of woman. For a doctor, Simon is singularly impressionable. He says he read too much poetry in his youth; but even that does not account for his behaviour. All the trouble of his life comes upon him because he misunderstands the prim reserve of a very young girl. When she acknowledges a present in a very brief and proper little note, he proposes to another woman in a huff. It is a lamentable blunder, for the other woman turns out a jade, and leads poor Simon an awful life. The wisest of men have not solved the problem of managing jades who happen to be their wives; but Simon's method is, perhaps, the worst of all. He spends most of his leisure in registering innocent vows of constancy to his first love, who is very much cut up by his marriage. His wife, whom he treats politely as an erring sister, goes on like anything, and eventually goes off with another man. For such a case, the law offers a practical redress; but Simon will not take it. He prefers to die of overwork, and leaves his first love to marry his friend, Wickenham.

A reviewer who is only a man cannot read such a story without a protest. How can we keep up the tradition of masculine force, if a London doctor who has written a notable treatise on paralysis is allowed to martyr himself in this weakly suicidal way? Lord Wickenham is a different sort of person; but Mrs. Craigie will not let him save the credit of our sex; for he is kept in the background, like a sententious shadow. My sense of injury is all the greater, because the author evidently sympathises with Simon deeply. She thinks him a noble fellow, who has fallen a victim to a wicked daughter of Eve. But Hamlet was a marvel of resolution compared with this poetic physician, who has unwittingly married a Messalina. On the woman Mrs. Craigie has expended infinite pains, and there is no more elaborate portrait in modern English fiction. No touch is spared to complete this picture of corruption. "Bourget would have understood me," says Anne Warre complacently; but Bourget could not have drawn her with more brilliant effect. Mrs. Craigie has a style which, in these days of literary slip-slop, it is a delight to read, even when her psychology of man offends his self-esteem. I transcribe one admirable passage from the portraiture of Anne. "She

loved Simon after her feline fashion. The betrayal of her avarice was a self-revelation which, before it penetrated Warre, first glinted sharply—not without damage—against the artificial ideal she had formed of her own character. It had pleased her to regard her marriage as one of pure and disinterested affection. The astonishing power of self-deception which she had inherited from Lady Delaware, had become from the circumstances of her life, a malady of the mind. And when she caught a glimpse of her true self, she suffered, just as those who are afflicted with madness suffer, when the sound of some long-forgotten tune calls up a painful and evasive half-remembrance of serener days." But what will some readers say to this prescription of Dr. Warre's for the cultivation of feminine charm? "Read poetry and the New Testament, and have a flower-garden. Don't go to the theatre! Don't go to picture galleries! Don't look at the newspapers! Don't be well-informed, dear!"

I am pleased to make the acquaintance of Mr. Adolphus Alfred Jack, who has written a very solemn essay on Thackeray. There is internal evidence that Mr. Jack has been prompted to this task, not so much by a love of literature as by a desire to put Thackeray, the satirist, in his proper place. With an earnestness which must have come out of one of the Universities, Mr. Jack rebukes the author of the "Book of Snobs" for speaking evil of dignitaries. That satirical work, it seems, is now universally "condemned." "Vanity Fair" is not in much better case, and a certain pleasure which Mr. Jack has derived from "The Newcomes" is sadly marred by the "continuous whine" of the Rev. Charles Honeyman. It is interesting to know these things, and to have the fruits of Mr. Jack's ripe observation of mortal affairs. "That there are wicked people in the world is, unfortunately, true," says this philosopher. There are many more remarks of equal moment. I thought that everything which could possibly be said about Thackeray was already somewhat stale, but Mr. Jack has enlarged the subject. It was Thackeray's dislike of journalists which led him to put Captain Shandon in the Fleet; and when he wrote "Rebecca and Rowena" he was guilty of "one of his most amazing inconsistencies." Add to this, that he actually discovered "clerical snobs," and you will begin to get some dim idea of his enormities. I am really grateful to Mr. Jack, and if I thought that he possessed such a lamentable weakness as a sense of humour, I would remind him how Charles Lamb once expressed a desire to "feel the gentleman's bumps."

L. F. AUSTIN.

"The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham." By John Oliver Hobbes. Henry and Co.

"Thackeray: A Study." By Adolphus Alfred Jack. Macmillan.





DR. SAMUEL RAWSON  
GARDINER, LL.D. PHOTO  
BY RUSSELL & SONS.

Born in 1829, he was educated at Winchester and Christ Church, Oxford, where he became a Student of Christ Church (1848), and Fellow of All Souls' (1854), and Fellow of Merton (1892). He was also for some time Professor of Modern History in the University of London, and is an Honorary D. of the University of London. Among his chief works are "A History of England from 1603 to 1642," "A History of the Great Civil War," "The Student's History of England," "The History of the Commonwealth and the Protectorate," "The Student's History of England," and "The Thirty Years' War." After his death he was offered the title of Lord.



## THE GENTLE ART OF PUNTING.

I WAS on a hard at Pangbourne one day last summer when a gentle youth came down to punt. I noticed him chiefly because of the wonders of his attire, and of the intoxicating splendours of the Indian sash bound about his waist. It occurred to me at the time that gold lace upon a zephyr was distinctly a new idea in aquatic fashion; and that gold stripes upon white flannel trousers lacked something of that simplicity which the mufti of the river implies. This, however, was mere spite; and having no gold stripes upon my own flannels, I turned wearily to the ensnarement of the canny chub in the mill-pool, and to the contemplation of those other delights which are the charm of Pangbourne.

The afternoon was hot; the chub seemed all to have gone to their smoking-room; it was a day for dreaming, not for fishing. And I was very nearly asleep, when wild shouts from the hard called my attention once more to the man dressed in the Indian carpet, and to his performance.

He was then in mid stream, and he was far from the practice of that calm in adversity which Horace recommends. So far as I could ascertain at the first glance, he was describing common circles from varying centres, the punt spinning round and round like a top with him; the whole tendency of his efforts being to drive him towards the weir. So terrible was his agitation at the moment of his distress, that he dropped his embroidered Greek cap into the river, and wetted the gold laced zephyr until it resembled a rag hung out to dry. Nor did he get any sympathy from the men on the bank, who answered his frantic appeals for help with loud guffaws, and enjoyed a finer merriment the nearer he approached the dangerous place. In fact, he was not twenty yards from the weir when someone grabbed him with a boat-hook, and disregarding the splendours of his toilet, simply lifted him to shore.

If he had been an ordinary person, this merriment would have been unkind. Punting is not the easy art it appears to be. I know few moments more completely bewildering than those in which one first grapples with a pole, and endeavours to get a punt up stream. The way the thing spins round on its own axis would draw an exclamation from a dumb saint. Its irritating propensity to shoot to the bank, and there to enjoy itself under a low bush, is only surpassed by the malignity of the pole which persists in a love for mud and for remaining fixed there in solitary grandeur. All said and done, it is not pleasant to be left sitting on a punt-pole like an aquatic Stylites upon a pile. Even the finest of watermen is not sure of his balance when first he handles a punt. The instinct of touch, which alone keeps such craft straight, is learnt only by weeks of practice. Nevertheless, there are certain simple rules which the beginner rarely thinks about, but which are the very essence of the art.

If a man would only remember that a punt is like a wheel—that a push on the left side of its nose sends it turning to the right, while a push on the left side of its till sends it whirling to the left—he would overcome half his

difficulties at the start. And if he remembered, also, that there are only two golden rules in punting—the first to put the pole into the water straight, the second, to keep the arms dry—he would be well on his way to proficiency. But he might well add to these the advice, that he make his first effort where there is no critic to watch him, and that he avoid very particularly those reaches which abound in pretty girls and in men who *can* punt.

Had I to teach a man this pretty art, and the only excuse for teaching a man is that no lady of your acquaintance is in need of a lesson, I would take him to a reach where the water is not too deep, and where the bottom is of gravel. There are few finer fields on the Thames for the embryo punter, than the backwater by Pangbourne sawmills, and the open reach from Whitechurch bridge to Maple Durham. Deep water is the aquatic death of the novice. It brings him unflinching face to face with the problem—whether he will remain in the punt without a pole or on the pole without a punt. But in a good open reach with a depth of five or six feet, the humiliating difficulty will scarcely arise. At the most he will enjoy a few harmless gyrations, with some unnecessary excursions to the bank. He may break a pole, but a few shillings will silence even the rancour of the boatman. He may run into an elderly fisherman who has had his first bite for a fortnight, but his hide will be naturally pachydermatous; and in the joy of progress, he will sustain cheerfully the roundest oburgations.

Standing at the nose of the punt, and beginning on the left hand side, the novice should let his pole go straight to the bottom, starting it on its downward course with a firm push, and keeping such a pressure of the palms upon it that it cannot escape him. Directly it has touched ground, he should push it in a line parallel to the side of the punt; and the moment the craft begins to move, he should walk towards the well, drawing the top of the pole slightly towards him to counteract that veer to the right which is sure to accompany his initial effort. At his first attempt, he will find the punt behaving in an extraordinary manner. Instead of keeping on its course, it swings its head out into the stream, and shows a tendency to revolve which is maddening. This tendency is due to one fact alone—the pole was not sent down straight, and it touched the bottom with its prong a foot or so from the side. So soon as the novice has grasped this fact—so soon as he discovers that the slightest deviation from the straight line causes him to describe circles—he is on the way to success.

Punting, in short, is the art of compensation. At the bow you force your punt's head away from the bank; in the stern you draw it back to its position again. And the straighter you put your pole into the water, the less the need of counteracting effort. Latterly the Oxford style, wherein a man punts from the stern, is the mode. It is more difficult than the old style and not to be recommended to the novice. Of the grace of it, there is no doubt; and the finest spectacle on the Thames is that of a pretty girl punting herself with ease through the mazy lanes of a sheltered backwater.

MAX PEMBERTON.



H.M.S. ROYAL ARTHUR, FLAG-SHIP  
OF REAR-ADMIRAL H. F STEPHEN-  
SON, NOW STATIONED AT CORINTO,  
NICARAGUA. PHOTO BY SYMONDS,  
PORTSMOUTH.





IT is easy to realise that before her marriage Lady Ormonde was the belle of her season, when, after nineteen years of matronhood, she still remains one of the most graceful and admired amongst many fair women in Society. Her elder daughter, Lady Beatrice Butler, inherits much of her mother's beauty, and is now enjoying all the "raptures and roses" of a first coming out, while Lady Constance, who is just sweet sixteen, still remains in the durance of governess and professor. There are few lovelier spots to be found than Kilkenny Castle and its surroundings, where Lady Ormonde plays the pleasant part of an ideal hostess half the year through. Set down in the most exquisite scenery that Ireland can boast, and with an excellent sporting neighbourhood to enhance its poetic associations, this historic castle is a favourite rendezvous for after-season gaieties. To attend an "Ormonde ball" local beauties will brave all weathers, and drive an indefinite number of Irish miles, and a more picturesque background for such merry-making than the ancient walls which in piping peace or war have sheltered so many generations of Butlers, it would, indeed, be difficult to find. Apropos of balls and ball-giving, it is *on dit* that Grosvenor House will be requisitioned for several introductory gaieties on Lady Beatrice's behalf. The Duke of Westminster is very much attached to his pretty grand-daughter, who is not only a beauty but an heiress as well, and on both counts a notable addition to this season's debutantes. It is interesting to know that Lord Ormonde, being hereditary butler to the Sovereign, has the privilege of pouring out the King's (or Queen's) wine at a coronation, an office which has remained in the family for nearly eight centuries.

Up to now, May has been a three-deep dancing month, beginning with Mrs. Elkin Mocatta's most enjoyable function at Great Cumberland Place on the 1st. There are not many houses, by-the-way, where things are better done or the guests more carefully chosen, and, as a natural consequence, Mrs. Mocatta's parties are always well attended and much enjoyed. Invitations have been much sought after for Lady Blois's dance on Thursday next, which is to be a very smart affair, for amongst London hostesses Lady Blois is one in a hundred, as her rooms are never unduly crowded. On this subject of season balls and asphyxiation I could write volumes, but a few words will serve as well to those who are not above taking a hint most plaintively and soulfully given. Now that everybody's acquaintance has expanded into countless crowds, it is clearly impossible to ask all and sundry unto the fourth generation to a ball and expect that even half the number will trouble to get beyond the first landing. A reception is different. But in ball-giving hostesses should either engage a house, gallery, hall, or else

divide their friends into two or three consecutive evenings if the function takes place at home. There is more ill-will than gratitude earned by the givers of many London dances who "pay off" all their friends by this squeezing system, and get so freely talked over in recompense.

Of private views and their particular seductions, social, sartorial, or both, we have had a sufficiency of late. Beginning with the Now, which was packed to its last square inch, and ending with amazement at Burlington House on the 4th. But whether amazement at the millinery, which was only less startling than some of the canvas-backed art on the walls, or otherwise, I will not say. Then the Fair Children at Grafton Street made a very pleasant intermediate occasion, largely availed of by many who came on from the Duchess of Marlborough's wedding. Lord William Beresford is a lucky man! Besides a charming wife, he has had a settlement of £6,000 per annum conferred on him, and while on this agreeable subject, I am reminded that Mr. Rochfort Maguire's settlement on Miss Peel was even a still larger sum, £8,000 a year.

The famous Montrose pearls, for which so many mouths watered unavailingly, were sold at a lower price than was anticipated by many, after all. I went to see the last of them at Christie's, and heard an expert pronounce them worth nineteen thousand pounds before the sale began, which must certainly be a comforting reflection to their purchaser if it is correct. It is said that the late Duchess intended to add three pear-shaped pearls as pendants, and so complete the number to 365, "one for every day in the year."

Amongst enthusing bicyclists one may now count Mr. Arthur Balfour, who is often to be seen improving his paces and the shining hour together in the lovely reaches of Carlton House Terrace and St. James's Park. For a trembling beginner Mr. Balfour really does uncommonly well.

When somebody irreverently called the Lord Chamberlain's drawing-room list "The Book of Numbers" a few years since, there was certainly reason, or at least excuse, for the pleasantry. And anyone having seen, as I had the privilege of lately doing, the sum total of applications for this season alone, would understand how necessary recent restrictions had become. Amongst the many beautiful gowns worn on the 8th, two particularly won my fancy. The first was white satin, the train of the same material shot with blue and trimmed with cornflowers, and fringes of sequins shot blue and white. The second frock was pink satin, trimmed with trails of sweet pea and foliage in natural colours. Next Wednesday's drawing-room will, it is expected, have a still larger attendance than the last.

VERA.



THE MARCHIONESS OF ORMONDE.  
PHOTO BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

# THE WELL DRESSED WOMAN



WE met ; it was in a crowd ; and I thought she would shun me, for I had been to Paris for three weeks, and I had never written her a line. One of the disadvantages of having "best" friends is that they expect you to take some notice of them occasionally. The ideal "best" friend would be she who gives attentions and demands none in return. But other women are so selfish. However, I was very glad to see her, to note the ingenuousness with which she approached her subject. "Well, what do they wear?" she cried almost before she had come within two yards of me. "Ruffles," I shrieked, grasping the drift of her question at once. "But, of course, they wear other things. They wear their hair, for instance."

Indeed, the most noticeable feature of Parisian fashion—the most noticeable, but at the same time the least attractive—is the hair. This is worn over the ears and passed under the ears, and dragged up into a little knot in the centre of the back, and the hats are worn over the nose, and they are large and broad, and the backs of those hats have enormous clusters of flowers all over them ; huge flowers they are—hydrangeas, and azaleas, and stocks. Great ungainly blossoms ! They tower from the nape of the neck, to about three inches beyond the hat. Every conceivable colour is heaped together, and the front of the hat is usually trimmed with a large double bow of ribbon, which again takes unto itself prismatic hues. The smallest of women wear the largest of these hats small women are always so ambitious—and they also wear the biggest of ruffles, and the most enormous of sleeves. However, unquestionably in the case of the short-basqued coat the little woman

is justified in following fashion, for it is most becoming to her who boasts, or rather depletes, limited inches ; and, Providence be praised ! the amateur cannot cut it with the least success. Her attempts are terribly obvious ; but then my best friend declares that I am very ill-naturedly disposed towards the amateur, that I spend most of my time in pointing out her weaknesses and various deficiencies, and have

absolutely no sympathy towards her endeavours. "As you are strong in your banking account, be merciful towards the economical," she is invariably urging upon me. But, however, as she is not economical herself, I will forgive her the suggestion. She is an extravagant person really. She was looking remarkably nice that day, in a dress of blue serge with a white kid belt round the waist of the short-basqued double breasted coat, and a large collar of white batiste trimmed with Russian lace, but she was not looking in the least degree French. French women never resembled their English sisters less than they do at this moment. The great differences are to be found in our *coiffures* and in our skirts. Theirs are voluminous, full at the sides, the back, and the front, yet somehow grace seems to lurk in their every fold ; while the British damsel under the influence of the large skirt looks stiff and artificial, and her outlines resemble

nothing but those of the doll-penwiper of other days, whose pinked-out black cloth skirts and scarlet petticoats might well serve as a model for the style of the hour.

Petticoats are, happily, still considered of importance, in face of the fact—the undoubted fact—that knickerbockers number their devotees by the hundred. The Parisian petticoat is a beautiful thing when seen at its best, made in one





of the new chiné silks on a white ground, with elaborate flounces of chiffon on the hem, covered with a frill of lace and headed with a ruche of ribbon. Nothing more utterly useless than this sort of petticoat could possibly be conceived. The lace flounce, which formerly reigned alone in its glory, was sufficiently ephemeral; but the chiffon flounce is even more fleeting in its joys. Veritably its charms are here to-day and gone to-morrow, the heel of the boot—and, despite the cry of the Rational Dress Crusaders, we still wear heels to our boots—being their most determined enemy. In vulgar parlance we might say these flounces are always “catching it” from our heels. Perhaps the ideal petticoat, one which combines the useful with the elegant, may be found of a dark-grounded chiné silk. Black, with blurred roses on its surface, suggests itself with one ruching of taffeta shot silk on the extreme hem, and yet another set about two inches above this, and yet another two inches above this again. Circumstances which, being interpreted, may be written the inefficiency of the ordinary laundress, have compelled us to cast the lawn and lace trimmed petticoat into the limbo of oblivion. A pity 'tis, 'tis true, for nothing ever looks nicer than this. But in its stead this year we are to wear light shot silk skirts, with deep flounces of lawn and Valenciennes lace. Lawn and Valenciennes lace



are really a most obtrusive combination; everywhere they are to be met; indeed, as some masculine critic observed, the prevailing rage is to wear your underclothes outside your frocks, which is not a bad description either for a mere man.

My best friend found great fault with me. She ventured to assert that I did not keep to my point; even hinted that I was inconsequent in my remarks; and persistently observed “but in Paris?” with an obtrusive note of interrogation. The label “French” is to her the *Ultima Thule* of dress. Personally, I was so shocked at those *coiffures* that I felt a sort of pitying contempt for my sisters over the water, who persist in thinking that the new is always the charming. By the way, there are many such sinners this side of the Channel, but we will let them pass.

One capital dress I did see there, for evening wear, was made of a chiné silk, with wide black stripes upon it, and a bodice of chiffon, with frills of real lace and a trimming of jet and gold sequins. But yet, on the whole, in spite of all such temptations to copy another nation, I would sooner look like an Englishwoman, especially when she wears a tea gown, a tea-gown, for instance, of flowered silk, with transparent sleeves, a ruche and cravat of esprit net, revers of white satin hemmed with yellowish lace, and a girdle of silken cords.

PAULINA PRY.

## THE INEVITABLE INTERVIEWER

MR. J. HENNIKER HEATON, M.P.

**M**ORE than 3,700 volumes, representing the intellectual thought and the illustrative talent of every writer and artist of Australia, are the daily companions of Mr. J. Henniker Heaton, M.P., in his library in Eaton Square. Yet he is a more than ordinary "man of letters" by reason of the beneficent reforms in the postal system of the world, and of our country in particular, to which he has given more than half his life. And he is still on the war path.

Mr. Henniker Heaton has been styled a "faddist," but assuredly only by those who either love to hug their chains, or who are ignorant of the freedom they might enjoy. A mental specialist striving to bring the Post Office Department to a state of sanity would be a more correct designation of him. After this opening I hope to prove my case with the evidence I shall adduce, in the substance of a chat I had with Mr. Henniker Heaton a few days ago.

"I congratulate you on your latest success in obtaining the new regulation which came into force, I believe, on Saturday, the 20th ultimo, requiring letters to be officially stamped with the hour in plain figures, at which they were posted," I remarked.

"Yes, the authorities have caved in at last, after having put me off with a hieroglyphic code of an unintelligible nature, consisting of various Roman letters—'A-C,' 'B-X,' and so on."

"We have to thank you besides for many other reforms. As for example, the recent privileges of the halfpenny open enveloped-enclosure; the uniform reduction to 2½d. per half ounce of the 4d., 5d., and 6d. letter postage to the colonies; the reduced cable-rates to Australia, so useful for circulars and similar communications; and also for the private post-card."

"Well, that is my greatest victory of the past year. It seems incredible that the Post Office used to pay away to De la Rue £283 per million for paste-board—a sum which now the public in great measure saves the Department by supplying its own cards. I am happy to say, that out of 60 reforms which I originally suggested 40 have been conceded. The number has now grown and exceeds a hundred. It took me three years' pegging away to get a Parcel Post to France; but we have not yet obtained the concession as regards America, although America sends parcels by post to our Colonies. We have established the system with New Guinea and West Africa; but America—the country to which we take about half of the total of our exports—is still without a Parcel Post from and to this country. One very glaring instance of the twist in the official mind is the fact that the contract for transmission of parcels to Japan has been made with a German steamship company. Our parcels are actually forwarded to Hamburg, and thence to Bremen. From Bremen they return to Southampton *en route* for Japan."

"Now what further reforms would you introduce, Mr. Heaton?"

"Well, I'll mention a few of the most salient ones. I propose *in primis* an International stamp, or at least an Imperial postage stamp, available all over the Empire. We have a reply foreign post card; why not an International stamp? and this would be very useful in sending small sums through the post to a correspondent in a foreign country where they would be available for ordinary use. I think, too, that the whole of great Britain and Ireland should be sectionally divided, so that guarantees for telegraph offices and portage of telegrams would be totally abolished and a post office brought, as it were, to every one's door. The country population, being kept out of touch of the towns for want of a good post and telegraphic facilities, has a tendency to forsake the rustic districts. My idea is that every person in the United Kingdom should be placed on an equality in respect of postal and telegraphic communication. Another very feasible scheme is to attach travelling letter boxes to all through trains, as obtains on the Continent and in the United States. Then the 'Express' letter system might be facilitated by introducing crimson envelopes and crimson stamps as on the Continent. These express letters might be dropped into any box, instead of their being obliged to be carried by the tender to the Post Office. I hope, too, one day to have an Agricultural Parcel Post at specially low rates, by which we might receive dairy produce, fruit and vegetables, at the hands of the postman."

"I believe we have much reason to complain of the inconsistencies in the tally of words in a telegram?"

"Quite so. By what logical reasoning is West Derby counted as two words, whereas West Kirby is one word? Why is Edge Hill (Warwickshire) one word, but Edge Hill (Liverpool) two words? to take a couple of examples of names of places out of many. Why is *per cent.* one word according to the code, while *pro cent.* counts as two words? Then *upstairs* is one word, *downstairs* two words; *mother-in-law* makes three words, rendering the hardships of the relationship still more irksome; *fishmarket* is reckoned one word but *cattlemarket* two. I could fill a page of your paper with like anomalies."

"One feels inclined to ask if the framer of these regulations is still at large. However, what reforms in the telegraphic department do you advocate?"

"For one, the tariff for telegraphing between England and France, Germany, Holland and Belgium should not exceed rd. a word. The rate is only a halfpenny in each of these countries, so that a penny is sufficient in view of the fact that the short Channel cable has long since paid for its construction. Then the Telegraph Money Order system is most defective. The rates are far too high, while the money to be sent should be left with the telegram of advice at the addressee's own residence, so that delay, mistake, and fraud would be thereby minimised. However, we are gradually letting the light of reason into the dark places of the Post Office regulations, and I shan't rest till I have obtained a Universal Penny Postage throughout the world."

T. H. L.



MR. JOHN HENNIKER HEATON, M.P.  
PHOTO BY RUSSELL AND SONS.





### SOME MAY FLIES.

WE sing the May Fly, but desire to make an explanation before beginning. There are May flies and May flies, and there is *the* May fly: the real thing and the counterfeit presentment. Now the real thing, the desire of daft fish and the delight of the Summer fisher, is not our theme. And not alone because the season of the May fly is not yet; although that is perfectly true. It is not our theme, because we propose to offer some practical hints to the trout-fisher at this time of year; and the trout-fisher, generally speaking, is not permitted the use of the natural fly. If he is an Irishman, indeed, it is different. It is one of the freedoms which that distressful country enjoys that its trout may be taken on the natural fly and no offence committed. And an enjoyable freedom it is; and great has been our satisfaction such time as, with long light rod and gossamer silk line, "dapping" on Irish loughs, we have found the greedy trout suck down the natural drake offered them by means of the "blow-line." That, as we have said, is in Ireland, not in England. Here, the angler is limited to the use of the artificial flies, the patterns of which are legion; and these are the May flies of our discourse.

Very wonderful these patterns are that come from the deft fingers of the fly-dresser! Yet we would air a fad. They are too big, as a rule. Granted that expert anglers, many of them of our acquaintance, swear by a fly with plenty o' wing. Granted, also, that at the May fly season the fish go mad past discrimination. "Be as near as you can to the natural insect," is a good working rule, in all conditions. So a short, stiffish wing is to be preferred, and a hook, kept as small as is consistent with the size of the fly. Moreover, the hook should be made of extremely fine wire, and be somewhat longer in the shank than is usual in ordinary patterns, so as to carry the extra long body. We need scarce add that the natural feather is to be preferred to any dyed; and our own fondness for the Egyptian goose and the Summer duck—the second especially—has the value only of an expression of taste, shared by many experts.

The dressers of May flies are men of many inventions. We think, without regret, of the cork body abomination that

has gone, and observe with satisfaction the increasing popularity of the straw body. Horse hair bodies, gut bodies, and silk bodies *when tightly tied* are all to be commended. And now that we have mounted a technical hobby-horse, let us ride it to a finish. It is a point of first importance that the hackle be continued down the whole length of the body. In the floating fly—and of course it is of the floating fly that we are speaking now—all the floating power must be developed that you can, and it is from the hackle that the floating power comes chiefly. And one point more. We may be prejudiced, but we cannot away with the "exact imitation" patterns. They are very beautiful in the shop-windows; but what about their durability? And durability is the great thing. Do not forget that a May fly has to stand an immense strain in the process of drying; it is so large, and the line in use, as a rule, so long.

In May fly fishing, as in the other affairs of life, all is not upon the surface. Frequently it happens, especially in broken water, that the natural fly, being weak on the wing, is submerged, or the larva, before it gains the surface and develops its wings, is seized by a hungry fish below. The angler, therefore, ought to give such a fish his attention, and offer him a "sunk," a hackle-dressed fly. "I can't make it out; plenty of flies hatching out, and plenty of trout feeding below; but not even a natural fly, far less an artificial, is taken on the surface." So, many a grumbler. But they go on fishing with the floating fly. They might as well offer the floating fly to barbel. And here is a good thing out of the book of our experience which we put at the disposal of any reader. Get your fly-dresser to tie you some May flies with your favourite bodies, be they what they may; then utilize a summer duck feather wrapped round after the fashion of a hackle. Now squeeze a small shot immediately above the head of the fly, very carefully, so that the gut be not bruised, nor even flattened. Go out to the river. Pick out yonder steady-flowing eddy: there is a big trout there, certainly. Cast the lure up stream, and with a clean line let the current carry it over him. See, from the green depths, the golden gleam of the fish turning upon the tit-bit! Tighten on him carefully, for be sure the fly is well in his mouth; and 'tis your fault, not ours, if he is not soon in your creel.

ROUGH OLIVE.



THE UPPER FALL OF THE RIVER YORE,  
AT AYSGARTH, YORKSHIRE. PHOTO  
BY POULTON & SON.



### "THAT BEAST COLLINS."

BY GILBERT BURGESS.

THERE is much that is lovable about the English schoolboy, but, on occasion, his absolute thoughtlessness makes him as subtly cruel as an Oriental despot. Ernest Collins, Bachelor of Arts, fully understood this before he had spent half a term at Dr. Chalice's "establishment for the sons of gentlemen" at Brighton. The post of assistant master at a small preparatory school is no great prize; and when, in addition to the drudgery of the work itself, you find that you are extremely unpopular with the boys, life is hardly worth living. When Ernest first came to the school after leaving Cambridge (where, after all, one is still half a schoolboy oneself) he had a theory that boys could only be governed by leniency; but as soon as he put his theory into practice the result was disastrous, and consequently, after he had received a dignified remonstrance from his chief, he endeavoured to become severity itself. And, of course, after a week he was known throughout the school as "that beast Collins."

Burton minor, aged thirteen, and a born leader of the unruly, decided that these things should not be, and he began to organise a campaign of petty warfare against the master.

Ernest intended to go into the church, and there was someone in London—someone with a pale, sweet face and wistful eyes—who had promised to come into his life as soon as he should obtain a curacy. Someone wrote to him every day, and often, during the evening "preparation," Ernest would furtively take a letter from his pocket and read and re-read it until the whitewashed walls of the bleak schoolroom, and the figures of the boys bending over their desks, seemed to disappear into a haze through which he fancied he could see faint glimpses of other things. But he was always brought back to realities by some disturbance or other—a question addressed to him or a scuffle in one of the corners of the room. One evening the interruptions had been frequent, and Ernest, suddenly standing up to enforce order, accidentally pushed his papers off the desk on to the floor. There was a general rush to pick them up—an opportunity for a riot under the guise of politeness—and Burton minor, having waited until the other boys had returned to their seats, held out a letter to the master.

"I think this is yours, sir," he said, with an air of bland seriousness.

Ernest flushed crimson and snatched the paper from the boy's hand. But Burton minor had found a clue, which seemed to him to be of such infinite importance that he was silent for the rest of the evening. In the dormitory, later on, he confided to his intimates the opening sentence of the letter, which, since it left no doubt that Collins was in love with some girl, lowered him still further in their estimation.

"He's not only a beast," said Burton minor, sleepily, "he's a *spoony* beast, too."

And, for the next few days, the boy was busy hatching a plot, with the aid of another youth who had leanings towards the art of caricature, and possessed a shilling water-colour box.

"We will send him a valentine," said Burton minor.

"But Valentine's Day comes in the first term after Christmas," objected his fellow conspirator.

"What rot!" replied the irrepressible one, "you can send valentines when you like—if you're ass enough."

The valentine was designed with great care. Two obvious hearts, gorgeously coloured, were transfixed by an arrow, and underneath was a recognisable portrait of Ernest, representing him in the act of kneeling at the feet of a damsel whose physical disfigurements were many and varied.

The boys did not know that the letters had ceased to come to Ernest, nor did they notice that he grew daily paler and more absent-minded.

The evening chosen for the presentation of the valentine arrived in due course; the work of art was carefully concealed under the blotting paper that lay on Ernest's desk, and when he entered the room there was an air of expectancy among the boys, all of whom were in the secret.

Ernest walked slowly to his desk, and then, after a moment's hesitation, he said in a strained, hollow voice:

"Boys, I want to ask you as a favour to be quiet to-night, and not to bother me. I—I am not very well, and—"

He left the sentence unfinished, and, sitting down, rested his forehead upon his hands. Burton minor was somewhat uneasy; something was up with Collins evidently. Ernest sat silent for several minutes without moving, and the boys watched him with wonder. He looked up suddenly, and seeing that all eyes were fixed upon him, he mechanically opened a book, dipped his pen in the ink, and began to sort his papers. Suddenly he started, and an awful expression of pain came into his face.





THE EX-SPEAKER AND  
HIS DAUGHTER. PHOTO  
BY RUSSELL & SONS.

"Oh, God!" he ejaculated, with a groan.

Then he held up the hideous drawing and looked at it, with a hysterical laugh. A sudden fit of anger seized him, and he tore it into pieces; his eyes flashed, and he sprang to his feet.

"Who did this?" he shouted. "Which of you devils dared . . . ?"

There was no answer.

"Tell me who did it! Tell me! I *will* know!"

Something in Ernest's manner irresistibly impelled Burton minor to come forward.

"I did it, sir," he said as bravely as he could. Ernest rushed at the boy, and, seizing him by the shoulders, shook him violently to and fro. Then he feverishly opened his desk and took out a cane—he had never used one before. Once, twice, three times he struck the boy across the shoulders with such force that the others drew in their breath with fright. Burton minor, although the might of the blows made him stagger, uttered not a sound. At the fourth blow the cane splintered and dropped from Ernest's hand. He looked at it as it lay on the floor, and then at the boy; and, casting a vague, dazed glance round the room, he walked unsteadily to the door and passed out into the passage.

The boys spoke to each other in awe-stricken whispers, and Burton major, who was made of less uncompromising material than his younger brother, and was usually dominated by him, went up to him, and the tears came into his eyes as he saw that the boy's face was drawn with pain. He tried to console him.

"Never mind, Charlie, old chap, the sting will soon go; you stood it like a brick."

"It's nothing—that isn't what I mind; but I didn't think he'd make such a beastly fuss about it. I wish I hadn't done it. Perhaps——" And Burton minor went back to his place.

In a few minutes Dr. Chalice came into the room and read prayers, after which he sent the boys to bed.

The bruises on Burton minor's shoulders were not the only reason why he was unable to sleep that night. He had an indefinable feeling that something was wrong; Collins, beast as he was, had never caned any boy before, and there must have been some reason why he so suddenly changed his manner and became so "waxy." The boy was convinced that he had hurt Ernest's feelings more than he had intended to, and he made up his mind that he would apologise in the morning. But even this heroic resolution did not send him to sleep; he grew more and more restless,

until the idea suddenly occurred to him that he would go at once to Ernest's room, which was next to the dormitory, and settle the matter. He got out of bed quietly and waited to see if all the boys were asleep; no one moved or spoke. So he crept cautiously between the double row of beds out into the passage. When he came to Ernest's door his courage failed him, and it was so cold and dark that he wished that he were back in bed. But as he waited, irresolute, he heard a sound in Ernest's room that made him stoop and listen at the keyhole. Yes, it was as he thought, Collins was sobbing! At any other time his contempt would have been immeasurable, for he and every other boy in the school knew that no grown-up man ever cries, except, perhaps, a Frenchman; but Collins, with all his faults, was not a molly-coddle, so, plucking up his courage, he knocked at the door.

"Who's there?"

The question was asked in a muffled voice.

The boy turned the door-handle and entered the room. Ernest had not undressed, and was standing at the window looking out into the night. A ray of moonlight caught the child's white garment—a boy of thirteen is only a child, and at night-time he is, perhaps, but a very little lower than the cherubim—and Ernest saw, with a pang of remorse, that it was the boy he had thrashed in that brief minute of delirium.

"Please, sir," faltered Burton minor, "I've come to tell you I am sorry about that valentine. I couldn't sleep until I had told you."

Ernest was touched, and said in a broken voice, "It's all right; I didn't mean to cane you; I didn't know what I was doing. . . . There was a girl——" He paused, and looked away from the boy. "She—she died to-day. She is dead," he added, half to himself.

Burton minor felt a great lump come up into his throat.

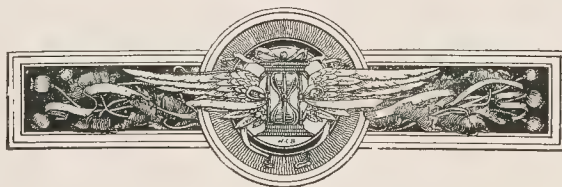
"I am sorry, sir; awfully, awfully sorry," he murmured.

Ernest took the boy's hands in his, and, noticing how cold they were, he lifted him up in his arms and carried him back to the dormitory.

And before he left the boy's bedside he bent over him to whisper "Good night, old man. Don't tell any of the other fellows about my trouble."

"I won't, sir," answered Burton minor, although he knew full well he would break his word in the morning. And, with the firm conviction that Collins was not such a beast after all, he dropped off to sleep.

Ernest went back to his room. He felt that the child had unconsciously, in some inexplicable way, helped him to bear the pain of his great sorrow.





THE SCOTS GREYS ADVANCING.  
PHOTO BY CHARLES KNIGHT.



THE SCOTS GREYS—IN CAMP.  
PHOTO BY CHARLES KNIGHT,  
NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT.





# THE BEAUTY OF CHILDREN.—I.

THERE is no beauty that has been more misappreciated than that of children. They have been admired probably since the beginning of the world, but not always for their own charms. The Greek, to begin with, could not reconcile himself to the child's proportions. The large head, the short limbs, which are the beauty of the first years, were never accepted by the antique artist, who, if he observed them as he must have done deliberately corrected them by the canons of the full grown figure. He never seemed to abandon his view of children as but men of a smaller growth. It was a curious convention, that seemed in some manner to preserve the dignity of the Greek ideal. There is a frolic beauty in the real childish proportion which antique gravity rejected. Our own time is inclined rather to exaggerate it. But our time does not produce a *Laocöon*; it does not like to take childhood tragically.

This habit of Greek and Græco-Roman art was a survival, and it seems to have been natural to the young art of every school. The archaic artist everywhere took the figure very seriously; and the haste to have done with perilous childhood, which has here been noticed as characteristic of the primeval lullabies of all lands, doubtless urged him to increase the likeness of the boy to the man, to give the child the limbs, the muscle, and the shape of independent life and self-defence. It was not until the child was the object of all admiration—stationary and perpetual admiration *as a child*, that the true proportions and character of the years of infancy and growth began to be held worth observing. And this was, needless to say, at the dawn of Christian art.

Yet even this was not done in a day. If the dawn of Christian art is to be discerned in the Byzantine work, where it mingles so strangely with the Christianized decline of the last antiquity, then certainly Christian art was slow to learn how to make a child child like. The Byzantine Madonna holds a Bambino with the small head that has no reference to nature.

When art arose in Italy the Byzantine influence produced precisely this effect, but only for a time. While painting was still young there it began to conceive and to understand the young child. Thenceforth he is the centre of study. Art so fell in love with his very childishness as to exaggerate it. The infant of the Florentine masters is far too fat. There was no more desire to make him look active, agile, fleet, or strong, as a promise of the future; he was to be acknowledged, as nature made him, helpless, soft, and tender, with beauties entirely his own, and not a man's.

Few of the early masters went beyond babyhood. They never, indeed, painted a really new-born child, for the Bambino of every "Nativity" is aged some four or five months; but neither did they much study an age more

advanced, until the day of Raphael's majestic Child of the Sistine picture, who is about three or four years old.

It would be impossible to find the modern beauty derived from Sir Joshua Reynolds—entirely in the children of Botticelli. But Botticelli had discovered in children a greatness, character, and beauty until his day unperceived, and never so nobly perceived since, and had proclaimed it with his own strange, wonderful, and irrefutable authority.

Sir Joshua made a very distinct and quite sudden difference in the appreciation of childish beauty. He looked at children freshly, saw the irregularity of profile, for instance, which is in fact a child's regularity, the homeliness of the large head, which is a child's elegance, the short lines, which are his grace. Other painters saw these things, but he saw them to be elegance and grace. He saw the smile that lurks in the rules of a child's beauty—a smile that is not derisive, but touches that feeling as the frolic movement of a child touches the grotesque.

For childish beauty is quite removed from that commonplace which is called graceful in mediocre art. Raphael, who was seldom so simple as in the great Sistine group, had an inveterate intention of insipid grace and attitude; he turned his children's heads over their shoulders with a pose which would be somewhat sickly for a woman. There is something of the inferior dancing-master in all the Italian grace, and the boys of the Roman School are in an absolute, complete, and almost subtle sense, unchildish.

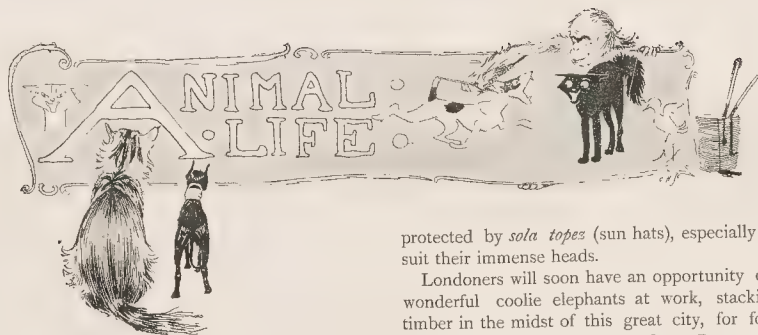
The child's figure has its own action, which is not the action of the grown figure on a smaller scale. It is a manner of movement altogether dependent upon the child's beauty of form. This proportion of the skeleton, therefore, decides both the form and the grace of movement and attitude. But obviously the little skeleton is not all the form. It is clothed upon with the characteristic childish flesh which has such peculiar young rounds, beautiful because they are young. Art, which insisted so long upon making the child a small copy of the man, should try the converse, and make an experiment with a man that should be a magnified child. The childish cheeks would then have their full revenge.

"Draw the rounds in that baby's face," says a teacher of painting, "but find the square in the rounds." In fact a vigorous hand need not, because it draws the smooth apple-forms of a child's face, lose the suggestions of power and construction. It is not in the child that the man should be manifest, but in the hand of the painter. Round upon round there is, and each one of infinite delicacy. And one of the most charming results of this childish fatness, is the coolness of its touch. Everyone knows how young is the freshness of a child's cheek. And the reason of this is not only the health of youth, but its fatness. No thin cheek can ever feel so cool.

ALICE MEYNELL.



"SNOWDROP." PHOTO BY  
CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.



### ELEPHANTS AS COOLIES.

THE sun had not yet had time to provoke the genial warmth of a Burmese winter day when we found ourselves, early one morning, in the timber-yards of Messrs. McGregor, at Rangoon, Lower Burmah, with the object of seeing the elephants act as coolies in hauling, piling, and stacking teak logs. The gentle giants were already at work in different parts of the great yard and in the sheds. Two powerful male tuskers, nearly as large as the favourite and ill-fated Jumbo, and said to be worth £500 each, were busy stacking squared logs of teak, each of which weighed about two tons. Kneeling down, one at each end of the log, the elephants, on signs given them by their drivers by means of the voice, the foot, and a barbed metal goad, insert their large tusks under the log, and grasping it above with their powerful and muscular trunks, they lift it high in the air and place it on the top of the stack. One elephant then backs his ponderous body to the end of the stack, and neatly pushes the log forward with his trunk, till it lies perfectly level with its fellows. These two elephants have been more than a quarter of a century at this work, and are said to display quite extraordinary intelligence in the way they place and carefully adjust their heavy burdens; indeed their admirers say that they show a certain sense of moral responsibility with respect to their work and anxiety to do it well. The story is told of a Moulmain elephant, who, in order to place the logs perfectly straight, had the habit of shutting one eye while he adjusted the other to the end of the log; but this story must be taken *cum grano*.

At other parts of the yard elephants were to be seen moving heavy logs, by means of a chain fastened round one end of the log. This chain the elephant seized with his trunk, and, placing it between his teeth, walked solemnly along dragging his load. Other elephants were, by means of foot and trunk, pushing the heavy teak beams towards the circular saws, which soon ripped them into planks, or lifting them high in the air on their tusks, they carried logs, weighing a ton, from one part of the yard to another.

These coolie elephants are trained, when they are young, in the forests where the great teak trees grow, or in the timber-yard itself, chained beside an old elephant, who knows his work well. Once trained, they are said to give no trouble, and are docile and intelligent. They are fed on immense bundles of twigs and paddy, and "have a dose of medicine every Sabbath-day to keep them good-tempered." They are said to live for 150 years. In the heat of the day they rest, and, as elephants may suffer from sunstroke, they are

protected by *sola topes* (sun hats), especially constructed to suit their immense heads.

Londoners will soon have an opportunity of seeing these wonderful coolie elephants at work, stacking and piling timber in the midst of this great city, for four of the big beasts are now on their way from Rangoon to the East Indian Exhibition, which will be held during the summer at Earl's Court. Here there will be no fear of their suffering from sunstroke, and no occasion for them to wear their *sola topes*, but they probably will become such public pets that their indigestions may suffer from a surfeit of buns, and the Sabbath-day dose of medicine to keep them good-tempered, may prove as necessary here as in Rangoon. There they are taught not only to be amiable, but courteous, and before I left the timber yard, a large female elephant came and made me a curtsy with all the grace and dignity she could command.

The heavy teak logs, which the elephants lift so easily in Rangoon, are grown in the forests of Upper Burmah. The central column of the tree springs to a great height. How tall and straight a teak trunk may be, is seen in the palace of King Theebaw, at Mandalay, where the lofty columns supporting the gilded roof are monoliths of the forest. Cut down in the mountain forest, the logs are then hauled to the Irrawaddy and branded with the owner's name. They are pitched into the river, and, borne along by foaming torrent and giddy waterfall, they are finally floated into the broad, swift stream, and carried to Rangoon. Transported thence to England, teak is used in our docks for building.

Elephants are used in the place of horses and carriages in many parts of India, especially in the native States. A ride on an elephant through the streets of the native city of Hyderabad in the Deccan is one of the experiences all travellers enjoy. Seated comfortably in a small carriage, lifted high up on the elephant's back, one has an uninterrupted view of the picturesque crowd below, and the moving mass of living colour. The elephants have a bath every morning in the river. Here they show as much docility and intelligence in aiding their attendants to perform their duty as in the timber yards. At given signals, and at the sound of certain words, they roll over on the right or on the left, till the wide territory of their backs has been washed by the water and scrubbed. The elephants thoroughly enjoy their baths, and they often take this opportunity of storing inside themselves a quantity of water, which, when heated by the sun in the day, they spray over their bodies by means of their trunks. This method of cooling themselves is more agreeable to the elephants than to their "fare," who finds himself unexpectedly covered with a slimy fluid. An elephant is thoroughly alarmed when he finds himself in a quagmire, and to give himself a firm footing he has been known to pull his driver off his back by his trunk, and to place him under his feet in the mud. As a rule, however, there is a positive friendship between an elephant and his driver. ALICE M. HART.





ELEPHANT AT WORK  
IN A TIMBER YARD.



NOW, if ever, our small-talk should be of pictures. The Royal Academy, and the younger galleries that follow in her train, are open. The French salons are alive with wondering crowds, and painters from all corners of the land are come to town. It is their holiday time. For better or worse their work is finished, and the criticisms are out. Only the purchasers remain coy.

Purchasers, or Patrons, call them which you will. Always a small band, they become fewer and fewer as the century draws to a close. The aristocracy do not buy modern pictures as they once bought old masters. Their galleries are full, the walls of their houses are lined with works of art or other things, and even if they admire, say, "Farmer Alright's family feeding the Grey Mare," where can they hang it, even if they possess the money to buy? Unfortunately pictures do not wear out like clothes. The painter's hope is the American or colonial millionaire, who comes "home," acquires a large empty house, and proceeds to fill it.

Small wonder, then, that so many modern artists should turn to portrait painting. Some are driven to it through the popularity of a particular portrait, like that of the Princess of Wales, by Mr. Luke Fildes, in last year's Academy. Our present Supplement contains two portraits by Mr. Fildes, both wrought in that thoughtful refined style that Mr. Fildes has made his own. The Academy contains no subject picture from his brush.

Mr. Stanhope Forbes is a most persistent painter of the homely. Year after year we have had from him faithful transcripts, admirably done, of the daily life and toil of folk in that little fishing village where he lives and paints. His subjects are always treated in a most masterly manner, the mere painting of them is dexterous, to a degree, and yet and yet—these Cornish peasants are, no doubt, very worthy people, and far be it from me to complain of Mr. Forbes' habit of handing down to posterity the simple occupations of a quiet neighbourhood. But one does grow just a little weary of hardy sons of toil, who refuse to be made beautiful even by Mr. Stanhope Forbes' talent. There are so many of these drivers of horses, and fishers of fish, and this yearly reiteration of their many duties and little cares is just a little tiresome to the ordinary man.

Painters have the sun so much with them, that they can hardly imagine how refreshing it is for town-bred people to strike a little peep of blue sky, or a cornfield with the light upon it—little oases in the long lines of Exhibition pictures. You can see a smithy in Stepney High Street, or the back

purlieu of Kentish Town; but for the setting sun falling upon still water, or a stretch of upland that tells of golden afternoons, you must go beyond the city walls, and that is so often forbidden. That is why we look to painters for these things. Unfortunately, the special interest of Mr. Stanhope Forbes' picture "The Smithy," cannot be shown in the black-and-white reproduction, the beautiful reflected glow from the fire falling upon the horse, contrasted with the grey light of day diffused through the small window pane.

To Mr. Gotch's beautiful "Death, the Bride" reference has already been made in this page. Here is this Silent Friend to speak for herself. She comes gliding through the tall flowers, a film of gauze about her head, which she brushes aside to show her grave face, a whisper of invitation upon it, as if she would say, "I am a little serious, I know, and my clothes are not bright and beautiful, like a bride's; but I am your friend, nevertheless, and when you are ready for me you will find me ready for you. For if you are very lonely I am very patient."

What a strange fascination Death has for some temperaments! Here is Mr. Collier also painting a death-bed scene, Albine's, as told by Zola. She, too, is surrounded by flowers, and heaps of flowers are suggested and shown on the furniture and the floor. Do people ever buy these death pictures? In what room could one hang poor little Albine, with her hands crossed upon her breast? Ariadne, in Mr. Calderon's picture, though very much alive, with her blown and untrammelled limbs, must also be classed among sad subjects, for Theseus has deserted her, and in a little while Zeus, pitying, will translate her to immortality among the stars.

We are thankful for the happier note of Mr. Poynter's "Tonian Dance." Then, as now, some must dance, and some must watch, and although his picture seems somewhat lacking in verisimilitude (why does Sargent's work always suggest that indescribable sympathy with human things which this picture and others of its kind lacks?), it is learned and scholarly, and the figure of the dancing girl possesses quite a pleasant grace and charm of movement.

As to the other pictures in our Supplement, there is nothing of particular moment to say about them. Mr. Eyre Crowe, struck by the beauty or interest of a baptism in a Newcastle-on-Tyne church, has painted it; Mr. Seymour Lucas, another of his well-beloved historical subjects; Mr. E. J. Gregory, a little girl asking herself a question which her mind answers at the time of asking; Mr. Colin Hunter, another of his northern rivers, the delight of fishermen; and Mr. Sidney Cooper, a matter of sixteen or so more cows.

L. H.

Royal Academy Pictures.—Second Series.



"THE SMITHY." BY STANHOPE  
A. FORBES, A.R.A.





"GLADYS, DAUGHTER OF WALTER PALMER, ESQ." BY G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.



"WAITING FOR THE DUC DE  
GISEL." BY J. SEYMOUR  
LUCAS, A.R.A.



"RACHEL, AS FIRST SEEN  
BY JACOB." BY FREDERICK  
GOODALL, R.A.

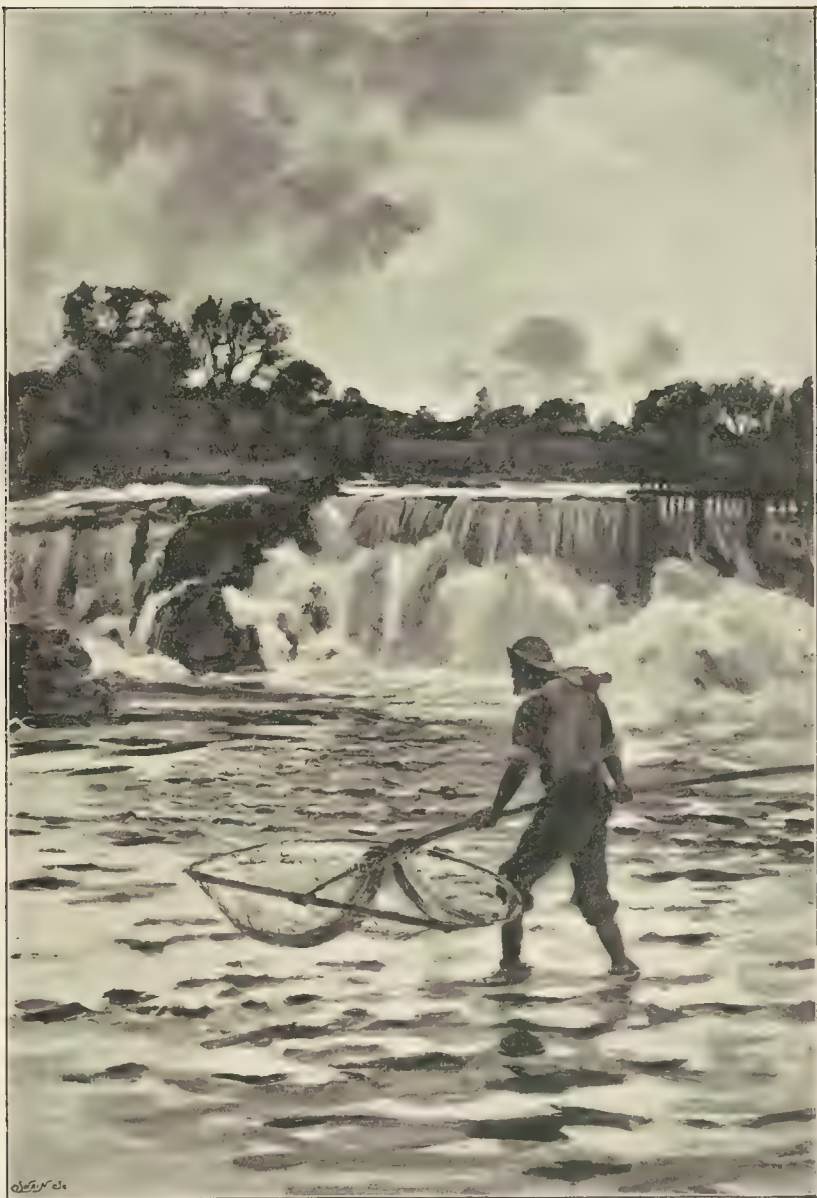




"AND WILL HE NOT COME  
AGAIN?" BY E. J. TENNANT,  
A.R.A.



"JULY." BY J. CLAYTON ADAMS.  
BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS.  
TOOTH & SON, THE OWNERS  
OF THE COPYRIGHT.



"SALMON-FISHING ON THE DEE,  
KIRKCUDBRIGHT: THE SHOULDER  
NET," BY COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A.





"MRS. ARTHUR JAMES." BY  
LUKE FRIED, P.A.



"MRS. JOHNSON-FERGUSON,"  
BY LUKE FILDES, R.A.



"A SUMMER AFTERNOON." BY  
T. SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.





"THE DEATH OF ALBINE." BY  
THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.



"ARIADNE," BY PHILIP H.  
ALDERON, R.A.



"THE IONIAN DANCE," BY  
E. J. POYNTER, R.A.





"DEATH, THE BRIDE." BY  
T. C. GOTCH.



"EVELYN, DAUGHTER OF COLONEL  
BASHFORD." BY LOUISA STARR  
[MADAME CANZIANI].



"A BAPTISM IN THE CATHEDRAL  
OF NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE." BY  
EYRE CROWE, A.R.A.



# The Album

*A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.*

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 16

MAY 20, 1895.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post 6<sup>d</sup>.



"FISHER-MAIDENS." PHOTO  
BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.



I HAVE a genuine affection for the Illiterate Novel—not the moderately ill-written story, which is common enough, and infinitely tedious, but the downright ungrammatical balderdash, which defies sense and syntax to mortal combat, and overthrows them both. This jewel of fiction is rare. So far as I know, it is not to be found in the mines of Mr. Mudie, except as an importation from America. That happy land rejoices in the citizenship of Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter, who made fame and fortune with "Mr. Barnes of New York." Mr. Gunter, I understand, is his own American publisher; and by the moderate exertion needed to produce one novel a year, he is said to make an income which runs into thousands. Apparently there are English publishers who think that if the Illiterate Novel is such an enormous success in the United States, it ought to have an appreciative public here. I never read anything so grotesquely silly in my life, and if that is not a pretty strong tribute from a hardened reviewer, Messrs. Routledge must be difficult to please. Mr. Gunter calls his story "The First of the English." The hero is an Elizabethan gentleman, who goes fighting the Spaniards in the Netherlands. By pretending to be an officer in the Spanish service, Master Guy Chester wins the love of Alva's daughter, and when he is finally unmasked, he is actually married to the lady under her father's nose by the priest who is called in to shrieve him before his execution.

Now, your moderately bad novelist would have taken some pains not to blunder too grossly, at all events, in his historical colour. But if the Illiterate Novel had the smallest scintilla of accuracy it would lose its charm. Mr. Gunter is not even at the trouble to learn that such a name as "De Alva" is absurd, and I respect him for the thoroughness of his ignorance. Usually he describes the Duke as "he of Alva," a phrase which exhales the very essence of stupidity. As I turn his pages they sparkle with gems of prose. Here is one: "The executioner, one of whom my lord always carries with him for sudden use, comes in in leather jerkin and with awful, cruel face, and he of Alva says to him, 'How now, fellow, where is thy noose?'" The half-educated novelist would have seen—or an intelligent proof-reader would have seen for him—that the duty of the "executioner" as antecedent of "one of whom," was to take off Mr. Gunter's head. But the utterly illiterate writer is quite unconscious of this tragic situation. He has his moments of pathos. "The man of iron soul is kneeling before the altar-piece, from which his daughter's eyes look down at him, and sobbing—he who never sobbed before. It is the last Alva has of his child in this world from now on." Only a tearful illiteracy could produce such exquisite gibberish. The altar-piece, I may remark, so closely resembles Alva's daughter that, when she tells the priest to marry her to her lover, instead of shriving him, the reverend gentleman

complies with this surprising request because he thinks it is a mandate from the Madonna. When Alva complains of this proceeding, the priest threatens to excommunicate him. I have selected these examples of Mr. Gunter's genius at random. There are plenty more, and if the general reader enjoys them as much as I do, he may exclaim with Mr. Gunter's Queen Elizabeth, "Odds, stale fish!" before he has finished the volume. My only pain is that the Illiterate Novelist is a citizen of the United States, and that his faculty for turning out trash is one of the glories of that enviable American literature.

I have no concern with the political aspect of the "Vindication of the English Constitution," which Mr. Frederick Hyndman has unearthed from the forgotten writings of Disraeli. As literature, it has the worst vices of a style which was too often prone to sound and fury. Much more interesting is the collection of fragments incorporated by Mr. Hyndman in his "introduction," with a delightful disregard of pertinence. It is useful to know that there is at least one man who can still find a rational philosophy in the rhapsodies of "Contarini Fleming," though I do not understand what that romance has to do with the "collective principle." Mr. Hyndman says: "Now that the collective principle is gaining ground in England, despite the sneers of its opponents, it may surprise many to find that Disraeli anticipated the transition period through which we are passing, and forewarned us how to meet it." It certainly would surprise me to learn that Disraeli predicted the transition from individualism to collectivism; but in the passage quoted from "Contarini Fleming" by Mr. Hyndman the transition is from "feudal to federal principles"; and if Mr. Hyndman does not know the difference between federalism and collectivism, there is no more to be said. Another touch of originality in this "introduction" is Mr. Hyndman's definition of the Jewish question. "There is an awakening in the Hebrew race which will have a considerable effect upon the spiritual welfare of this planet, and no statesman can afford to ignore Palestine. The history of this world and the next centres in Jerusalem, and 'Coningsby,' 'Sybil,' 'Tancred,' and 'Lothair' illustrate the influence of the Divine School of Galilee upon the State." In another fragment I find that no society can be happy save where it is the "custom of all males to marry at eighteen." I fear Mr. Hyndman's notion of the "collective principle" is to collect all the silly and bombastic things which a man of genius committed to paper under the influence of an Oriental temperament and a vicious style.

L. F. AUSTIN.

"The First of the English." By Archibald Clavering Gunter Routledge & Sons.

"A Vindication of the English Constitution." By Benjamin Disraeli. Edited by F. A. Hyndman. Ideal Publishing Union.



PROFESSOR FREDERICK MAX MÜLLER.  
FROM THE PORTRAIT BY G. F. WATTS,  
R.A., NOW BEING EXHIBITED AT THE  
ROYAL ACADEMY.





THE sojourner in London, however great his attachment to that roaring (we do not say howling) wilderness, must confess to moments when he desires to get away for a little and be at peace. It is well that he should do so—well for his appreciation of the Mighty City; for if knowledge, as certain psychologists say, is a matter of counter-relativity—to be plain, if black is to be known only by contrast with white, then he who would know London must sometimes get away to other scenes, lest custom blunt sensibility, and the metropolitan impression, too long continued, should cease to be felt.

Therefore a wise Providence has implanted in the sojourner's breast a sense of divine dissatisfaction, which is apt to awaken on fair Saturdays in Chaucer's "moneth of May," when the few town-bred trees before the windows of his lodging, in their first freshness, whisper soft tales of other and fairer trees that are ready to bless the burgher's eyes, will he but step afieid.

On such a Saturday, in the present May-time, the joys of "Town" seemed suddenly to pall. There was but one remedy. "Harris," I said (my neighbour is a Mr. Harris, which, by the way, is a conveniently apocryphal name), "let us go somewhere—let us go to Windsor." My neighbour looked up from his Aristotle (he is editing the *Posterior Analytics*), and smiled on me gratefully. "By all means," he replied, "we'll get a train in half-an-hour; but first tell me what you think of this disputed passage—"

Plainly he needed a short change even more than I did myself. Denying him my invaluable comments, I gently forced my friend from his abstruse Stagirite, saw him into a holiday coat and cap, and hurried him to Paddington, wondering all the way how he came to know so much about trains. I thought the *Posterior Analytics* and Railway Time Tables did not agree well, "but," I reflected, "he is a wonderful man, he even knows the next train to Windsor." After this, let no man say the Classics are fatal to practical wisdom.

It was a slow train, but that did not matter. The country was exquisitely fresh, and the orchards rich with loads of pink and snowy blossom. The very brick-fields had their charm, unsightly as they are; for they, and not nature, were the first to move Harris's philosophy-clogged soul. He gazed on the brick-fields, and the great Law of Association moved him to recite me a verse of comic song, too trivial to be quoted in this place, but at the moment valuable. Thereafter he was in true holiday mood. He had experienced a comic *katharsis*, effected, not by

pity and terror, but evidently by "rot" and unreason, and for several hours his mind was purged of Aristotle.

After Slough, the ride is a sort of royal progress. That wonderful sweep of railroad was surely designed to let passengers enjoy the magical, ever-changing view of Eton and Windsor. Great piles of building, like the Castle, when swiftly approached, seem to gain something in impressiveness. For the first minute Windsor is a trifle vague, but as the train whirls along, it begins almost to thrust itself upon the beholder, and what was a neutral-tinted cloudy vision becomes stern masonry. Then, on arrival, as the visitor steps out of the station, all comprehensive view is gone—a single turret, that so recently appeared but a tiny accessory to the great scheme, now fills up all the view, and one begins to realise the mere material greatness of Windsor Castle. From the station to the Castle gate is but a step.

"The spacious times of Great Elizabeth" are with us once again, and Shakespeare's shade is never far away. Down in the town, at the "Garter Inn," close to the present "White Hart," the poet wrote the "Merry Wives," in one brief fortnight, and the piece was produced forthwith in St. George's Hall. As for Windsor and poets, we spoke of Chaucer and his favourite month, not inadvisedly; for did not the father of English poetry superintend the building of St. George's Chapel?

One sight at Windsor is not to be missed. Descending an arched stairway that leads from the Upper Ward to the North Terrace, the stroller is fain to pause a moment. For framed in the masonry appears a lovely landscape. In the very centre of the picture is Eton, the lights and shadows of the chapel buttresses and windows reminding one strangely of Christ Church Hall as seen from Hincksey on a golden afternoon. Against this, in harmonious contrast to the embowering trees, are the warm reds and greys and browns of Henry's College itself. In the foreground, the foliage that clothes the Castle slopes peers over the Terrace wall, while level mead and waving woods alternate till they fade in the grey blues of the extreme distance. But the shining gem of the landscape is always Eton.

So, in perfect enjoyment of a perfect day, we roamed about till certain manifest tokens bade us seek a place of refreshment, wherein we saw some descendants of Gray's "little victims" making exceeding merry over the combined delights of Saturday afternoon and the "tuck-shop." "It may be," said Harris reflectively, "that among yonder crew with the premature jam-pot head-gear lurks a future Lord Chancellor!"

The philosophic mood was threatening him again, so I hurried him to the station. "Tell me," I said, hoping to divert him, "how do you know trains so well—how did you know this morning we'd catch one in half an hour?" He stared abstractedly for a second, and then answered: "It is a cherished theory of mine that in London there is a train to everywhere in half an hour. I generally have to wait about that time, more or less, but I never consult tables." It was a sad shock, but I comforted myself, as we steamed away from Windsor, with watching the growing indistinctness of the devices on the Royal Standard that floated lazily from the Round Tower in the declining sunlight. My friend watched it too, said Windsor was a very refreshing place, and—"would I mind favouring him now with my views on that disputed passage!"

JOHN A' DREAMS,



WINNERS CASTLE PHOTO BY  
YORK AND SONS.



ARE you, in the playhouse, what Sam Weller called Job Trotter, a "waterworks"? Do you weep there, as the walrus wept on the seashore, "like anything"? I confess I readily play cry-baby in the theatre—am *artidakrus*, as the Greeks put it, in my quality of playgoer. As it happens, however, Mr. Irving has not, hitherto, been one of the players to whom my tears have most readily responded. As a rule he interests, stimulates, impresses me, calls up all sorts of ideas and feelings in me, in short, except the one feeling known to ladies as "wanting a good cry." I was quite surprised, therefore, to find myself fairly blubbering at the Lyceum the other night. It was over *A Story of Waterloo*, a simple story enough and an unpretentious—Dr. Conan Doyle is not a writer who can ever be accused of super-subtlety—and all the more moving from its simplicity. It presents one of those *mortalia*, those signs of mortality in human affairs, which, as Virgil said, *mentem tangunt*, do come home to the mind and touch it. The sight of life flickering out from sheer old age is not poignantly, but gently, and almost consolingly sad; there is nothing of the bitterness of death in it, but merely a sinking into placid sleep. The sadness is found rather in the thought that "to this complexion must thou come," in the pity for decay and for a man once strong, once filled with the May of youth and the bloom of lustihood, brought to second childhood. There is young Corporal Gregory Brewster of the Third Guards, on the mantelpiece, erect in his stiff stock and huge bearskin. There is old Gregory in the arm-chair, toothless, with squeaking voice, "supping" his tea with loud gurgles like a greedy child, and crying like a baby over his broken pipe. It is an obvious elementary contrast, no doubt, and a commonplace of our daily life, but it is just there that I find the merit of the Lyceum performance, in its presentation of a theme that is commonplace in a way that is not. Done crudely, cheaply, it would have been worse than nothing—a chromolithographic inanity from the top of a grocer's almanac. Done as it is by Mr. Irving, with distinction, tact, delicacy, measure, it becomes a thing really delightful. Studies of senility we have had from Mr. Irving before—in *Leam*, for instance, and in *Louis the Eleventh*—but never so complete a study as this, I think. They were "in the grand manner," this is in the minute; it is a piece of cherry-stone carving. The delight of the old man over his new pipe; the chuckling superiority with which he confounds all the modern world by a mere reference to the "Dook"—"that wouldn't 'a done' for the Dook; the Dook would 'ave 'ad summat to say to that" his constant repetition of his one anecdote—"The riggiment's proud o' ye," says the Regent; "and I'm proud of the riggiment," says I, "and a damned good answer, too, says the Regent, and bursts out a laffin'"—his excitement when the military band passes his window,

his sudden spring to the salute when the colonel calls, and all the time the life slowly ebbing out of him. It is a finished picture, and, to my mind, one of the most actual, "observed" things Mr. Irving has ever done.

A very different effort is his Knight of the Woeful Countenance. For years past Mr. Irving has been entreated on all hands to play Don Quixote. He was so obviously the figure for the part; so obviously the man to give us that blend of dignity and fantasy of which the hero of Cervantes is the great exponent in world-literature. Opinions are curiously at variance as to the result. Some people, it seems, think he "guys" the character, errs by excess of farce; and it may be that—at any rate on the first night, when he felt that the piece, tending to fall flat, must be "lifted" at all costs—he did somewhat over emphasise the drollery of the part, at the expense of its loftiness, of its romance. Still, to my eye at least, the loftiness, the romance, were there. When the knight fell on his knees in silent prayer before his armour, I "forgot to remember" that the armour was absurdly ill-fitting, or that it was lying in the horse-trough. I only saw a noble spirit, however distraught, filled with the solemnity of its mission. When he entreated the jeering village wenches to be more modest in their demeanour, I ceased to see the wenches, I only saw the chivalrous Hidalgo. What does this mean? Why, of course, that I saw things, for the moment, with the eye of Don Quixote, not with that of Sancho Panza—which is just the effect one gets out of Cervantes at his best. The complaint raised in some quarters that incidents are introduced for which Cervantes gives no warrant strikes me as the very superfluity of captiousness. To be sure, it is not recorded in the book that Don Quixote used to turn over the pages of "Amadis de Gaul" with his sword, or that he tried to carry a ten-foot lance erect through a seven-foot doorway. But that is a mere accident; these details are in the very spirit of incidents which are recorded in the book, and so find ample justification. As to the catchword, "Heaven knows my meaning; I say no more"—why not? The business of the pump is certainly amazing—so amazing that it cannot conveniently be described on paper—above all amazing for the somewhat prudish Lyceum: but I could (if decency permitted, which it does not) point out an incident of the same kind in the pages of Cervantes, which is more amazing still. On the whole, then, Mr. Irving's Don Quixote is as good a thing as we had a right to expect. The real misfortune is that the excerpts made from the book for stage purposes were not chosen more adroitly, with a truer feeling for the poetry and philosophy of the great comic epic. The late Mr. W. G. Wills was not the man for so difficult and delicate a task as that.

A. B. WALKLEY.





MISS JULIETTE NESVILLE.  
PHOTO BY A. ELLIS.

Miss Nesville, who is now appearing at the St. James's Theatre in Mr. H. A. Jones' new play, "The Triumph of the Philistines," has hitherto been seen in London in Comic Opera and "Musical Comedy" only. A pupil of the Paris Conservatoire, she was destined for the Opéra Comique, but passed, instead, into M<sup>lle</sup>. Sarah Bernhardt's Company to appear as a page, with two songs, in "Jeanne d'Arc." She was the original "Ma M<sup>lle</sup> Rosette" and "Miss Declina" in Paris and Brussels, and subsequently in London, where she has since played in "La Fille de M<sup>lle</sup>. Angot" and "A Gaiety Girl."



# MAYING ON THE CAM.

MR. BARRY PAIN, when laying down precise instructions for the man who would submit himself to the fascination of the "backs" at Cambridge, held it as a first principle that two pipes are necessary to the canoeist. The instruction was typical of that perfection of indolence which the Sybarite of the river has now contrived. I doubt if in all the kingdom there is a more seductive piece of water than that reach of the Cam lying between Jesus lock and the mill, which has moved minor poets to raptures, and has done much to establish a reputation even for the "ditch." In this Maytime, when the Fellows' Gardens are ablaze with blossom, when the first breath of summer comes warm on the breeze, when the old courts of John's sleep through dreamy afternoons, and all the life of the university is away in the cricket field and upon the lower river, the "backs" are a very haven for the dreamer. Here are neither dons to distress, nor dons to be deceived. A rigid law of silence prevails. Each man communes with himself—and his two pipes; each seeks his own nook, and avoids his fellows. Nirvana is found, and is to be lost again only when the bells for chapel begin to ring.

Viewed as a mere holiday, as a triumph of the *quiesque otium*, the life of the "backs" is beyond criticism. It fails altogether, however, to satisfy the creed of that amiable Fellow of the Hall, who has laid it down that every man must either "wead or wow." Your canoeist has no love for the mere labour which is its own reward. It may reasonably be suspected that his mornings are passed for the most part in the contemplation of the problems of sleep; while his evenings are given to dinners, and to that disputation which Johnson tells us is the essence of conversation. When he is afloat on the waters behind King's, he may turn dreamily to the pages of *The Sketch*, or dally with an uncut work of Gyp's. He may even be profane enough to write satires upon the Muses, but he will not "wead," as the Hall don understands the term. Nor will he, by any display of a ripe energy, provoke a boat-captain to bad language. He is a drone in the hive, and yet he gathers honey which is surpassingly sweet.

There is an old ballad—not preserved in the archives of the Senate—which endeavours to set out some of the advantages of the Cam, as apart from the limited but indisputable beauties of the "backs." As the song goes it is primarily a question to which no answer is vouchsafed.

"Oh, where, and oh, where is the little Cam gone?"

Oh, where, and oh, where can it be?

It's very hard lines on the ocean wave,

If it ever gets down to the sea."

The poet who was inspired to this masterpiece was no rowing man. He had never known that strange spell which the "ditch" casts upon all her children. He had never plodded wearily, day by day and month by month, from

college to boat-house and boat-house to college that he might assist seven of his brethren to propel a boat to victory. He had never groaned in spirit during the May term because the lawn-tennis courts were shut to him, and he must feed upon rice and chops while his fellows were gorging at inns and showing their pretty cousins the unfrequented sights. But all this the rowing man, as distinct from the drone of the "backs," must do. There is no other sport so all exacting, no other pastime which demands so whole-hearted a devotion as rowing. The cricketer spends glorious days loafing about the nets; playing tennis when he will; bathing in the pool when the afternoons are hot; sitting late in the court for conversation and those exhilarating compounds known as "long drinks." But all these things are denied to the oarsman rowing for his college. The early morning claims him for the training walk; his afternoon is at the disposal of his boat-captain; he must to bed at ten with not so much as a glass of soda water to put to his lips. And yet when all is over, he will tell you that no other sport is worthy to be named with rowing. *Jucundi acti labores.* The "ditch" fascinates him even to this point of self-sacrifice and suffering.

Whether the man who rows gets the most out of Varsity life is quite an open question. It would be answered unhesitatingly in the affirmative if there were no races in the May term. But Cambridge is full of delights when June comes. Her fields are supremely green; there is shade in the seclusion of her gardens; there is silence on her "backs." Other games assert themselves seductively; the bright blazers of the tennis players give colour to the greens; the voice of the umpire is heard in the land. But to the charm of these the rowing man may not succumb. The "coach" holds him in an iron grip. To Baitsbite must he go, feeling shame because his back is like a sack, bearing with assertive humility those personal reflections in which a boat-captain delights.

From any point of view but this, the Cam is a delightful spectacle any fine May afternoon you may choose. The blaze of colour to which the many-hued coats contribute, the activity on the hards, the swift passing of eights, the rattle of oars and the roll of slides, the bawling of coaches, the press of tubs—all are typical of that zeal which culminates in festivities of June. During many weeks the willing rower toils willingly to the Cam. But when his work is over—when the last rattle has been sprung, the last blast blown, the last bump recorded—when the throng of pretty women has gone back to the colleges and there is silence at Ditton, there is the reward great and quick to be reaped. And who shall be surprised if, when midnight of that last race-day comes, the voice of youth is still heard brawling pleasantly in the courts of his college, and the desire to fight a dean is the least humble of the oarsman's aspirations?

MAX PEMBERTON,



LORD HOPETOUN, LATE GOVERNOR  
OF VICTORIA.

WITHOUT doubt one of the most popular and successful governors ever sent to the Australian colonies has been Lord Hopetoun, who, with the Countess of Hopetoun has just returned to his seat in Scotland, after five-and-a-half years' service, as representative of the Queen in Victoria. When first he came to the colony people were inclined to distrust him on account of his youthful, even boyish, appearance, which they thought was hardly consistent with the dignity of the governor's office. Lord Hopetoun, however, soon gave evidence of the possession of a fine tact and wise diplomacy, and by interesting himself, without interference, in the affairs of the people, and exercising that freedom from restraint which obtains in all colonial democratic communities, he quickly became a *persona grata* with the public, and has retained the high esteem and good-will of the Victorians ever since. Before his arrival, the office of Governor in Victoria was not held in that high respect which befitted its importance, but



THE EARL OF HOPETOUN. PHOTO BY JOHNSTONE,  
O'SHANNESSEY & CO., MELBOURNE.



THE COUNTESS OF HOPETOUN. PHOTO BY JOHNSTONE,  
O'SHANNESSEY & CO., MELBOURNE.

Lord Hopetoun's wise and judicious administration tended to elevate the position in the estimation of the public to such an extent, that Victorians became imbued with a sort of eclecticism in the matter of governors. Certainly no one of lower rank, social, political and public, than Lord Brassey, would have satisfied their exacting tastes after five years' experience of the genial, generous and diplomatic Lord Hopetoun. For nearly three weeks before his departure, the latter was entertained throughout the length and breadth of the colony, by all sorts and conditions of people, in the most lavish and enthusiastic fashion, and even in Sydney, where he was as popular as in Melbourne, the leading public men of New South Wales banqueted him in royal style.

There seems to be a universal desire in the colonies, that when federation is consummated, Lord Hopetoun shall be Governor-General of Australasia, and at the valedictory banquet given in his honour at Melbourne, he intimated that should such a position ever be offered to him he would feel it a sacred duty to accept it. On May 6th Lord Hopetoun took the oath and his seat in the House of Lords for the first time during the present Parliament.





LADY ROSSMORE is perhaps more frequently in evidence at her picturesque home in Monaghan, where she has much endeared herself to Lord Rossmore's tenantry, than in town, as we understand the word. The short but merry Dublin season would, however, seem incomplete without her presence, and in occasional visits to London Lady Rossmore is a gladly-welcomed guest at every smart function in progress. The Dowager Baroness lives at the Convent in Kensington Square, and is very devoted to her small grandchildren, who are respectively three and five years old. Lady Rossmore, who was Miss Naylor, of Hooton Hall, Cheshire, is devoted to sport of all kinds, and follows the red fox every season with as much pluck and enthusiasm as her sister-in-law, Mrs. Stirling, at Melton, which says no small thing to those who know how fences are negotiated around Sysonby.

That cookery, as a fine art, is still insufficiently understood of many dinner-givers is painfully forced on one's notice in the course of a London season, when banquets to which one is bidden are more often ponderous than pleasant, from the culinary standpoint. The Eighth Cookery Exhibition, opened by Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, in Baker Street, on the 8th, touches all branches of this too long neglected science, however, from table decoration and high-class cookery even to palate-tickling preparations of porridge. In going through many of these wonderful exhibits, one is almost encouraged to hope that the millennium will arrive even in our own days, when joints will cease from wearying and milk pudding be for ever at rest, for the young generation of enlightened cooks is knocking at the door, and twenty years hence husbands should have absolutely no grievance of the dinner hour.

The Duchess of York has had few free afternoons lately. A dozen calls in as many days, which in the cause of charity never go unanswered, fully occupying H. R. Highness's time. The sale of Irish work, so successfully arranged by Lady Duncannon, received much help and prestige through the interest shown by the Duchess, who came in person to open it. The same may be said of a most interesting Amateur Art Exhibition, at Moncorvo House, opened by H. R. H. on the following day, to which many distinguished amateurs contributed, amongst them The Princess of Wales, who sent a curiously embroidered chair-seat and two oil paintings. How is it, by-the-way, that Miss Montalba and Miss Rose Barton came into the category of "Amateurs"?

It is the ultra-smart thing just now to obtain the Strauss orchestra for evening parties, and great is the triumph of hostesses who have been first in the field, and had their dates accepted by these autocratic minstrels. It was hoped that the "Waltz King" music, as rendered by his own immortals, would have been available for balls—but it was not

to be; and I know of more than one temptingly extravagant offer which these entrancing, but obdurate, musicians have politely declined since their advent last week.

"Hanging Gardens" is the last Parisian nickname for these much-beflowered hats which women have taken so fondly to their hearts and heads this season. Blue is the last freak in posies and a bird's-eye view of the crowds of "Vernissage" in Paris last week would really give the impression of a cornflower field, or one of Henry Moore's seascapes. An eternal panorama of blue, blue, and still more blue.

Bicycling has arrived, and seems, moreover, likely to remain. All sorts of charming little parties to out-of-the-way nooks, not too far removed from town, are in progress, and it is quite wonderful what one can accomplish with the newest machines, which are both light, swift, and easily negotiated. The Empress of Austria, a sportswoman to her finger-tips, has taken up cycling with enthusiasm, and it is *on dit* that certain young Royal ladies nearer home are in hopes of overcoming conservative opinions on the subject, which, at present, are held by august relatives. It is the fashion to give moonlight cycling parties in America, each lady being provided with small lamps—not to mention attendant cavaliers—which sounds very fascinating.

I wonder if any of my readers believe in ghosts. Probably not. Yet there is a genuine member of the fraternity for sale at present, as the purchaser of Bisham Abbey, Berkshire, will soon find for himself. This aerial Lady Russell lived in Elizabethan times, and was, perforce, somewhat bookish; but her son had no leanings towards Latin, and absolutely refused all attempts at culture, even to his alphabet. In a rage his mother beat the boy to death, and her spectre still haunts the room where the deed was done, Lady Russell was buried at Bisham, and her portrait hangs in the dining room.

The young Queen Wilhelmina has won golden opinions everywhere by her charming unaffected manners and evident enjoyment of all that she has seen of London in season. Though only fifteen, there have been rumours of a contemplated alliance, but it is "early days" to connect this sweet-looking little maid with such serious matters. The Prince and Princess of Wales' dinner for the Queen Regent foregathered all the Royalties in Town, and it is said that Her Majesty was specially delighted with her visit to Hatfield, and thinks that the English country is far too lovely to be deserted, even for London, in May. The quaint national head-dress, which one is not wont to associate with beauty, looks quite pretty on the young Queen. I had the privilege of seeing her in this helmet-shaped arrangement of beaten gold, and have been almost converted to it. In comparison with a Russian State head-dress, it is quite becoming.

VERA.



LADY ROSSMORE. PHOTO BY  
LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.



#### THE LATE EARL OF PEMBROKE.

BY the death of the Earl of Pembroke, which took place on May 3rd at Bad-Neuheim, in Germany, the present generation is the poorer for the loss of a man of great culture and rare personal charm. Since the news of his death reached England, few, probably, of Lord Pembroke's large circle of friends have not consciously or unconsciously been echoing the sentiment of the well-known epitaph on a former Countess of Pembroke, long attributed to Ben Jonson, but now generally acknowledged to be the work of William Browne:

"Underneath this sable  
hearse,  
Lies the subject of all  
verse,  
Sidney's sister, Pem-  
broke's mother.  
Death, ere thou hast slain  
another  
Learn'd and fair and good  
as she,  
Time shall throw a dart  
at thee."

For the late Earl was a man who endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact by his interesting personality and fine social gifts. He was never a robust man, and for some year or more his health had given cause for grave anxiety. Not long since he underwent a serious operation, but regained sufficient strength to undertake the journey to Bad-Neuheim, where he grew weaker, and finally passed quietly away. Lord Pembroke, whose full titles were George Robert Charles Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, Earl of Montgomery, Baron Herbert of Cardiff, Baron Herbert of Shurland, and Baron Herbert of Lea, was born in 1850, being the son of Lord Herbert of Lea, who, as Sidney Herbert, was Secretary of State for War during the period of the Crimean War. In 1861 the late Earl succeeded his father in the barony, and in the following year, by the death of his uncle, became Earl of Pembroke, being at the time only twelve years o'd. He was educated at Eton, and subsequently travelled, for the benefit of his health, in Australasia and the South Seas

with Dr. George Kingsley, a brother of the more famous Charles and Henry Kingsley. The outcome of this tour was that most interesting and amusing book, "South Sea Bubbles, by the Earl and the Doctor." A year later Lord Pembroke published, under the title of "Roots," a volume of philosophical disquisitions, marked by a freshness and unconventionality of treatment which gained them much commendation from the critical. Occasional contributions to periodical literature have since come from

his pen, but the same ill-health which forbade him to take any very active part in the public life of his times, well-fitted as he was intellectually to do so, prevented also any more prolonged application to literary work. Quite recently, Lord Pembroke wrote an appreciative introduction for "By Reef and Palm," Mr. Louis Becke's volume of stories of life in the South Sea Islands. In 1874, Lord Pembroke was induced by Mr. Disraeli to become Parliamentary Under-Secretary for War, but his health obliged him to resign the appointment in the following year, and from that time onwards he contented himself with his interests in literature, sport, and the local politics of Wiltshire. In 1874, Lord Pembroke married the third daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, Lady Gertrude Frances Talbot, in allusion to whose beauty, Tennyson, when asked at a country house where he was a guest



THE LATE EARL OF PEMBROKE. PHOTO BY  
LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

how he had spent the day, replied "I have seen Lady Gertrude Talbot." The Countess of Pembroke is a sister of the Dowager Marchioness of Lothian, the Countess Brownlow, and the Hon. Reginald Talbot, Military Attaché in Paris. This was the third marriage in the history of the House of Pembroke, between one of its Earls and a daughter of the Talbot family. The title has now passed to the late Earl's brother, the Hon. Sidney Herbert, up to the present time M.P. for Croydon, and second Whip of the Conservative party in the House of Commons.





WILTON HOUSE, NEAR SALISBURY. THE  
SEAT OF THE EARLS OF PEMBROKE.  
PHOTO BY RUSSELL & SONS



AT last I have got the sanitary engineers out of my house, and I am the proud possessor of a certificate of hygienic perfection, which I am tempted to roll up into a ball and wear round my neck as a fetish against typhoid fever. Moreover, even the plumbers have left, and I have the joy of knowing that the connection pipes are laid so deep that even a '94-'95 winter cannot harm them, whilst throughout the house every precaution against frost has been taken. So now I am in possession of the house that I hope to make my "Palace Beautiful," and am able to begin the practical furnishing, in which I hope my readers will take some interest. Naturally, I have begun with the floors. I know that there is a tale of someone who began with the ceilings, but I feel that he, like the celebrated Balzac who built "Les Jardies" without a staircase, and had to have one added outside, was not a practical man.

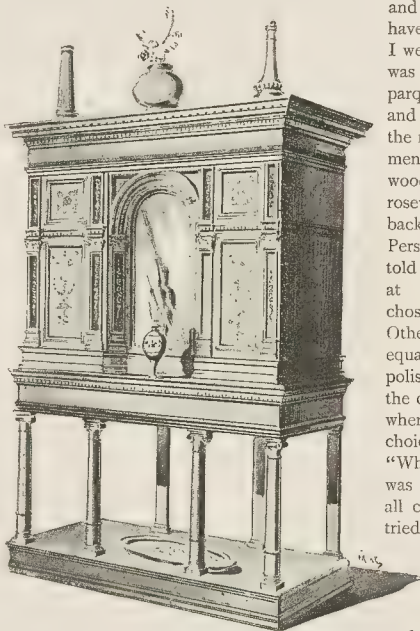
Floors! My mind went back to early days—long ago, my enemies would say—when I lived in the fair land of France, to which I owe half the blood in my veins. The earliest smell I can recall is that of bees'-wax and turpentine; the earliest sight, that of a fat little man in a blouse, with his head shaven in a manner adopted over there as a beautiful fashion, and here as precaution in cases of fever—skating about on the parquet of the salon floor with brushes fastened to the soles of his boots. My mind was made up at once. I determined to have a parquet floor. And yet I decided also that though I would get a "Frotteur" from the handy colony in Soho—an Auvergnat, if possible, since the polishers of wood and drawers of water in Paris all come from Auvergne—I would not keep the floor as slippery—or "slippy," as school girls say, as in France. How well I recollect the young man who came after elaborate *pourparlers* about the *dot*—haggling is, I think, the correct English word—to be presented as *présentant* for the hand of my pretty cousin Agathe. They had trained him at school, or afterwards, to execute a wonderfully complicated, elegant bow. In honour of that day the *frotteur* had been busy, and the floor was as slippery as at Niagara. The poor fellow had put on new boots, and when he began the bow and he found himself, like Jasper Phipps, in "Walker, London,"

slipping, and he slipped and slipped till he came "ker blunk," as Uncle Remus would say, on the parquet. Agathe began to laugh, everybody joined in, except the unfortunate *aspirant* and his mother, whose language was vigorous. Agathe, to-day, is a charming old maid, who sends me pretty gossipy letters and bonbons, and some day, when there is a tunnel or a bridge across what she calls the impertinent ocean between Calais and Dover, will come and visit me in the big Bloomsbury house.

I had been told that Howard's, of Berners Street, were

the great people for parquet floors, and as I had made up my mind to have one laid in the drawing-room, I went to find out in what designs it was possible to get it. I was shown parquets in woods of every shade, and in designs from the simplest to the most complicated. An arrangement in *Padouk* wood—a hard wood, very similar in appearance to rosewood—seemed to me an ideal background for a rich, soft-hued Persian carpet. Incidentally I was told that it had been largely used at Bagshot Park, and specially chosen by the Duke of Connaught. Other timber appeared to be equally beautiful, and had lovely polished surfaces that showed up the different grains, so I was puzzled when it came to making a definite choice. In answer to my appeal: "Which would you advise?" I was told that Messrs. Howard, in all cases where they were consulted, tried to adapt the tone and design of the parquet floor to the general scheme of the room; in fact, much preferred to make original designs for each room. The same answer

holds good for their beautiful wood panelling, some delicately inlaid, others in wax-polished oak that would make admirable dados for tapestry-covered walls. After thoroughly discussing the question of flooring, and admiring their ingenious method of adapting it to existing floors, so as to make the two as solid as if they were really homogeneous, I found I had time enough for the great pleasure of wandering through the splendid show-rooms. The first thing that attracted my attention was the charming method of wall decoration, called *Dentelles Murales*. A coarse Nottingham lace, woven in bold, artistic design, is fixed to the wall, and then the whole





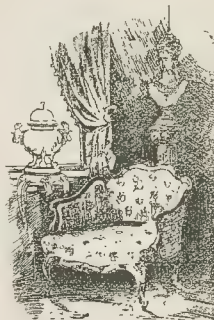
surface is thickly painted, or else gold of different tints is laid on. Practically the lace-work lasts as long as the wall. Such a system, apart from its curious beauty, has one great advantage over any wall-paper. A coat or two of paint will always transform shabby walls into spick-and-span, and moreover, it is possible to rectify errors of judgment in the choice of colouring. Personally, I have a wholesome dread of fascinating wall-papers, since the time when, after careful deliberation, I chose one that looked delightful in the piece, but became my bugbear during the two years I had to live with it. It fell into set patterns, it had "repeats" that could be counted; the charming bits of colour that had attracted me became aggressive dabs, and since then few wall-papers have tempted me; but with *Dentelles Murales* I feel safe, as the process so easily lends itself to change of taste or fashion. The invention belongs exclusively to the firm, and I was not surprised to hear that it has already met with great success.

Really, some of the papers were so charming that I felt half inclined to risk getting one called "giganticus," excellent in design and colouring, but the sight of some exquisite brocades made me wonder whether it were not possible to have my boudoir panelled in silk. And such silks! It is impossible to imagine hangings of greater beauty than the



collection now on view at Messrs. Howard's. They were all designed and woven at Spitalfields, and there seems little merit in being loyal to one's country, and using only "silks of English manufacture," if London looms can turn out brocades and damasks so perfect in design, texture and colours. One that I especially admired, a gorgeous yellow damask, in whose folds sunbeams seemed playing hide-and-seek, was from the same piece chosen by the Duchess of Marlborough for the curtains and panelling of one of her rooms at Deepdene. Others were perfect copies of Louis XV. and XVI. brocades, and in one piece of a curious vivid red, the exact shade of the damask that so often covers First Empire seats had been happily caught. *A propos* of First Empire, Messrs. Howard have just now an admirable example of the beautiful work of the beginning of the century. It consists of a dressing-table in mahogany, with long, low glass, and a commode, both with grey marble tops and delicately *ciselés appliques* of Sphinxes and classical figures in the inimitable mercury-gilt metal-work, which is as yet innocent of lacquer or renovation, for I find that Messrs. Howard have the rare gift of letting well alone, and none of their old furniture is "renovated," except at the buyer's

special desire. I was specially struck with the carving on some huge oak sideboards, and also with an elaborately carved table of walnut-wood, supported by crouching figures, very similar to the beautiful Venetian Renaissance centre table at the South Kensington Museum. Much to my surprise, I was told that all the modern furniture that crowds the many show-rooms is, without exception, made in London by Messrs. Howard's own artists and workmen. The work, apart from its artistic merit, is splendid as regards thoroughness and finish; and I could imagine a patriotic Englishman making up his mind to furnish his house, from garret to basement, with their home manufactured goods.



As a practical hint for the arrangement of a fireplace during the summer months, I might mention how I arranged my dining-room last year. A small strip from a fine rice blind, with a backing of pretty, coloured china silk, weighted at the bottom, was hung across the grate, starting from the jambs—it was pleasing in appearance and did not interfere with the ventilation. On the hearth I placed a low oriental table, and on it a jar of blue and white Nankin showed up splendidly against the background of harmonious hues. By-the-bye, I wonder if many know how charming old and often unused George the Third copper kettles look filled with a few branches of lilac or laburnum. The beautiful tone of the copper, bronzed with age, is an admirable *repoussoir* to the flowers.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Among my letters this week, I find one addressed to "DEAR GRACE," saying: "I have an empty apple barrel, small. Can I make it into a lounge?—H. OAKS." This letter scarcely conveys to me the impression of being written by an earnest seeker for useful information. However, it is possible to do a good deal of furnishing with an apple barrel, without going as far as Diogenes and actually living in one. Some time ago I was anxious to place a large old Venetian copper bowl containing a huge palm at the foot of a grand piano, but found all my small stands and tables too high and spindle-legged for a good effect. As I was anxious to find out at what height the plant would look best, I brought in from the kitchen an old apple barrel, and placed the bowl on it. The effect was so good that I covered the barrel with fluted olive-green satin, and accentuated the places where the hoops go round with strips of lovely embroidery—in fact with the Chinese sleeves that Liberty sells at two or three shillings a pair—and on the top placed a square piece of old embroidered satin, leaving one end to fall half over. Not only is the effect excellent, but I find such a stand much stronger and safer than ordinary tables. I have used another empty barrel as a waste-paper basket, lining the inside with fluted silk, and arranging the outside with old tapestry and strips of cloth, through which I pass paper knives and pencils, photos and fans, and other Autolycean trifles.

To-day I can give "RITA" no really new idea for lamp-shades; but in walking by Peter Robinson's I caught a passing glimpse of some that are lovely—one smothered in billowy masses of golden-hued gauze, and another spreading like a giant full-blown rose, were so charming in effect, that I shall go and inspect them, and in a coming number hope to give "RITA" some practical suggestions.

GRACE.





"WINTER'S VICTIM," BY THE LATE  
CHARLES JONES, R.C.A.



"SCARED BY THE HOODIES," BY THE  
LATE CHARLES JONES, R.C.A. NOW  
ON VIEW AT THE GRAVES' GALLERIES,  
PALL MALL. REPRODUCED BY KIND  
PERMISSION OF MR. JONES' EXECU-  
TORS.



"THE LORD OF THE DOWNS," BY THE  
LATE CHARLES JONES, R.C.A.



"SCOTTISH CHAMPIONS," BY THE LATE  
CHARLES JONES, R.C.A. NOW ON VIEW  
AT THE GRAVES' GALLERIES, PALL MALL.  
REPRODUCED BY KIND PERMISSION OF  
MR. JONES' EXECUTORS.

## THE INEVITABLE INTERVIEWER

### A GREAT POET.—FRANÇOIS COPPÉE AT HOME.

THE author of *Le Passant* must be sought for, like most Parisian literary folk belonging to an older generation than ours, on the south side of the Seine. There, in a long quiet sunlit street rarely profaned by tourists' feet, albeit within hail of both the Bon Marché and the Invalides, François Coppée spends his studious life in a small picturesque villa-cottage, unique even among the many strange architectural freaks of old Paris. "As I stood in the salon," writes a representative of *The Album*, "and looked out into my host's little Dutch garden, enclosed in a green oasis of orchard beyond, I could scarcely believe that so perfect a corner of the old world city had survived the modern craze for change and distinction."

M. Coppée receives his visitors in the room where he both works and rests, a book-lined study full of evidences of his tastes both artistic and literary, and faintly perfumed with the Turkish tobacco which is, according to your host, the greatest aid to composition. The affection, and indeed, cult, felt by *le maître* for cats has been in no wise exaggerated. Their noiseless presence seemed to fill the room, and unchecked they took their ease on the writing table, long low divan, and even on the marble chimney-piece.

"How fortunate are the English people," he observed, courteously, after we had sat down, "in their literature; and how often have I regretted not being able to read Shakespeare in the original. But I need hardly tell you how differently translation affects different writers. Shakespeare was not only a great dramatist but a great thinker and master of expression; also we have been fortunate in his translators. Byron is again one of the few who can bear translation; but not so Shelley; his fine lyrical power cannot be rendered accurately in another language. But what exquisite pleasure have I derived, both when young and later, from Sir Walter Scott and Dickens." And as is curiously enough always the case with French writers, however varying their estimate of other English authors, M. Coppée went on to speak of the author of "David Copperfield" with unbounded admiration and praise. Then he added, "I cannot help thinking, however, that 'Robinson Crusoe' must be the typical Englishman of fiction, the ideal type of a man perfected by solitude. I am never tired of that book, and find as much pleasure in reading it now as I did when a boy."

"And what do you think, Monsieur, of the newer French Schools—the Realists, the Symbolists, the Psychologists, and so on?"

M. Coppée smiled. "I have a horror of Schools, and all that the term implies. Men of genius—and talent if you will—have always a right to respect, whatever they may call themselves; imitations are worthless. In as far as our new writers have power they are to be encouraged and commended, but being the disciple of a special writer, or follower of a new School, will not enable a writer to do good work."

"But I suppose that you would admit a preference for the Idealists. I believe you are not in favour, for instance, of stage realism?"

"The very meaning of stage-craft is artifice. If you wish to give an impression of truth you must eschew realism. Beside, what is implied by the term? I consider scenery and costume most important; everything should be done to give the illusion of reality. But what matter if the lace is made of paper? Why try to wear, when acting Bonaparte, one of the Emperor's old coats? It will not transform the actor into *le petit Caporal*. Listen! When I was a youth I remember going off night after night to see Molière acted at the Odéon. The actors were mediocre rather than otherwise, and yet how we enjoyed ourselves, how superb were the plays!"

"By-the-way, Monsieur, do you believe in poetic drama being suitable for theatrical representation?"

"Certainly; a play in verse gains by being acted, or should do so. I need hardly add that verses should be recited as verses, and not as they teach the pupils to do at the Conservatoire—as if they were prose."

"Then you do not uphold the Conservatoire system?"

"Yes, as regards the teaching of gesture and correctness of pronunciation. Again, the pupils of the Conservatoire are too often not educated, in our sense of the word; therefore, if the time-honoured institution taught them nothing else but a great deal of the best French literature, it would be worth their going through the course. Still, I am a great admirer of natural acting, and I think that those trained at the Conservatoire have a great deal to forget after leaving it."

Apropos of *Pour la Couronne*, a drama by M. Coppée, which has been one of the great theatrical successes of the past year, the poet told me how far easier he found it to work in the country than in the town.

"As to how long it takes me to write a play," he repeated, meditatively, "it is extremely difficult to say. I wrote *Les Jacobites* in two months, in a small seaside place, where my sister and I found ourselves in complete solitude. Lately I have found that I could write best in the country, and at Mandres, I have a tiny country cottage, where some of my happiest days are spent. But of course I am a Parisian by birth and inclination; I was educated at the Lycée St. Louis, and with this city have been bound up all my triumphs, griefs, and joys."

"And when came your first great success, Monsieur?"

"Well, I published my first volume of verse when I was twenty-four years of age. But, I think," he concluded modestly, "that *Le Passant*, acted three years later, first made me known to the public. I do not trouble myself about the verdict of posterity. I shall be quite content if any of my writings have furthered the cause of charity, of kindness, and of broadmindedness in this world of struggle and pain." And with a bright smile M. Coppée bade me a very cordial, and I felt genuine, *au revoir*.

M. A. B.





MONSIEUR FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.  
PHOTO BY NADAR, PARIS.

# THE WELL DRESSED WOMAN



WHAT a blessed dispensation of a benign Providence it is that no woman has ever anything to put on! The wardrobe may be full of frocks—indeed, it should be full of frocks—and yet a glorious Spring morning

flounces of old lace, purple stuffs disposed with much art, together with brocades of the various hues of dahlia, and puce, and violet, which—allowing ourselves characteristic latitude—we designate half-mourning. And, after all, why should we wander any further? There are such delightful clothes here, clothes which are different, clothes which are not indifferent. There is a tea-gown window, inviting one to the easeful joys of its contents, each garment one soft mass of frills, and lace, and frivolous frippery, that is so dear to the heart, not to say to the purse, of woman. As a matter of fact, one of the greatest mistakes we women make—and I believe the mere man thinks we make a great many—is to imagine that the tailor-made dress, with linen collar and cuffs, suits us. It may be useful, convenient, but, in truth, it is not becoming, unless glorified by soft shirts, and collars of lace, some dainty touch in the vest, unless it makes some effort, indeed, to show a feminine front.

Reflecting on tailor-made dresses, however, alpaca suggests itself as the ideal material, and there was an alpaca dress at

DRESSES IN "VANITY FAIR," AT THE COURT THEATRE.



A BLACK CRÉPON

finds us sighing one to the other that we have no clothes. No clothes and plenty of money are perhaps the ideal combination; so we won't grumble, at least, I won't, but I will take a walk down Regent Street, even as the immortal Dr. Johnson, and essay a study in temptations, with apologies, of course, to John Oliver Hobbes.

It is rather difficult to walk down Regent Street. One is inevitably compelled—if one be a woman of taste—to stop at the Circus, outside the doors over whose portals are written the words, "Maison Jay," and note here the gorgeous silks which stretch their glittering length from ceiling to floor, festooned with careful carelessness, amidst



MISS GRANVILL,  
IN ACT I.



MISS HELENA DACRE,  
IN ACT II.

Jay's that day, made with a white satin collar to its full-basqued coat with an appliqué of black upon it, and an edge of black chiffon, showing a front of the softest batiste embroidery with little yellow frills of lace meandering from

neck to waist, which was quite delicious. But Jay's was merely by the way. I was walking in search of what I could devour in the shape of fashions desirable, and I met one well-dressed woman in black *crépon*—black is amazingly



BLACK STRAW HAT WITH WREATH OF PANSIES.

popular amongst the Parisians just now,—with her bodice cut to show the long shoulder-seam dear to the hearts of our grandmothers, with her cream-coloured lace vest outlined with a band of jet which fell in three box pleats over a narrow band of *chiné* ribbon, which tied in a monster bow at the back; the sleeves were half of lace, the top portion being set into a puff which drooped beyond the elbow. I am sure she was chilly, but she looked very nice, and who would not suffer in such a cause! Not she who bears the name of woman and appreciates its greatest responsibilities.

A girl who was wearing an excellent hat was staring into one of the shops devoted to millinery, but I hope her attitude was one of mere curiosity; she could not have wanted a new hat, so admirably did this become her. It was made of a black straw, which appeared to be encased in chiffon, trimmed with a large wreath of purple pansies, with two black feathers at one side, and a fully-gathered white veil tied round it. White veils are distinctly trying; in truth they should be made of real lace. Those which bear upon them unmistakably the words "Imitation, 4s. 11<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d." seem to cast a slur over even the most carefully selected of complexions.

I shall have to make a serious change in my visiting list. I came across three people I knew, and they all

said "What a beautiful day! Don't you want a muslin frock?" showing a unanimity of sentiment which is distinctly monotonous. As a matter of fact, I did want a muslin frock. I was just thinking about one. That was why the observation annoyed me. It is so irritating to reflect that everybody's thoughts are running on the same lines. I want a muslin frock embroidered up to the knees, and made of batiste—which sounds Irish, but half the muslin frocks are made of batiste, muslin being used as a synonym for all thin, cotton fabrics—and I want that frock of mine to have a blouse bodice of shot silk, with three paste buttons on either side, a kilted muslin vest, a large muslin collar, and sleeves of shot silk, with little muslin frills terminating at the elbows. Then I propose to crown it with a hat of lace, with a large bow of shot ribbon across the front; and then I propose to look very nice. Will it fulfil my ideal, I wonder? Do any frocks fulfil our ideals, or any —? But that is another story.

What a number of shot silks I met in a window! One very pretty bodice made of this had *chiné* silk sleeves. The sleeves which shall be different from the dress are amongst the fashions which will be. I never prophesy unless I know; and I thank Providence that those sleeves which



A BATISTE GOWN.

were different from each other, which put in a tentative appearance at the end of last season, have been cast into the limbo of oblivion. Long may they rest there!

PAULINA PRY.





SINGERS OF THE  
OPERA SEASON.

SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS'S ninth season of Italian Opera will be remarkable, not only for the brilliancy of the "stars" who are to adorn the stage of Covent Garden, but for the number and unusual efficiency of the artists engaged. The "Patti nights," which, in former years, would have drawn the town, leaving the rest of the season a comparative blank, will not, in the present case, detract from the glory of the forty odd other artists who are to be seen. For these "other artists" include such distinguished names as Melba and Albani, Sembrich and Margaret Macintyre, Jean and Edouard de Reszké, Tamagno and De Lucia, Plançon and Castelmarty, and the sisters Ravogli, so that the high standard which has hitherto been maintained by Sir Augustus Harris will not be overshadowed by the appearance of Madame Patti. Indeed, "the Queen of Song" will not be heard until June 11, a month after the commencement of the season. Madame Patti will re-appear upon the stage of Covent Garden, which she first graced in 1861, in "La Traviata," "Don Giovanni," and "Il Barbiere." It would be easy to dwell on the beauty of Adelina Patti's voice and the dramatic character of her acting, but these facts are incontrovertible. Madame Albani re-appears at Covent Garden, after an absence of two years, having recently returned from a successful operatic *tournee* in Germany and Russia. She opened the season as Desdemona to Tamagno's Otello, and will sing the rôle of Edith in Mr. Cowen's "Harold," this being the first time that she sings in English on the operatic stage. M. Jean de Reszké will be seen during May, and we may be sure that he will be heard once more in "Tristan und Isolde" before the season is far advanced. Signor Tamagno, who, although he sang Otello six years ago at the Lyceum, is, practically, new to London, is now forty-three years of age. He made his first appearance on the operatic stage, at Palermo, in 1873, in "Un Ballo in Maschera." He subsequently sang in Venice, meeting there Albani and Josephine de Reszké (a sister of the famous brothers). All the world knows that Verdi wrote "Otello" for him, but that result was not obtained until after many years of singing throughout Italy and Spain, and in Moscow. He is also the creator of several rôles by Leoncavallo and other composers. His *répertoire* is extensive—an important point where an artist becomes identified with one particular character—for he has made great success in "Le Prophète," "Les Huguenots," "Aida," etc. Like all great artists, Signor Tamagno is exceedingly conscientious, a lover of his art, and modest withal. Sir Augustus Harris's list of operas for the season has not been made public, but it contains over thirty works. Of these, a third will be sung

in French, and, with two exceptions, the remainder will be given in Italian. The exceptions are "Tristan und Isolde," in German, and "Harold," in English. The latter opera will be the only novelty of the season, but the compositions of Gounod, Meyerbeer, Mozart, Wagner, Verdi, Rossini, and the rest, will afford compensation for want of absolute originality. And, in this regard, the *impresario* can only be congratulated on his wisdom in confining his staple bill to proved attractions, for the British public does not hanker after new operas; and, again, many of those who come to the opera do so, not so much to see, or to hear, but to be seen. However, "let that pass." Sir Augustus will now, as in the years gone by, endeavour to give the best possible all-round performances. An important engagement has been effected with Mdlle. Bellincioni, the original Santuzza. She was also the original Natalia in Samara's opera, "La Matire," which is included in the *répertoire* for the season. Sir Augustus Harris, who is always on the look-out for fresh talent, recently journeyed to Paris, where he heard Madame Brazzi, a contralto, whom he instantly engaged. In addition to the artists already mentioned, engagements have been made with Mdlle. Lejeune, Mdlle. Rosita Olitzka, Miss Florence Monteith, MM. Alvarez, Albers, Manners, Bonnard, Bertran, and others "too numerous to mention." The title-rôle in "Harold" will be taken by Philip Brozel, the Russian singer, who has recently distinguished himself so much in English opera at Drury Lane. The Queen, as usual, has taken her box for the season, and the subscription list has never been more eagerly taken up. Already, the boxes are at a premium. When, in 1887, Sir—then Mr.—Augustus Harris set out, at Drury Lane, to revive the glories of Italian opera, he is reported to have said: "If opera is dead, I intend to bury it decently; if it can be revived, I mean to give it a new lease of life." Well, opera is not dead. It is more alive now than ever. In the season of 1887, only nine operas were given. That for 1895, as already noted, contains over three times that number, while the salary list for the present season would appal any manager less enterprising and less confident of success than Sir Augustus Harris. For, be it borne in mind, there are a vast number of people to be paid in addition to the singers. There are the conductors, MM. Mancinelli and Beviniani, the immense orchestra of picked artists, the well-drilled chorus, and an army of other persons both on the stage and "in front." It is part of the policy of the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre and Covent Garden Opera House to always "go one better" and to break his own record. In the present season, he will not lag behind, we may rest assured; and we may anticipate, not only the same excellence in the casts which have heretofore made his seasons of Italian opera so memorable, but the same perfection in mounting and general effect.

AUSTIN BRERETON.



MADAME PATTI AS VIOLETTA IN "LA TRAVIATA."

#### MADAME ADELINA PATTI.

THE reappearance of Madame Patti in opera—although the parts chosen for her new triumphs are ancient enough in all conscience—leads one back to the consideration of that remarkable career with its extraordinary popularity and its wonderful combination of success with success. The great prima-donna, for that is the newspaper name in which she delights, was born at Madrid on April 9th, 1843. She was the daughter of Salvatori Patti, from whose name, if from nothing else, one fixes upon her Italian extraction. After a careful and judicious training she made her first appearance in opera at New York, at the age of sixteen. From the beginning of things her reputation was such that many operatic stars of that time might have envied it; and when, two years later, she stormed and captured the fastnesses of opera in London, she at once sprang into that unique position from which she has never retreated. It was at this date that she was busy winning universal praise by her interpretations of Amina in "La Sonnambula," of Lucia in Donizetti's opera, of Violetta in "La Traviata," of Zerlina and of Martha. For she united to her extraordinary singing gifts a wonderful and fascinating acting temperament. In 1863 she played to admiring audiences the parts of Ninetta in "La Gazza Ladra," of Norina in "Don Pasquale," and of Adina in "L'Elisir d'Amour." But it was in the following year, by what is on

all hands described as a magnificent achievement, that she won her most singular triumph as Margherita in "Faust." Those of us who know only her jewel song may faintly conceive the conquests she made in her rendering of the whole part. In 1867 she took, for the first time, the part of Juliet in Gounod's opera; and three years later she made that famous Russian tour, when she received from the Emperor Alexander an Order of Merit, and was appointed as first singer at the Imperial Court. It was natural that a power such as hers and a popularity such as hers should have brought in the consequent endowments of wealth and great fame; these things she has attained, but perhaps her greatest acquisitions, from this point of view, were made so recently as 1888, when by a tour in the Argentine Republic, she received for twenty-four concerts the sum of £70,000. All her life she has been so busy an exponent of the works of Italian operatic composers that it came with something of a surprise when two years ago, at the Albert Hall, she announced her intention of singing Wagner. Those who went to scoff remained indeed to pray, for it is a fact that she sang Elizabeth's prayer from "Tannhäuser" with most exquisite and refined results. And now she is coming back to us again, to fire our cold and critical methods with the enthusiasms of our fathers who heard her in the dawn of her great career. Moreover, we understand that during her season at Covent Garden she does not propose to sing Wagner.



MADAME PATTI AS "JULIET."





## A DEAD HERO.

BY WILLIAM TURVILLE.

HARRY EGERTON, who had only been married three or four months, thought matrimony rather slow work, and was already often seen at his club. Yet his wife who adored him, was one of the sprightliest and most engaging girls you could meet, with a refined gaiety that lit and cheered like a well-tended fire. She was still deep in the trance of first love, and could as yet neither see, nor hear, nor feel with discrimination.

He was a very handsome young fellow, and when vivified by his wife's animation almost shone, while his unadulterated egotism passed for manliness with those who did not look below the surface.

Walking along Piccadilly one morning he came across Hinton and Lyall, old schoolfellows whom he had not seen for years. They were going down to Plymouth next day to start for South Africa, and in a moment of self-complacency, Egerton, fond of exhibiting his wife and convinced as he well might be that she was a credit to his taste, invited them to come and dine with him that night.

Hinton was five and twenty, but bearded, and with a look of discretion beyond his years, thoughtful, but with a merry twinkle in his eyes.

Lyall, a year younger, was boyish-looking for his age, bright and sanguine.

When, just before dinner, they were introduced to Mrs. Egerton by her husband, they were greeted genially as her pleasant smile embraced them both. In the overflowing happiness of her heart the world and everyone in it was glorified; and, with a commiseration of the impending vicissitudes of their lot, she led them to talk of their prospects abroad, showed a genuine interest in what they said about it, and made them feel that as Harry's friends her best wishes for their prosperity went with them.

Her husband thought she was sentimental, and said so, but her gay response, and the bright look which accompanied it, disarmed his sneer while flattering his vanity, with a charm which appeared to his guests natural and beautiful.

Hinton took Mrs. Egerton in to dinner, and the other two followed.

"I suppose," said Egerton, when they were seated, "you won't get any cricket, or tennis, or golf, or anything out there?"

"We shall have a little shooting, perhaps."

"Well, that's better than nothing."

"What adventures you will have!" said Mrs. Egerton to Lyall. "I quite envy you, I declare. You are encircled with a halo of romance." Lyall looked admiringly at her in his boyish way. Egerton saw it, and felt the compliment to his own taste.

"I am afraid," said Lyall, "you are discounting our romance. But all experience is a romance, if it is looked at romantically."

Mrs. Egerton, with thoughts of pity for the bright-looking lad, who might never come home again, answered—

"We stay-at-home folk don't value as we should the pioneering spirit of adventurers like you. It deserves reward. *Palmarum qui meruit ferat.* Is that right?"

"Quite correct. When I come back, shall I bring you a palm-leaf? They both laughed; he a little intoxicated by her pleasantry, and she to try and make merry one out of the few more hours remaining to him in England.

Egerton, who had been talking away to Hinton of his own prospects of enjoyment in the way of hunting, shooting, and cricket, and had forgotten almost the existence of South Africa, was now descanting on the merits of a mare he had lately purchased. As Hinton's interest in the subject was polite but not enthusiastic, he appealed to his wife.

"Isn't Saucy a beauty?" he cried.

"She is, indeed, a splendid creature. Aren't you interested in horseflesh, Mr. Hinton?" It suddenly struck Hinton that he was, though he had hardly appeared so just before. So he answered:

"Oh yes; I have a great admiration for them, and have just been concentrating it on your new mare."

"Hanged if I could perceive your admiration then," said Egerton.

"That was because it was so complete. It did not seem to need words."

"Oh, that won't do," said Mrs. Egerton. "Horses, and their owners too, appreciate admiration like lumps of sugar, and fret when they don't get it. Is yours too sublime for speech?"

"Yes, that's it," said he, laughing. "But really I think you have got quite a treasure."

"She's as good as gold," said Mrs. Egerton, "though she has got just the least suspicion of a temper."

"Just enough," said her husband, "to give you something to do in driving her." Having got their attention turned in this direction, Egerton now related several anecdotes *apropos* of the subject, in some of which he played prominent parts, and his wife looked at him worshippingly, and Hinton and Lyall fed the flame of her adoration alternately. They made appreciative remarks, and laughed heartily at the proper times, and altogether put Egerton in a capital humour.

At last, when there was a lull in the dialogue, Mrs. Egerton rose. Lyall sprang up, and opened the door for her.

"Now let's have a smoke," said the host, producing some cigars, and passing round the wine. As soon as he was fairly alight, he began to tell some stories of another kind, but his audience was not responsive. Hinton seemed almost in a brown study, answering mechanically in monosyllables, whilst Lyall tried hard to be politely attentive, but could not shake off a dreamy air which had settled on him as soon as his hostess had left the room.

After about three-quarters of an hour, Egerton remarked that they were both very dull, and suggested coffee in the drawing-room, whither they adjourned.

Mrs. Egerton asked them if they would like a little music, and as they both assented with alacrity, she played and sang with the greatest goodwill. There were several pretty ballads and songs amongst her pieces, and she found out their favourites and sang them one after the other with untiring good-humour.

Egerton supplied them with desultory criticism, which seemed to his two guests to rasp like a file across a saw, but his wife's gay banter and repartee neutralised it, and they





GREY-BREASTED PARRAKEETS,  
BY H. STACY MARKS, R.A. NOW  
BEING EXHIBITED AT THE FINE  
ART SOCIETY'S GALLERIES,  
NEW BOND STREET, W.

were fascinated by her gaiety, and almost forgot her husband's existence.

At last the evening came to an end. They bid her good-bye with unfeigned regret and admiration. Then they had a drink with Egerton in the dining-room, where they squeezed out as much gratitude as they could—it was only a few drops—into their farewells, and left.

Just at the door Egerton said carelessly, "What time do you start to-morrow?"

"We go by the 11.30 from Paddington," said Hinton, "but the steamer doesn't start until three days later."

"Well, *bon voyage*," he replied.

When they were well down the street, Lyall said, "What a horrid beast! What on earth made her marry him?"

"God knows. Of course he's good-looking."

"Good-looking! I can see already in his face, when I look at it closely, the impress of every bestial and degrading passion that can degrade a man's nature."

"Oh, come, draw it mild. I don't believe he's as bad as all that. And perhaps she may reform him."

"Reform him! He isn't worth reforming."

"But she doesn't think so, evidently."

"She! Oh, she's delightful. By Jove! she makes a fellow want to marry. If one could get a girl like that, now! Did you notice all her pretty little ways?"

"It strikes me we both did nothing else."

"I wonder what he's saying to her now. Do you think he bullies her?"

"I am wondering what she is saying to him. Depend upon it, she can talk to him in such a way that it makes him appear quite amiable."

"Then she must be a perfect conjurer!" They smoked on in silence until they reached their lodgings.

When Hinton and Lyall arrived at Plymouth, who should they see on the platform but Egerton, who came up and effusively shook hands, saying he thought he would come down and see them off. With all his apparent cordiality he seemed ruffled and longing for some excitement. He said he would stop at their hotel and stand them a jolly good dinner. They acquiesced, although they would have preferred his room to his company, and all three went to the hotel together.

At dinner, the waiter, in answer to a question, told them a storm was coming on, and the waves were splashing over the esplanade already. It seemed to interest Egerton, who had been drinking very freely, and he insisted, when dinner was over, on going out.

His companions did all they could to dissuade him from this mad idea, but he was obstinate. If they wouldn't go with him, he would go alone. Hinton and Lyall, convinced of the hopelessness of contending with the whims of a drunken man, decided to accompany him. The night was dark, and, with Egerton walking between them, the friends went down to the esplanade.

They found several other pedestrians going in the same direction. These increased in number until there was quite a crowd. Hinton and Lyall were for returning, but Egerton said, no; he would see what it was all about. There was someone with a lantern, the glimpses of which shone faintly from time to time, and there was a great deal of talking and advice-giving going on. What it was all about they could not discover.

Suddenly Egerton sprang away from them and darted into the crowd. They followed, but, in spite of all their efforts, could not catch him. Then they lost each other, but continued their search separately, for they both felt that a man in his state of drink was not fit to take care of himself.

Lyall went wherever there were sounds of angry dispute or excitement; Hinton kept close to the water and went a long way beyond the crowd, always watching the water. Each thought of those eyes in which they had watched the adoring flames last night, as they sat together. To Lyall they seemed a sacred fire which the squalls of rain and wind were striving to extinguish. To Hinton they were like a glorious star, serene above the tumult of the storm.

When he returned to the hotel, he found Lyall questioning the night porter. Their companion had not come back. To make sure they entered his room, but he was not there. Anticipating the worst, Hinton said cheerily,

"There's a special providence over drunken men. Depend upon it he has fallen on his legs somehow." Lyall's face was troubled, as he replied, with what he intended for a smile,

"Yes, of course, he's lost his way, and turned in at the first hotel he came to, to save the trouble of walking home," and they parted for the night, cocksure, yet gloomy prophets of optimism.

How awful it would be, thought Lyall, to witness that sweet creature in a hell of pain! It made him miserable and feverish, but at last he fell into slumber.

Hinton went to his room, lit the fire there, and taking off his coat hung it up to dry. Then, descending to the hall he inquired of the porter the whereabouts of the police-station. Thither he made his way. There was a group of people round the door, and they were carrying in something on a stretcher. He hurried his footsteps, and pushed his way in. "What is it?" he said to the Inspector, who, in reply, told him that a man had been found drowned, and his body was just being brought in.

"I am seeking a missing friend," said Hinton; "let me look?" And stepping quickly to the stretcher, he saw—Egerton. The moonlight intensified the pallor of death on his handsome features, cold and calm. Fascinated, Hinton gazed on him for a few moments, and then said that he identified the body. Next, he inquired the circumstances of his death. All he learnt was that he was found in the water, close to the shore, half afloat and half on land. The tide was ebbing, and but for a snag, which had caught in his coat, no doubt the body would have been carried out to sea.

"No one saw him drown, then?"

"No one, sir. You see it was pitch dark then, though the moon is shining a little now." A grim twinkle came into Hinton's eyes.

"True," he replied. "He came out with another friend and myself to look at the storm, and we lost one another in the darkness. There was a great crowd at one part of the esplanade, towards the breakwater."

"Oh yes, there was a barque which had been driven in by the storm, and her cable parted so that she was being blown on shore. They were launching the lifeboat."

"Did they get them off safely?"

"Yes, everyone. They made three trips." After a pause the Inspector continued, "the body must be taken to the mortuary."

"There will have to be an inquest, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, and you must give me your name and



"ELSA'S CHAMPION." FROM THE  
PICTURE BY WALTER CRANE,  
NOW ON VIEW AT THE GAL-  
LERY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY  
OF PAINTERS IN WATER  
COLOURS.



address." Hinton wrote it down. Stirred by solemn thoughts, he followed the body to the mortuary, and then returned to the hotel. He found his fire still burning, and bethinking himself of Lyall's clothes, went to his room. He was asleep, but not dreamlessly it seemed, for his lips murmured indistinctly now and then.

His friend looked tenderly at the lad, with eyes in which was a kindlier glow than the expression which had flitted across them at the police-station. Returning with Lyall's wet things on his arm, Hinton placed them in front of the fire. Then he unlocked a bag, and taking out paper and pencil, sat down and began to write slowly, pausing sometimes for ten minutes, sometimes for a quarter-of-an-hour. And thus he passed through the morning hours.

At nine he went to his friend's room, and told him what he had seen and heard.

"My God, it will kill her. Of course, he was drunk, and fell into the water. Your Providence was asleep."

"I don't know about that. Perhaps it was the best thing that could happen to her."

"Yes, in one way; but think of the shock!"

"I am thinking of it, and have determined that we must play Providence." Then he explained the scheme, which, in those dreary waiting hours, he had planned out.

"What a kind, sagacious old elephant of a chap you are!" said Lyall. "I should never have thought of that. You are a downright brick!"

"We may even have to postpone our departure."

"All right, it can't be helped."

"No, we will go to a cheaper hotel," said Hinton, thinking of the champagne dinner of last night. "And you will have to go to town and break it to her. Women hate telegrams."

"You would do it much better."

"I don't think so," replied his companion, as he looked at the figure before him, which, all dishevelled as it was, was bright with the bloom of youth.

"But, good heavens, how could I look her in the face?"

"Put your heart in your face, and nature will guide you." Evil news comes less harshly, he thought, when the messenger is not ill-favoured.

"Seriously, do you think I can do it?" said Lyall, with a determined expression coming over his face.

"I am sure you can, my boy. See here, I have prepared the answers you will have to give on certain points." And Hinton handed to his companion the sheets of paper he had written that morning. Lyall carefully read them over, nodding frequently as he did so.

"I see, I see; just what I was going to ask you."

"Be hearty and sincere above all. Don't be afraid of overdoing it."

"Lay it on thick, in fact. Never fear!"

"Remember, that he might have been like that; and we might have been like him."

"No, I'm hanged if I can think that. But I will go through with the business."

"He didn't make himself, poor chap. And now that he is a lump of clay, we will re-make him."

"Hinton, old man," said Lyall, holding out his hand; "if I don't do it properly you may kick me from here to Land's End."

"I knew you would do it as soon as you understood. It is all for her, you know."

"Yes, all for her." He got up quickly, dressed, had breakfast, and caught a fast train to town.

On his journey Lyall studied his instructions and rehearsed his part; but his heart kept sinking, and now and then a tear rose in his eye. He wished he had studied acting; he wished he knew how to command his voice and gesture. He wished that he could read her thoughts, and assuage each pang as it rose. At last he left off wishing, and became more practical. He would not disturb her that night. She would be angry, perhaps, not to have been told as soon as possible. He would risk that. He would say the train broke down—anything. He went to a cheap coffee-house, not far from Egerton's residence, and fell asleep in the midst of wild, improbable imaginings; but awoke next morning calm and collected.

He made as careful a toilet as possible, and after breakfast went out. He bought a flower of a flower-girl in the street, but afterwards, as he passed a florist's, threw it away and got a better one. Then he went back to his lodging and soaked it in water, and rubbed it a little in his hands. Then he put it in his pocket and started forth again. Then, as his boots were a little dirty, and had not been polished to his satisfaction, he had them done in the street.

At last, with a serious face and beating heart he went to the house and rang the bell.

After giving his name, he was shown into the drawing-room. Presently Mrs. Egerton came in, and looking anxiously at him, held out her hand.

"Oh, Mrs. Egerton, I have such dreadful news to tell you!" Her face paled, but she did not speak for a moment.

Then she said quickly, "Tell me the worst at once."

"Your husband, Harry, is drowned; drowned while rescuing a shipwrecked crew."

"Oh, how awful," she said, and she looked up for a moment like some guilty creature. Then, holding her hand to her breast, she staggered, and sank down on a chair. She covered her face with her hands, and at her dejected attitude her visitor stared blankly, and for a minute or two forgot his errand.

The silence was broken by her sobs, not loud, but shaking her frame with a vehemence she could not control.

"Oh, my poor, poor, Harry," she sighed at last.

Lyall stood waiting and watching.

"But he died as a brave man should die," said he, firmly and slowly. She looked up in expectation, with tear-dimmed eyes.

"Do you know," Lyall continued, "he seemed to me to be burning with a desire to distinguish himself; to prove himself worthy of something. I couldn't make it out. Something seemed to be spurring him on."

A shadow of still darker pain came over Mrs. Egerton's features, and a spasm seemed to impede her breath, as she gasped,

"Did he—Oh, what a hero he was!"

"I should think so. It is the only word which describes his conduct. He was every inch a hero."

Mrs. Egerton sobbed aloud.

"It is men like him who make us proud of our country and our race. He valued his life as nothing; just took it in his hand and spent it like a handful of silver, until it was all gone. Real hard work, too; not just a moment's dash!"

"Oh," groaned Julia, sobbing still more. She seemed stifling with emotions she could not control, yet dared not express, and began to pace the room, restlessly.

"Did he—did he seem in good spirits when you first met him, or——"

"Well, that was what struck us from the first. There was something about him which both of us noticed, directly we saw him. A sort of restless energy and an ennobling fire in his eyes which lit up his whole aspect, like the leader of a forlorn hope."

"My brave darling—how I have——Were you not surprised to see him?"

"Yes, we were, but he was so genial we never thought of questioning him. He seemed to pity us so for having to leave happy England. He said as he was an idle man, he was determined to see us off." Julia looked quite broken down now, and her sobs were replaced by a look of such poignant despair that Lyall felt quite unmanned. At last she said,

"Tell me—how—how it all happened?"

"Why, you see, there was an awful gale, and we went out to see it. He didn't want to go, but we laughed at him and persuaded him," said Lyall, penitently, for it seemed quite real to him now.

"Yes," she said, her expression hardening into something of composure, "go on."

"And then there was a wreck, and they were manning the lifeboat. And you know what a splendid swimmer he is, and he would go."

"Why, he can't swim! He has often told me he intended to learn."

"He declared to us most positively that he could," said Lyall, without a blush. "Because we particularly asked that."

"Oh, my Harry!"

"We did all we could to dissuade him."

"But, of course, you went with him?"

"No, we didn't. There was only one man short, and Harry insisted on taking his place."

"Fine friends you were to let him risk his life like that!"

"We begged him not to go. We said he ought to think of you. But he only said you would be the last person to stop him from rescuing those poor sailors."

"Did he? Noble fellow!" Her warm tones contrasted with her chilly glance at Lyall.

"Indeed he was. He went off three times. He took the bow oar, which is the most important post next to the steering. And he behaved so smartly and pluckily that they made him steer the last time."

"Ah, yes, how brave and clever he was!" said Mrs. Egerton, sobbing afresh. "As brave as you were cowardly!" Her face began to harden again.

"Yes, I know. We were beastly cowards. But if we had been as brave as possible we could not have done what he did. He cheered up the men and made them go the last time, although some were for holding back."

"That will do, Mr. Lyall. Thank you for your kindness in coming to tell me," she said, coldly. "I am afraid you have put yourself to great inconvenience in travelling all this way with the news."

"And there is one thing I thought you would like," said he, producing the flower and offering it to her. "He was wearing it."

She took it and pressed it to her lips. Then she seemed about to say something.

"I know how you must feel," said Lyall, humbly. "I must not keep you any longer. We will write. Good-bye."

The meditated words died away unspoken, at the first part of his speech, and she bowed in silence and rang the bell. Lyall took himself out into the street as quickly as he could.

Mrs. Egerton, when alone, remarked to herself: "And I had really taken quite a liking to that boy. He must take care of his precious skin." Then she locked the door and abandoned herself to her grief.

Lyall returned to Plymouth, disappointed that he had not been able to give the consolation he anticipated; attributing it to want of tact on his own part. "I am ashamed," he said to Hinton, "that I did it so stupidly."

"Not at all," replied he. "You did it very successfully. You have not only given her a dead hero to adore, but two contemptible creatures to hate, which, by contrast, will make him shine yet more. The only thing I regret is that she didn't have a chance of abusing me. That would have been sweet. As it is, I envy you."

Egerton's father had meanwhile identified the body of his son, and the two friends, having applied for leave to the coroner, were allowed, after signing affidavits, to go on board their steamer.

Not, however, before they had experienced an interview with Mr. Egerton, senior, a pompous man with a very overbearing manner, who, with a good deal of heat demanded an account of their share in the incident, of which, with much meekness and penitence, they duly gave their version.

Hinton, as agreed beforehand, was the spokesman, his friend backing him up in whatever he said.

Once or twice, indeed, Lyall was on the point of flaring up, but checked himself in time.

Hinton said that the recollection of that awful night was an experience they would never forget, and when Mr. Egerton said he hoped it would be a lesson to both of them, they replied, with every appearance of contrition, that they hoped it would.

As they watched the receding shores of old England next day from the s.s. "Southern Cross," Hinton said:

"Well, we have vindicated the claims of our sex, in one woman's eyes at all events."

"Yes, in a queer, left-handed sort of way we have," answered Lyall.

"Oh, of course, at our own expense."

"But we don't care for the cost, do we?"

"Not a bit," returned Hinton. "It was well worth the price, wasn't it?"

"Worth it! It was as cheap as dirt. But I should have liked to have taken her in my arms, and kissed her and consoled her." Hinton laughed.

"I daresay you would, my boy."

Julia Egerton was subsequently much exercised in mind that no mention of her husband's heroic conduct ever appeared in the papers, while the coroner declined to listen to Mr. Egerton's hearsay evidence, much to that gentleman's disgust, and simply directed the jury to give a verdict of "Found drowned."



#### THE BEAUTY OF CHILDREN.—II.

IT was well to treat first the childish beauty of proportion, form, and attitude, for it is the less understood and the less observed. The other beauty is that which every eye appreciates and delights in—colour. In this respect there is one standard for the adult and for the child, and the child wins too easily. In proportion, as has already been said, the child and the man have entirely different canons. What is form for the one would be deformity for the other. And with the difference of construction goes difference of action and attitude. But in colour the child is simply the perfection of the race, the ideal from which the grown-up beauty is perpetually drawing further away as life proceeds.

For there is no lover but must confess how much his mistress is surpassed by the first-come little girl, in the one particular of human colour. He compares her to the impossible flower and the unapproachable snow—merely and surely for fear of shaming her by comparing her with the obvious and accessible child.

It costs little to make the common exaggeration touching the lily and rose. No poet has feared to dare the patent improbability, but which poet, or which lover, would venture the perilous appropriateness, and nearness, and naturalness of the rivalry of the child? The remote superiority of the rose is no reproach, and therefore the lady's cheek is easily praised as infinitely the fairer. But the superiority of the child's face, which presents not a petal but a cheek, is not remote, but close by. Accident does, in fact, bring it into visual rivalry and comparison. The child's head comes close to the maid's as they play, and the poet has nothing left for it but to shut his eyes.

There is, of course, a great variety in the quality of the rose of a cheek. The red that shows through the skin is one thing, and that which is caught and fixed in the skin is another. Few mature cheeks have the first and best red in perfection, but the child never has any other. His red may be abrupt, excessive, defective, if bad weather will have it so, but it is always the red of the flesh and not the red of the skin.

There is no red, by the way, before a lapse, at least, of months. The infant, properly so called, has no colour in its cheeks, and little in its lips. The specialised local colour comes later, for at first the whole face is of an even and delicate milky tint of misty white. After the soft skin is filled and smoothed, it remains for many months in its own tender paleness, unchanged by a flush, or by sun, or wind, or weeping. (By the way, there is no weeping at all in the earlier months, if weeping implies tears.) When the colour does come it is brighter in the first few years than it ever is later.

By some effect that physiologists may explain, a child's purity of colour is not affected by the slight alterations of health. A blush, a paleness he may show, but not a blur or a falsification of colour. Just as even a thin child's cheek is round, so is the sick child's cheek perpetually clear.

Nor is the victorious and incomparable child the fairest of creatures by colour merely. The texture of his skin is fine in precise proportion to his youth. A microscope might reveal the construction and organs of the tender skin, but they are not perceptible to the eyes, whereas they may be clearly seen in even the most beautiful skin that is past childhood. A young child's face has as little suggestion of this importunate physiology as a petal has. Its quality is human only where to be human is to be beautiful; and it evades the penalties and the flaws of life by resembling that which is not human. It has the loveliness of an organism, but not the organic fault.

If the beauty of a child's red is so much finer than the woman's, the white is better still. The thing called white in man, woman, or child is, needless to say, a colour of infinite variety. Perhaps we should not call it white at all but for the Elizabethan lyricist, who insisted upon his convention of likening it to snow. It is not the colour of snow, but the very colour of life. The colour of blood is the colour of life, say some. But blood is not visible while it lives. Its violent red is a kind of secret of Nature, or at least a reserve. It is not designed for revelation. It is presented to the eye now by the sweet mitigation of rose, now by the strange translation of the blue of the veins. The colour of life is not the unsheltered red, but the mis-called white of the complexion—the colour of the contained, treasured, veiled, hoarded, and effectual blood unspilled and unpublished.

A child's eyes, moreover, are so much brighter and clearer than a woman's, that the poet escapes the dangerous comparison here also; he prefers the lady's eyes to the stars, for fear of being obliged to prefer the child's eyes to hers.

The child's eyes have the beautiful whites that are at least as important as beauty of iris. Whites that are tinted with blue are very common amongst Italian children; but even in the sub-Alpine country districts where they abound they very seldom outlast childhood. But this is an extreme beauty, seldom seen in England at all, and never in the towns of any nation. For the perfection of the eyes there is needed that coolness of health which is, in the present world at least, limited to childhood. Bright eyes there are at all ages, but the fresh bright eyes are the child's. Ugly eyes are the rarest of ugly things in any human face, but they do not exist among children, whose simple life looks through untroubled colours.

ALICE MEYNELL.





"A QUEEN OF HEARTS." PHOTO BY  
CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.



# GREEN DRAKE—AU NATUREL.

THERE was—and is still, we should suppose: such an one could not die—a man, a Scotchman, who was reputed a teetotaller. Certain friends of his were amazed and alarmed to see him accept an invitation to drink wine, and, as the manner is with the friends of men of distinguished virtue, they remonstrated with him. “You, a teetotaller, and drinking wine!” To which he replied: “It’s verra true. I’m a teetotaller, but I’m nane o’ your bigoted kind!”

We are dry-fly fishermen. “The dry-fly, and the dry-fly only,” is our profession. Yet there are occasions, you know, when—; and the May-fly season in Ireland is one of them. We have friends, of course, whose agreeable habit it is to raise their eyebrows in our presence upon the natural fly, and to talk of poaching, and to say, by their looks if not in words, “You, a dry-fly fisherman, and ‘dapping’ with the green drake!” To which we, in the spirit and in the language of our Scotch gentleman, reply “It’s verra true. I’m a dry-fly fisherman; but I’m nane o’ your bigoted kind.”

The protesting reader demands a less high-handed apology. What is your protest? Is it the cruelty of the method? We cannot deny it. It may be even that you do not know how cruel it is; for the perfection of the art is to thread the drake so delicately that when it is wafted to the water, and lights there, it shows some trace of life. And if you protest louder than ever against the cruelty, we have no answer to meet the case,—no answer to meet the special case, that is. We have an answer, but it would cover more than “dapping” with the natural fly—your own method of taking fish on the artificial, for example, virtuous reader. But if you protest that “dapping” is not sport, we meet you on your own ground. We wish you had been with us one day last season on a certain Irish lake, to see a novice in a neighbouring boat tie up his boatman,—roll him up in the gossamer tangle as a spider rolls up the fly before putting it in the corner larder against a hungry time later on. That is what comes of any inexperience. A fault the slightest—and the gossamer catches on your hair, your eyebrows, your beard (if you have one), your buttons, your boots, each angle and roughness in your person or in your boat. And you cannot disentangle. You can only claw off (the case needs plain speaking) the wretched web, and pull ashore, and refit.

And where a false step leads to such disasters, the craft that avoids them is surely great. When a lusty four-pounder plunges, ’tis not the knowledge that the fish is on, but the knowledge of this delicate, rare line, this lightly-built rod,

that thrills the angler, conscious of his skill. Ah! but it is a deadly method. True: in the hands of an expert. And that is one of the conditions of legitimate sport, surely. Another is, that we must give up the method if the needs of the waters demand the step. Probably the day is not far off when the use of the natural drake may be taboo on Irish loughs, as that of the natural May-fly is on most English rivers; and if that is, to any extent, to make up for the apathy of the public in the matter of stocking and replenishing sporting waters, we will acquiesce readily. Until then we go a-dapping; and no talk of “poaching,” and “unsportsmanlike methods,” and the like, please!

A word or two of practical counsel. Make arrangements, before you go to the Irish waters, for the use of a reliable boatman, and, having got him, treat him well. He will work hard from the beginning, but for a time will eye you with some doubt. Establish in him a belief in your good-will, and you will make a friend on whom you may depend. Only, do not be misled by him in your fishing. His knowledge in things local—very useful often—is not chastened by any doubts of the resources of his country, especially if his country is the lake district. Remember Mr. Le Fanu’s boy. “There are throuts and eels in the Finnhyr.” “Any salmon?” “Yes, salmon, too, and white throuts.” “Any thermometers?” “Them does be there, too, yer honour; but they comes up later in the season than the white throuts!” There you have your Irish boatman. He is ever telling you that the “throuts” are madly rising in such-and-such a bay; whereas you know well enough that there are days in the midst of the May-fly season when the “green drake” is not the best lure. He is so delighted with the sport of yesterday that he believes that the drakes will go on rising till doomsday. A mind of your own is the first necessity, if you would go angling in Ireland.

The second is, good lodgings. Hospitality is everywhere, but comfort far to seek. The National Sporting League in Ireland might look into this matter. The Irish lake trout-fisher’s day, despite the scenery and the sport, is overcast by a cloud of doubt about his dinner and his bed. Therefore, have these prepared betimes. At the best they will not be elaborately luxurious. But the hotel-keepers are appreciative of the attentions of the stranger-angler, and are improving their service year by year. Only, let them know of your coming. One point more. Take steps to be supplied regularly with fresh flies. ’Tis not a difficult matter: the gossoons of West Meath do a power of naturalising for a few pence.

ROUGH OLIVE.

## Singers of the Opera Season.



MADAME PATTI. PHOTO BY  
SIEDLE, SWANSEA.





MADAME ALBANI. PHOTO BY  
SCHAARWACHTER, BERLIN.



MONSIEUR ALVAREZ AS MIRKO IN  
"MONTAGNE NOIRE." PHOTO BY  
BENQUE, PARIS.



SIGNOR ARTURO PESSINA.  
PHOTO BY PAGLIANO, MILAN.





MDLLE. LOUISE MEISSLINGER.  
PHOTO BY MEDRINGTON,  
LIVERPOOL.



MDLLE. SOFIA RAVOGLI. PHOTO  
BY W. & D. DOWNEY.



MDLLE. GIULIA RAVOGLI. PHOTO  
BY MONTABONE, MILAN.





MONSIEUR JEAN DE RESZKE  
AS ROMEO. PHOTO BY  
WIECHKOWSCK, WARSAW.



MADAME MELBA AS JULIET. PHOTO  
BY REUTLINGER, PARIS.



MISS MARIE ENGLE. PHOTO BY  
MORENO, NEW YORK.





MONSIEUR HENRI ALBERS  
AS COMTE DE NEVERS IN  
"LES HUGUENOTS." PHOTO  
BY SERENI.



SIGNOR ANTONIO PINI-CORSI  
IN "CARMEN." PHOTO BY  
ROSSI, MILAN.



MONSIEUR EDOUARD DE RESZKE  
AS MEPHISTOPHELES IN "FAUST."  
PHOTO BY WIECZKOWSCK,  
WARSAW.





MONSIEUR PHILIP BROZEL. PHOTO  
BY A. ELLIS.



SIGNOR PLANÇON PHOTO  
BY FALK, NEW YORK.



SIGNOR FERNANDO DE LUCIA.  
PHOTO BY FALK, NEW YORK.



# The Album

*A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.*

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 17.

MAY 27, 1895.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post 6d.



"MEDITATION." PHOTO BY RALPH  
ROBINSON, REDHILL



# "MONSIEUR LE DIRECTEUR" AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, PARIS.

THE Paris theatres boast an atmosphere which is scarcely enjoyable in this warm spring weather, nor is the largest box in the house all that might be desired in the way of comfort; but as a rule the stage holds treasures which are well worth the needful forbearance, where such luxuries as good ventilation and elbow-room are denied, and whatever is grumbled at, and forgotten, "the play's the thing" after all. I have rarely met an English actor in Paris, who did not sneer at the scenery and mounting of a French piece, and I never heard him without the conviction that the actor attacked the painter and carpenter's business, because he could not attack the actors or their methods. In Paris, the scenery is merely (as it should be) a background, as flat as tapestry, with nothing that stands out either for beauty of design or correctness of detail, until the small human being in its midst is swamped and entirely lost. Too much realism is only too often the death of art, and is as comically misplaced as the remark of a certain actor during the nervous excitement of a dress rehearsal, when he tapped a property safe with his stick, and asked plaintively, "Why have a wooden safe, when an iron one will do as well?" Why indeed! It would need a few strong men to carry it, but what does that signify, in comparison with the glory of presenting the gaping audience with the real thing? Nor are the Paris theatres so behindhand in modern improvements, that there is any fault to be found with the scenery, even from an English point of view. It is well-designed, and correct, and it "knows, and keeps its place," if such a remark may be applied to an inanimate thing. It may be that the French drama is a lady, who does not need a gorgeous costume to accentuate—or even cloud and crush, her beauty. We use this lady as a brain-lender over here, and never imagine that when we have whitewashed her, and given her a white and gilt drawing-room to live in, and prevented her being "shocking," by teaching her how to be dull, that she has any feeling but intense gratitude for our insular patronage. In Matthew Arnold's criticism of a "Persian Passion Play," he remarks on the "poverty of scenic contrivance and stage illusion," and adds that "The subject is far too interesting and too solemn to need them. The imagination of the spectator fills up all gaps and all requirements." Now are we lacking in imagination, or is it that

our actors lack ability, since such a theatre would be quite impossible in England? "A copper basin of water represents the Euphrates, a heap of chopped straw in a corner the desert," etc., etc., and we are tempted to linger over the spectacle which presents itself to our imagination, of Mr. Irving (our king among actors) contemplating Father Thames in a small pudding dish as a possible *property* in the Lyceum *mise en scène*. Matthew Arnold attributes the merit of success under such conditions to the ability of the actors, and to the lack of artificiality in their representations. George Henry Lewes said much the same when he wrote of the gain it might be if English actors would go to Paris to study their art; he adds that "they would see that attention to the business of the scenes could be given without thrusting themselves forward and overdoing their parts." What was true of the drama in 1865 is curiously true now, and will be especially true when a new Vaudeville success is reproduced on the London boards. *Monsieur le Directeur* is, to our thinking, a very bad play, saved and made interesting by the acting alone. The first and last act, even under the best conditions, can never fail to be dull, although the third is certainly preferable to the first. In the second, Noblet in the title *rôle* is so excellent that it is impossible to imagine the scene without him. Our only English actor, whose methods resemble his so far as I can discover, is Mr. Charles Hawtreys, and the difficult love scene between the flirtatious Directeur and his pretty visitor might be safe in his hands. Sisos is always somewhat heavy, but her charm of manner and her pretty face gave a wonderful piquancy to the scene. She comes to beg the post of *sous-préfet* for her brother-in-law, of the dread Directeur, who is a well-known *viveur*; and the most comic situation is when Noblet chases her round the stage, in an attempt to embrace her, and she backs against the table and sits down. Immediately bells ring, doors burst open, and all his *employés* appear, to her confusion and the Directeur's rage. Meanwhile the bells continue to ring, to the amazement of everyone, until it is discovered that Madame is seated on the electric buttons which decorate the side of his writing-table. But in spite of the acting, which cannot be praised too highly, the play, taken apart from the good work done by its interpreters, is distinctly dull; although with its farcical opportunities exaggerated, it may still delight a burlesque-loving audience in our own country.

C. S. C.



A GENERAL VIEW OF PARIS.





# A NOTE ON HUMPERDINCK.

THERE is nothing more satisfactory to the lover of music at the present time than the notable success achieved by Engelbert Humperdinck's fairy opera, *Hansel and Gretel*. In England, the field of long runs is held almost exclusively by burlesque and farce. The enemy has good reason to cry out that popularity implies worthlessness, and to account for crowded houses at the opera, by the fact that "stars" of inconceivable magnitude are singing rather than by the slight additional fact that a great work is being presented. An English audience is as happy when a De Reszke, or a Melba, tries to galvanize any operatic mummies, such as *Le Prophète* or *Lucia*, into life, as when the same eminent singers are the instruments of a power which is greater than they.

It is to be understood that this is all quoted from the enemy, and *Hansel and Gretel* is an excellent weapon to fight him with. We have no hesitation in saying that this opera can rank with the greatest, and that Humperdinck, on the strength of this one achievement, is entitled to be honoured as one of the first composers of our time. It would be ridiculous affectation to speak more guardedly, because hundreds of people with little musical taste or understanding delight in his work. Rather we ought to rejoice that an opera, instinct with genius, has somehow or other laid hold of the popular imagination, and simply on its merits can attract powerfully even those who, as a rule, are dazzled by the meretricious gaudiness of "dust o'er-gilt," and think it finer than "gold o'er-dusted." There never has been a time, however, when the dust lay on *Hansel and Gretel*. Produced at Weimar in 1893, it has since been given in nearly every town of importance in Germany, and in London; its success since its first performance on Boxing Night, 1894, has been unequivocal; it even survived a sojourn in The Sepulchre, where many plays lie buried in Oxford Street, and is now drawing crowded houses at the Savoy.

It may seem at first that *Hansel and Gretel* is what is vulgarly called small beer. Is it possible to be rivetted by an old-fashioned fairy tale, to enter into the sorrows of the peasant over her empty cupboard, the terror of Hansel and Gretel when lost in the wood, and feel the grisly power of a witch who eats children? It has been said that Humperdinck has written too intense and exaggeratedly earnest music for a simple story of gingerbread *kuchen*, but that saying was born of an utter lack of imagination. Anyone in the smallest degree imaginative, must be able to forget in Humperdinck's presence, the grown-up world, which flounders about in the darkness of sense and materiality. He must feel that here he is in the light of the legendary world of childhood, where dreams are more real than our elder realities. The evil witch is no fairy trumpery, to Humperdinck; the music associated with her persuades us that she is in league with the powers of hell, and the orchestration of the broomstick ride is as terrible to the ear

as the picture in Stackhouse's Bible was to Charles Lamb's eye. If Elia were alive we think, that in spite of his professed horror of music, he would have delighted in *Hansel and Gretel*. For he wrote, "In the heart of childhood there will for ever spring up a well of innocent or wholesome superstition; the seeds of exaggeration will be busy there and vital," and his words are the best explanation of the great music Humperdinck has written to a child's story from a child's heart.

In that world there is no philosophy of common-sense or consolation. The grief of the mother over the broken jug is heartrending, and represented by music as tragic as any thing in *Tristan und Isolde*.

"No, nothing but water" is a masterly phrase, but it never strikes us as too great for the occasion. All occasions are great in this little complete world. The return of Peter, bringing his sheaves in the shape of "sausage" and other provisions, with him, makes us giddy with exultation. In the mad refrain of his drinking song, and its ironical repetition by his wife, Humperdinck achieves one of his triumphs. The little melody he uses might be common place. His expression of Peter's exhilaration from the black bottle might be vulgar. Instead, all through this scene there is a touch of musical humour which lifts it into the sphere of great music. Humperdinck's humour is indeed safe from challenge. *Hansel and Gretel* is acknowledged by everyone to have gaiety, brightness, and playfulness. But we urge that its range is wider than that. The music during the "Descent of the Angels," in Act II., for instance, has a breadth and tenderness, a wealth of imagination for the time grave and serious, which can hardly be understood unless the opera-goer has the presence of mind to shut his eyes resolutely against those disturbing angels, climbing clumsily down tawdry stairs from a heaven forcibly suggestive of a glorified chandelier. Not to see these fussy motions, is to hear the tempestuous whirling of Humperdinck's dream-angels' wings, and to enjoy without distraction the extraordinary beauty of the orchestration.

It is difficult to find in *Hansel and Gretel* a single poor tune or clumsy passage. The Cuckoo song errs, perhaps, on the side of eccentricity. The perpetual twang of the bird's note out of tune is *bizarre* without there being anything to warrant it otherwise; at his lowest Humperdinck is never trivial and never inadequate. His music always reaches the height of the particular situation. Much has been made of his indebtedness to German *Volkslieder*, and rightly, if it is not used as an argument against his originality. The particular way in which he introduces the *Aberdswegen* is in itself strongly individual.

It does not lie within our province to speak in any detail of the company who have presented Humperdinck's opera with such skill, but we can hardly imagine a more delightful pair of children than Miss Jeanne Douste and Miss Marie Elba, or a more grisly and blood-curdling witch than Miss Miller. If their singing is not of the very highest order, it has all along been fresh and pleasing, and dramatically they leave absolutely nothing to be desired. R. C. SAVAGE.



HERR ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK.  
PHOTO BY SCHAARWÄCHTER,  
BERLIN.



I SUPPOSE most women would act as I did. No doubt, after settling the question of parquet flooring through Messrs. Howard and Sons, as I told you last week, it was my duty to turn to the dining room, which to the mind of man is the centre of the house. I am not altogether out of sympathy with the men, for I share the views of *Brillat-Savarin*, that there is nothing unpoetic or unromantic in taking an interest in the question of dinner. Of course there are young ladies who think that it is delicate and refined to pretend scorn for food, and try to suggest that they are nourished on butterflies' wings *à la maître d'hôtel*, but really they make a mistake. For a man speaking to me at dinner, the other day, of a girl who was trifling with the dishes, said, "I suppose she ruins her appetite with morphia, or spoils her digestion and temper by eating trash between meals." Really, since women have taken to "giving themselves away" in novels, it is no good adopting such exploded poses. Of course one might turn vegetarian, but after considering the complexions of one or two of my friends who have advanced views on the question of meat, I have determined to remain a "carniver," to use the unkind term employed by one of them.

Consequently, I first turned my attention to the drawing-room, the "with-drawing room" for the ladies from the dinner table. A little book sent to me by a friend—perhaps I should say a catalogue of a collection of antique furniture in satinwood and mahogany—mainly English, eighteenth century, led me to Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, who published it. The book is prettily got up, and contains an interesting short account of the English cabinet makers, Chippendale, Heppelwhite, Sheraton, Mahew, Ince, etc., who, by the amateur, as a rule, are all confounded under the name of "Chippendale." The conclusion to which I had come was that my drawing-room should be a woman's drawing-room. Of course, men who pride themselves on being the logical sex, often suggest that a room should be all of one style; and since, as a rule, it is men who direct

operations, one frequently finds rooms strictly carried out in Moorish style, Louis XIII., XIV., or XV., Empire, Jacobean, etc. Well, to all that I can only say, as I have said before, I do not myself belong to any of those styles, and, as I will not be the one incongruous thing in my room, I intend to get together pretty things of any time or place, provided that they harmonize in colour and are not really hostile in form.

The first thing in the delightful collection at Wigmore Street that took my fancy was a mahogany corner cabinet with a vase top, *cabriole* legs, and claw feet, a really graceful piece of English wood-work, which I wanted as an exhibition

cabinet. It led me to disaster, for I soon found myself buying pieces from the new consignment of fine old Nankin porcelain, in which there are many specimens of rare beauty. Indeed, I could gladly have spent a couple of hours looking at the wonderful old china, some of it dating from 1426, the reign of Seuen Tih, and learning all about it from their illustrated catalogue. I might pause and mention a fact for the benefit of the timid, who do not like asking prices—in the catalogue of old furniture, and also in that of the Old Nankin, the prices are set out, and are very reasonable. The next things that took my fancy were two satin-wood corner cabinets on feet. Not only are they charming examples of late eighteenth-century work, but I have found

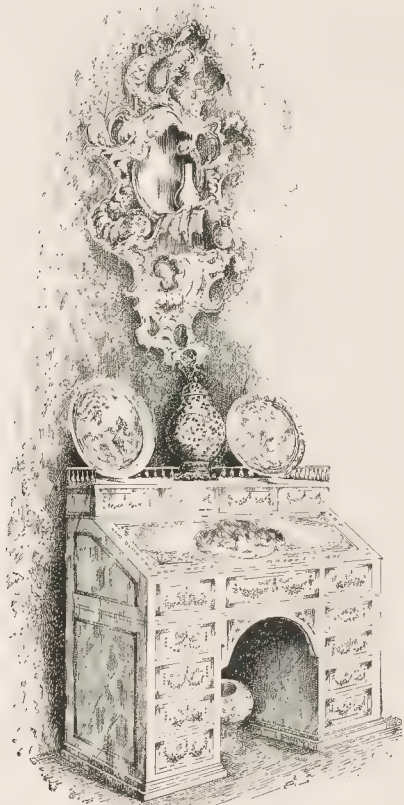


SATINWOOD HEPPELWHITE CABINET.

that well-designed furniture for corners is very rare, though few things help more from a decorative point of view. That, no doubt, explains the craze for the ordinary "cosy-corner" *faute de mieux*. Unfortunately most upholsterers' cosy-corners have common white painted wood shelves, badly sprung seats, an air of cheapness generally belied by their cost, and give a note of vulgarity to a room, since they are so loud in tone that they clash with any decent furniture. I must add, however, that it is possible to imagine charming schemes of decoration for cosy-corners; in fact, I am just now having one designed for me which will enable me to fix over it one of Messrs. Debenham and



Freebody's real Chippendale mirrors, elaborately carved and gilded, and boasting of five shelves, on which precious bits of china will look their best. I was delighted by the splendid collection of hanging mirrors, for though the space over my



CHIPPENDALE GILT MIRROR AND SATINWOOD BUREAU.

mantel-piece will be devoted to something worthier of the post of honour than a mirror, however beautiful, yet that concession made to art instinct, I feel that I am entitled to gratify the woman in me by indulging in mirrors if beautiful—when and where I can. A satinwood Sheraton work table inlaid with narrow lines of mahogany, with a yellow drawn silk bag underneath, for work, looked so quaintly old-fashioned and old maidish, that it at once appealed to me. It would make a lovely hiding place for copy, proofs, and note books! I am not an aggressively New Woman, and so prefer that the blue stocking should be decently concealed in the drawer, with the *bas à repriser*. Yet I value the fact that at odd times the pretty work table can be turned into an impromptu *écritoire*, and thus my spare moments be more profitably employed than in working elaborate samplers, such as our great grandmothers produced, or the Berlin wool horrors of the 1850 generation. Speaking of *écritaires*, there was one I admired immensely, in mahogany, finely decorated with paintings of portraits, medallions, wreaths and ribbons, the beautiful tone of the dark mahogany

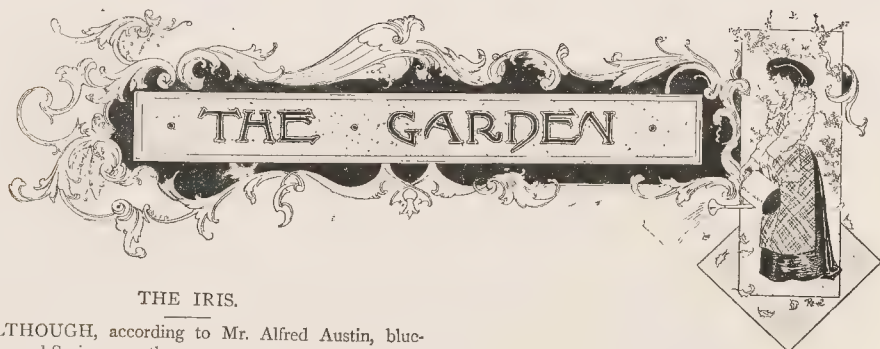
blending admirably with the still bright colours of the paintings. It is not simply an *objet de luxe*, since its ten drawers, two pigeon holes, and numerous shelves make it an ideal *bureau secrétaire* for any one with an "artistic temperament," the correct phrase, I believe, for untidiness, erratic movements, and other characteristics of the Jellaby tribe. I immediately thought that I had at last found the one perfect birthday present for my husband, and in the evening gave him a description of the fascinating *bureau*, without, however, letting out my amiable intentions. I had scarcely finished when he interrupted me, and said, "The very thing for you—you must certainly get it. Fancy! a piece of furniture in which there might be a chance of pen, ink, and paper lying amicably together side by side." Since then I have felt too hurt to refer to the subject again; but I should dearly like to have the beautiful Sheraton piece, and I still mean to buy it for him as a birthday present. I hope the bill will not frighten him too much! I also felt very much tempted to buy a dressing-table that was delightfully quaint. It really looked, when closed, like a very pretty card-table, and came from Prestwood Hall, Loughborough. The top opens in the centre and falls back, showing an easel dressing-glass, twelve compartments with covers, four cut-glass scent bottles, and two oak-lined drawers in front. However, though I was



MAHOGANY CORNER CABINET.

charmed by it, I came to the conclusion that there were not enough drawers, and moreover that, for my own use, I would prefer a dressing-table which had side looking-glasses besides the centre one.

GRACE.



### THE IRIS.

ALTHOUGH, according to Mr. Alfred Austin, blue-eyed Spring cometh

"With an Iris scarfe around her head  
And diamonded by rain,"

most people—who, when they picture an iris, think of the Germanica variety which Mr. Robert Frost has so skilfully portrayed—would consider the irises as rather bidding Spring *au revoir* than welcome. No doubt the poet only means that the vernal nymph has filched those Southern climes, whence she is supposed to have come, of these many-hued flowers which, in Persia, are so diversified in colour that they are called rainbow plants. At the same time, our gardens contain varieties other than that opulent "Germanica," which, though "coloured like Astarte's eyes," grows with the freedom of a lusty weed in even the reekiest of town backyards.

Thus amongst the exotic kinds which have become acclimatised are a long series which, between them, bloom nearly the year round. It is to me passing strange how few people have apparently discovered that one of the most delectable of the irises will blossom in the open air what time the crocus jewels our garden with amethyst and gold. The iris referred to is known as the *reticulata*. Grown almost anywhere, but for choice in a sunny, open spot, and not in a water-logged soil, this deep violet and yellow floral treasure comes before even the precocious daffodil, sometimes actually pushing its flower buds through the snow—a habit doubtlessly acquired in the home of its ancestors, who flourished in Caucasian wilds.

Those of us who are privileged to ramble across the countryside between the month of apple-blossom and the time of harvest-home are familiar with the fact that our native wild irises are very notable features in marsh lands, and also round about ponds and watercourses. Those who have never seen these veritable "lilies of the field" luxuriating, will some day experience a pleasant shock. I remember, although now long years ago, my own surprise when I first chanced upon this flower's golden banners. I was emerging from the leafy gloom of Alverstone Lynch, —that splendid tangle of wild fern and flower, which luxuriates upon a steep sandstone declivity slanting down into the marshy levels through which the stream of the Yare wanders. I leaped a watercourse, nearly choked with meadow-sweet, and there and then for the first time I saw these flowers—a field of intensely green swords, from amongst which towered a myriad saffron flags, which did indeed "paint the meadows with delight" beyond the power of pen picturing.

Later on in the year, say August, one may oftentimes meet with another British variety, which is, however, far less common than the aforesaid, being, I believe, chiefly confined to southern England; it is popularly known as the Gladwin

flag. Although less profuse in its growth, the Gladwin rejoices in the charm of variety, its ground colours ranging through various shades of cold, slaty, lilac to puce, while its brownish markings are similarly diversified. In autumn the flowers are replaced by seed capsules, which, bursting open, display a dazzling bunch of coral red berries.

Rather curiously this old English wildling has of late years gained the name of "Wagga-wagga" flower. Some pains have been taken to trace the wherefore of so odd a term; research has revealed the fact that during the progress of the notorious Tichborne trial, the berries of the plant, which in that particular year chanced to be unusually plentiful, were sold in Covent Garden market under the nick-name of "wagga-waggas." More reason than this no man knoweth.

The foregoing reminds me that the yellow flag yields a juice to which virtues almost unending have been attributed. *Imprimis*, the extract, was formerly used by the "rustic Phyllis" to make a cosmetic said to remove the most obdurate freckles or other sun-spots.

Then many country folk hold it to be a specific against hydrophobia; perhaps more interesting is the assertion I have often met with that the roasted seeds are, "when carefully prepared," a good substitute for coffee. Native-grown tobacco having apparently failed, why should our impoverished farmers not give British coffee a trial? The suggestion is, perhaps, not at first sight very promising, but after all more so than the notion of "date-stone coffee," which, we know, a few years ago was extensively manufactured.

If any have in their gardens damp or marshy ground, they will do wisely to plant it with big clumps of the commoner kinds of those irises which love the water. One such arrangement I have seen had an indescribably brilliant effect. German irises, of murex dye, dominated the scene; with them were interspersed sturdy plants of marsh marigolds—Mary flowers, as some call them—fully two feet high. Near at hand the banks were blue with dog violets or white with wood sorrel. Excepting the iris, all these dainty delights are to be had for the asking from our woods and meads; and once established, they will for ever in their season speak to our eyes with a thousand cadences of colour and curve.

Another iris feast of brilliant hues comes to my mind. I mean that most notable one in Mr. G. F. Wilson's celebrated iris garden at Weybridge. Those who have never visited this amateur's lake, fringed with myriad-tinted Japanese varieties, can have no conception of what fine effects are obtainable from this flower in July or August.

HECTOR MACLEAN.



THE IRIS GERMANICA.  
PHOTO BY R. FROST,  
LOUGHBOROUGH.





THERE is a proverb of Sancho Panza—with *Don Quixote* a-playing at the Lyceum, this is the moment for re-reading the Proverbs of Sancho, a collection no less sapient and much more racy than the Proverbs of Solomon—"Quien a buen arbol se arrima, buena sombra le cobija," he who leans against a great tree finds good shelter. Mr. William Archer—a good sheltering tree for anyone to lean against—has undertaken the defence of Mr. R. C. Carton's Criterion play, *The Home Secretary*. I am always glad to meet with commendation of a play which I do not happen to like myself, because I know how fallible all our judgments are, and I feel somehow, that unless my blame and the blame of those of the same mind with me is redressed by the praise of the otherwise minded, the whole truth of the matter has not been told. Mr. Archer's defence, then, pleases me—but convince me it does not. The gist of his case is, that Mr. Carton's piece being in intention and execution a piece of sheer romance we are not entitled to object to its "unreality." He instances Mr. Anthony Hope's *Prisoner of Zenda*, a romance about an imaginary kingdom of Ruritania and an imaginary family of Elphbergers. We are not baulked of our pleasure in this romance by our knowledge that there is no room on the map of Europe for Ruritania; why then, asks Mr. Archer, decline to enjoy Mr. Carton's play because there is no room in political history for the Right. Hon. Duncan Trendel, M.P. and Home Secretary? Now, I submit to Mr. Archer that the two cases are not parallel, but exact opposites. Practically, there is room on the map of Europe which most of us have in our minds for a kingdom of Ruritania. Mr. Hope places it somewhere in the South Eastern corner of Europe, about which the knowledge of most of us is vague enough to admit of all sorts of imaginary events being laid there without offence to our sense of probability. Even had Mr. Hope given his kingdom a real name, called it Servia, say, or Roumania, the ordinary playgoer knows so little of those kingdoms as readily to believe any tale about them. But then the people who *did* know all about those kingdoms—that is to say the Servians (or Roumanians) themselves—would have found their knowledge conflict with any pleasure they might have derived from Mr. Hope's romance; they would have objected to its "unreality." And that is precisely the case of Englishmen with regard to Mr. Carton's play. He has given his Ruritania a definite position on the map and a real name—a name at once associated in our minds with a whole set of ascertained, familiar facts. It is all very well to say that his Home Secretary, his Solicitor-General, his M.P.s, his Anarchist are imaginary personages invented for our entertainment; but we are familiar enough with real Home Secretaries, M.P.s, Anarchists, and so our minds cannot help

comparing Mr. Carton's inventions with the facts as we know them. Our knowledge spoils our illusion. Take another instance. It is open to you to introduce all sorts of romantic incidents into a play about Napoleon in regions of love or intrigue, or any other matter of the hero's private life, about which the average playgoer has only a vague knowledge; but it is not open to you to make Napoleon six feet high, or the victor at Waterloo, for then the average playgoer's knowledge of the facts at once destroys his illusion. It is really only when knowledge is vague that romance is possible—which is the reason why writers of romance choose, and do well to choose, scenes distant in place or time. Of Home Secretaries, Solicitors-General, and M.P.s, our knowledge is not vague, but very full and definite; we cannot help checking Mr. Carton's imaginary personages by this knowledge—and, when we do so, away goes the illusion of Mr. Carton's play. Very likely Mr. Carton would disclaim the intention with which Mr. Archer credits him, the intention of writing a romance. It is true enough, nevertheless, that he is by temperament a romanticist, and in the proper field for romance, as for instance in *Liberty Hall* and in *Sunshine and Shadow*, this temperament has produced the happiest results. But in a field where not imagination but observation is required, it is only a temperament astray—and, to my mind, at any rate, it is conspicuously astray in *The Home Secretary*.

In Mr. Henry Arthur Jones you have, I think, another romanticist by temperament, another playwright of luxuriant imagination rather than of close observation. To an inch of fact he gives you an ell of fiction; or else imparts an air of fiction to facts by the false proportions in which he combines them, as in *The Triumph of the Philistines*, at the St. James's. Individually his Jorgan, Porte, Blagg, Skewett, and Wapes—ugh! the wanton ugliness of those names!—may be real types, but that the Town Council of any Market Pewbury should be wholly composed of such people passes belief. I confess I am a little tired of the word "Philistine," and of the airs of artistic superiority which the utterers of that word too frequently assume; and I am more than a little tired of Mr. Jones' topics—the nude in art, low-necked dresses, and the contrast of "middle-class" puritanism with aristocratic hedonism. A little more of this sort of thing, and I would say to Mr. Jones, "almost thou persuadest me to be a Philistine." But this, perhaps, is mere personal whim. Playgoers who like "bite" and colours laid on with a trowel and ferocious caricature may like the play; and we can all be amused with the vixenish and perverse *gaminerie* of Miss Juliette Nesville as—well, as what Lady Beauboys calls a "French hussy."

A. B. WALKLEY.



MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT IN  
M. SARDOU'S PLAY, "LA TOSCA."  
PHOTO BY W. & D. DOWNEY.



## LORDS AND COMMONERS.

IF Mr. Rider Haggard could practise upon the venerable Thomas Lord and resurrect him, it would be interesting to hear that departed worthy's opinion upon the new Lord's and the commoners who frequent it. The Marylebone Club was founded, as we know, in the year 1780, but cricket was played in the "Wood" before that time. There was, amongst others, a club known as the "White Conduit," strongly suggestive of dry champagne, by-the-way—and from this association sprang the M.C.C. But the Lord's of that day was a meadow upon the outskirts of a village. The bucks of the West drove out to it as to some pleasant place of picnic. "This style six-and-ninence," was unknown to the manufacturers of fine flannel. Your batsman wore a beaver hat and paid no man to bowl to him. Even in the year 1848, the pavilion was a rotting shanty which rewarded the efforts of a contractor to improve it, by falling upon him and breaking some of his limbs. The professional was unknown in many counties and cricket scores were not of more importance than missionary enterprise.

It is just thirty-one years since the only Doctor made his first appearance at Lord's. Old Tom Hearne, the father of that extraordinary family, was the bowler, and his luck was ripe that day. E. M. Grace was the first to go to the wicket, but Tom bowled him at once. "All right, Tom," he cried, "we've got someone here who will knock you about." Then out stepped "W. G.," a lanky lad of sixteen years. Tom bowled him first ball, and strange to say, he repeated the performance when the Doctor returned to the ground. Tom never wearies of telling the story even when he has to appeal to some of the ground men for dates. But "W. G." has made many a hundred runs off "Hearne" bowling since that day. It was largely from the deliveries of Tom's nephew, that he compiled his ninety-ninth century a week or two ago.

Notwithstanding the spacious rivalries of the Oval, there is a flavour about Lord's possessed by no other cricket ground. The *habitué* is a product to be found only in the "Wood." Not only is he a fine judge of cricket—he is also a judge of men. His patronage is accorded indiscriminately to counties and to schools. He jogs to Lord's day by day from May until September, occupies the same seat when the mob will let him, carries precisely the same amount of sandwiches for lunch, drinks out of the same flask that served him twenty years ago. How he gets his living no man knows. He is often exceedingly shabby—yet he drives to the ground in a cab; he smokes a malodorous pipe—yet often reads the *Times*. The closest encounter draws no more than a grunt of satisfaction from him; he greets a "beauty" with a sigh as of exquisite content. But he will tell you which of the schoolboys has a future; and he will brand a colt with a judgment which is as sure as it is often ill-tempered.

To such a one, an "Inter-Varsity" match is an

abomination. When the St. John's Wood road is blocked with carriages, when hansoms extend as far as the eye can see towards Baker Street, when pretty women group themselves picturesquely upon the roofs of drags, then does your *habitué* make lamentation. He has nothing but contempt for the youths in the grey "frocks" who have never watched a ball honestly; a champagne lunch he regards as a personal degradation. Of such stuff no cricketer is made. And these people have no love for the game. They will not scruple to declare that they do not want to see it. They are "on view" and will be catalogued presently by the reporters of the society papers.

Those who get the most out of Lord's, are the men who set out for the ground very early in the morning and hang about the nets while notoriety, in shirt-sleeves, is hitting the balls about. You may know always that net at which the Doctor is playing, for there will you find a great company. And long before you get up to it, you will see the flash of the orange stripes, and the orange cap towering above the throng. You will hear many murmurs, too, of admiration and of surprise; profound reflections upon the precise length of a particular ball; admirable expoundings of pace and break. Nor are there wanting men with recollections who will bewail the *temporis acti*. Thirty years ago ground bowlers were almost unknown. Then amateurs bowled to each other, as the amateurs of Australia do at this moment. You did not find at that date many players who were "bats" and nothing more. The "public school" system is sending cricket to the dogs nowadays. Watch the "Eton and Harrow" or "The Varsity," and how many bowlers can you see? The lads are taught to bat. The school professional never stops to remember that the gentlemen want bowlers. Perhaps it wouldn't pay him to do so. Bowling is his living, and the living of his own kind, after all.

But this is a large question. The average man at Lord's takes no interest in it. He comes to the "Wood" for a day's rest, and if the weather be kind he is sure of getting it. There seems a breeze of *ris* in the air directly he has left Baker Street Station. The tumble-down villas, the rich greens of Regent's Park, are in pleasing contrast to the Georgian atrocities of the Portman estate. And the air at Lord's is always fresh and sweet. One begins to breathe directly one has passed the turn-stile; the green of the pitch rests the eye; the seats are comfortable; one can lunch at varying prices. And then there is the cricket!

All this Sir Edwin Watkin threatened three years ago. Now, however, there is peace, and with the addition of Henderson's nursery to the famous old enclosure—there is also plenty. The Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway is already engirdling Lord's with its sooty arms. But it will not dare to entrench upon the sacred ground. There is many a man who would sooner witness the demolition of the Clock Tower than of the magnificent pavilion which the M.C.C. has erected in the kingdom of Thomas Lord.

MAX PEMBERTON.





MR. H. R. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT. PHOTO BY BRENNAN, KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

## THE ENGLISH CRICKETER ABROAD.

### A TRIP THROUGH THE WEST INDIES.

**E**ARLY in 1895 a team of English cricketers went, by special invitation, for a tour in the West Indies.

Curiously enough, like the Australian trip with which it synchronized, this combination was also captained by a Middlesex County amateur, though naturally there was a vast difference in the relative strength of the two teams. Nor can Mr. R. S. Lucas, the captain of the West Indian tourists, be in any way compared with Mr. A. E. Stoddart, the other captain, who is, perhaps, the finest batsman of the day. Although what would be called a "new comer," however, Mr. Lucas, who will be twenty-eight years of age on July 17th, has fairly played himself into a place in the metropolitan team, and few will forget his remarkably brilliant performance at Kennington Oval last season. True to Middlesex tradition, this gentleman is what is euphemistically called, an "attractive" batsman, hitting very hard all round the wicket, and scoring freely. The party of thirteen included only one other "first-class" player, this being Mr. H. R. Bromley-Davenport, who a year or two back was in the Cambridge University team, and not without success. Like Dr. W. G. Grace's son, Mr. Davenport invariably plays in spectacles, and this circumstance, combined with his very peculiar manner of bowling, invested the young Cantab with a certain interest. The remainder of the players were composed of Messrs. F. W. Bush, R. P. Sewell, J. H.

Weatherby, J. M. Dawson, H. S. Smith-Turberville, Leigh Barrett, M. M. Barker, R. Berens, A. Priestley, R. L. Marshall, and W. H. Wakefield.

In all, sixteen matches were played, of which ten were won, four lost, and two drawn. From this record it will at once be gathered that our national pastime is practically in its infancy in the West Indies, for Mr. Lucas's team would not be considered "class" enough to cope with any of our minor counties, the total absence of the professional element weakening the bowling immensely. Still, the visit is bound to have a good effect, and future "travellers" will doubtless require to be more powerful to have any prospect of success.

After a highly interesting voyage, proceedings were opened at Barbados, on January 30th, while the concluding engagement was against All Jamaica, on April 11th, both these engagements ending in defeats for the Englishmen. The biggest victory achieved was at Kingston, on March 30th—an innings and 96 runs—but perhaps the most exciting game played was that of February 5th, when a heavy scoring match of 1,373 runs saw Barbados beaten by only 25.

On Tuesday, April 16th, the voyage home was undertaken in the R.M.S. "Atrolo," and after a most entertaining time, the players returned to English shores improved in health and full of the pleasure derived from the tour. That this trip may have been but the forerunner of many future visits was the confident hope expressed. Such friendly encounters do more for good-will and international affection than all the Parliamentary proceedings in the world.



MR. R. S. LUCAS, CAPTAIN OF THE ENGLISH TEAM. PHOTO BY BRENNAN, KINGSTON, JAMAICA.



THE struggling man of letters does not now seek to capture the Editorial ear by a copy of Latin verses addressed to his Editor "in so happy a style of compliment" that that trier of men's works must be "destitute both of taste and sensibility did he not feel himself highly gratified." But it was not ever thus. Somewhere about March, 1738, Sylvanus Urban, whom all men know to have been really Edward Cave, the same who began ("founded" is the modern phrase) and edited *The Gentleman's Magazine*, had his heart softened towards a new contributor, a wily Latin versifier, gifted with a flattering pen, or what passed for it.

All men know, likewise, that the new contributor became a regular assistant to Mr. Cave in the conduct of his periodical, an appointment which brought him frequently to the *Gentleman's Magazine* office, situate in St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell. The first time he visited this building "he beheld it with reverence," a natural emotion enough, and one to which we of the present day should be no strangers for it is a Gate with a Past.

It was this past, undoubtedly, that aroused the new contributor's reverence; but a Mr. James Boswell, of Auchinleck, long afterwards, in a biographical note, put forward a very different reason. He ascribes all the reverence to the subtle spell of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and confesses to "similar impressions from the *Scots Magazine*." It was a feeling, he thought, natural to every young author for the magazine that "first entertained him." Thus was the olden glory of St. John's Gate dulled for Boswell by the splendour he attributed to Cave's periodical; and men might long have laboured under the mistaken notion he originated, had not a beneficent Croker arisen, in the fulness of time, to dispel the error with a lumbering but valuable foot-note. The contents of the *Gentleman's Magazine* "were not much entitled to reverence," says J. W. C.; "Johnson's reverence would have been more justly excited by the recollections connected with the Gate itself, the last relic of the once extensive Priory of the heroic knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem."

These recollections are still the chief charm of the building that stands clear of the surrounding houses, as if in dignified protest against their unseemly squalor. Of course, the mighty shade of the Leviathan of a Doctor invests the place with an added interest, especially for struggling scribes, and it is inspiring to see his work-room little altered in all these years—and to remember how he would remain shut up there, suffering none to approach

save the printer or the printer's boy for matter, which, as fast as he composed, he tumbled out at the door; but the Knights Hospitallers claim the largest share of the visitor's regard; for the place, though lost to them for a time—serving through good and ill fame alternately, as stable, public-house, printing office, and common lodging-house—has at length returned to the guardianship of the Order, or their lineal descendants, the St. John Ambulance Association.

The present St. John's gateway is part of a restoration by Thomas Docwra, Grand Prior from 1502 to 1520, and dates from 1504. Docwra's scheme for rebuilding the whole Priory was rudely checked in 1540, at the suppression of the monasteries. The existing portion was then (to quote the formula of the Inquisition) "relaxed to the secular arm," and was used chiefly for the "king's stores." There is a print from Hollar, which shows that the surroundings were once almost rural. Then it would have been pleasant to linger outside; nowadays one is better pleased to go within and seek refuge from the cries, the sights, and alas! the odours of slumland.

This I was enabled to do, by the kindness of Mr. Church-Brasier, the Chief Superintendent of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, Metropolitan Corps. The modern Order of Knights Hospitallers have restored harmony and order to the old place, which forms the base of their merciful operations, and the moment one enters the low-browed doorway it seems as though many centuries had been given back. Even the modern appliances of the company's warfare do not destroy the mediæval atmosphere, for they are all ranged with military precision, and here and there antique stands of arms and trophies of weapons correct any element that may smack too much of prosaic modernism. The hall, the meeting-place of the arch-chapter, with its dais and canopied throne, its suits of mail, carved oak seats, and illuminated legends on the walls, is like a scene from *The Talisman*. But this chamber possesses other points of interest, less romantic, but equally curious. Here Garrick made his first histrionic essay, in Fielding's *Mock Doctor*. Johnson and Cave were sole audience, Garrick took the chief rôle, and the other parts were read by the printer's *diaboli*.

From the hospital of the Knights at Malta came a set of pharmacy jars, chipped and broken now, but once mounted with silver. The precious metal departed with Napoleon's soldiery. In one chamber you may see stone-shot fired by the Turks at the siege of Rhodes, and an iron round-shot fired at the siege of Malta. Perhaps the most interesting sight of all is the tiny monk's cell attached to every apartment throughout the building, so tiny that there is, indeed, no room to whirl about the "cat' o' the adage" (pace Browning's *Agamemnon*). Now every good monk was supposed to whirl the cat lustily for his own behoof; why, therefore, were cells made so small?

There is another puzzle about St. John's Gate. In an upper chamber lies a collection of unemployed building stones, for fragments of which American visitors beg humbly. Why is brother Jonathan so inconsistent? St. John's Gate and its mouldering stones ought not to move his unhistoric soul. But it does. Perhaps his reverence springs from the good and useful work to which the old pile is now dedicated. Perhaps, however, the mere magic of the place un-Jonathans him; for certes, its spell is very strong.

JOHN A' DREAMS.



ST. JOHN'S GATE, CLERKENWELL.  
PHOTO BY YORK & SONS.





"FIREFLY." BY MRS. STANHOPE  
FORBES. NOW ON VIEW AT  
THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



"THE SACRIFICE OF IPHIGENIA."  
BY REGINALD ARTHUR. NOW ON  
VIEW AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



A PARLOUS state is that critic in who has lost his relish for adventure. When the smuggler, the pirate of the Spanish Main, the lawless person everywhere with a taste for blood and booty, cease to charm you, it is time to make your will, and apply your mind to celestial matters. Some of us are so happily constituted that we cannot even imagine old age without the fascination of adventure stories. When I was in the nursery, I plotted a grisly tale entitled, "Dominick the Desperado, or the Death-dealing Demons of the Dell." I do not remember how the story ran, but I am thankful to say that Dominick has sustained my spirit through successive stages of a prosaic career. I have seen him incarnated more or less plausibly in many narratives ostensibly written for boys. Boys indeed! I take leave to assert that the mere boy has no such capacity for this enjoyment as is possessed by the middle-aged reviewer. The boy finds his natural element in a book like "The Iron Pirate." He is quite convinced that the world is constructed solely to afford opportunities to irresistible seamen for dashing exploits upon the foam. The middle-aged critic has lost that illusion. He knows, wretched man, that the social organisation is kept going by the payment of taxes, and not by the audacity of Captain Black. But that is precisely why he revels in "The Iron Pirate," or "The Sea Wolves," or "The Impregnable City," with a feverish pleasure unknown to the reader in knickerbockers, who takes these romances for the natural order of things.

When he projected "The Impregnable City" Mr. Pemberton was doubtless aware of the peril of repetition. In "The Iron Pirate" Captain Black constructed a wondrous Alsatia in the Polar regions. In the new romance Count Andrea builds a similar city of refuge on a rocky island in the Pacific. But the resemblance is superficial. Count Andrea is a disciple of Tolstoi, though I fear his methods will distress the Russian mystic. The impregnable city is designed as the "New Jerusalem" of forlorn and suffering humanity. Andrea helps prisoners to escape from Siberia and Cayenne; he carries off murderous Anarchists under the noses of the French police, without any discrimination as to act or motive; he makes his island the home of enthusiasts and scoundrels. Formerly a minister in Austrian Poland, the Count has convinced himself that the ways of Governments are not righteous, and he endeavours to set an example to mankind by harbouring villainy and virtue. So far Tolstoi might go with him; but though a philanthropist, Andrea tempers mercy with justice. He has to set up a prison on his island, and the description of the prison is one of the best things Mr. Pemberton has done. Cut-throats and confirmed vagabonds are confined in a sort of Malebolge, the administration of which is a weak point in Andrea's ethics. Tolstoi recognises no right on the part of man to coerce his fellow-man, or even to

prevent evil in any shape by force; and, no doubt, it is the perplexing consciousness that he has fallen from this ideal which makes Andrea indifferent to the condition of his prisoners. He has to pay a frightful penalty, for when he has beaten off the combined squadrons of France and Russia, his power is overthrown by an *émeute* of the criminals. He escapes to sea with a handful of faithful friends, and the besiegers are admitted by the insurgents to the island through the submarine tunnel, by which alone it is accessible.

It is right that throughout this stirring narrative Mr. Pemberton should make large demands upon my credulity. If he did not, he would not be the admirable romancer he is. I can understand that the garrison of such an island would be conquered into surrender only by starvation. One attempt is made, indeed, to take the rocks by assault, after the explosion of a mine has tumbled them down. But three hundred men are destroyed by the sudden eruption of scalding sulphur—as neat a bit of invention as I know in the whole range of blood-curdling fiction. It is the way in which traitors communicate with the outer world that puzzles me. The postal service of the island is obscure. Does Mr. Pemberton mean to imply that letters are regularly carried to Europe by the Count's yacht? If so, is there no supervision of the local correspondence? Treachery is discovered by the return of a letter sent to the authorities in Paris, and the fate of the writer is described in one of the best scenes of the book. After that, even Andrea's rather chequered trust in his fellow-creatures might have inspired precautions, such as would have prevented the transmission to London of a chart of the island. The climax of Mr. Pemberton's audacity occurs at the Ministry of Marine in Paris, where this treacherous chart is carried off by the gentleman who narrates the story, and who manages the business by upsetting a paraffin-lamp, and snatching up the document in the confusion. In this enterprise he has an accomplice in the person of a certain duke, who is President of the French Jockey Club. I own that at this point I drew my breath with difficulty; but it is Mr. Pemberton's business to stop the action of the reader's lungs. He is like the herald Mercury, new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill of improbabilities; and when you climb up and stand beside him in that rarefied atmosphere, you do not think of anything so prosaic as breathing. Man and boy, for—well, I will not say how many years, I have read stories of this kind; but none with greater pleasure than these unflagging pages have given me. I count Mr. Pemberton amongst my benefactors; and if a lock of grizzled hair will be acceptable to him as a tribute from a hard-hearted critic he has subdued by the spell of his fancy, I shall be delighted to send him that wintry token.

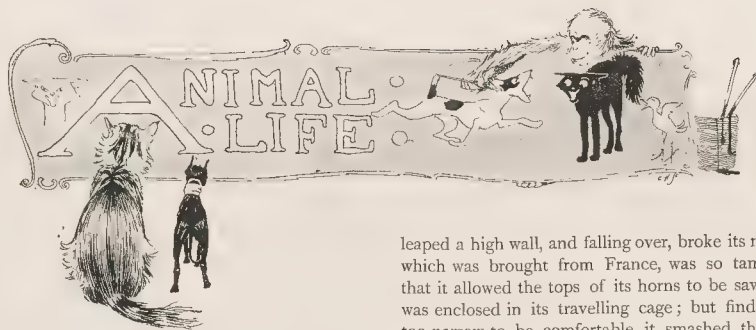
L. F. AUSTIN.

"The Impregnable City." By Max Pemberton. Cassell & Co.





MR. MAX PEMBERTON.  
PHOTO BY RUSSELL &  
SONS.



### THE JUNGLE STAG.

**M**OST countries, whether temperate or tropical, seem to possess two kinds of deer, one large, the other smaller, which are exactly suited to the climate and cover in which they live. Whether in the Old World or the New—in Europe, Asia, or North America—the greater and the lesser deer seem to exist side by side, almost as part of the natural order, though there is not necessarily any connection between the coordinated species. All through central Europe the red deer and the fallow deer are found. In North America the parallel is continued by the big Wapiti and the small Black tailed deer. In India the larger deer is the Sambur, the smaller species the Axis, or, as it is there commonly called, the Chital deer.

The Sambur, like our red deer, are whole coloured, and the Axis, like the fallow, spotted with white. But at this point the likeness between the smaller deer of Europe and that of India ceases. The fallow bucks have horns of the shape and kind known as "palmated," spreading out towards the end into a wide flat surface, like the palm of the hand, from which the tines project like fingers. The same kind of horn is seen in a more developed form in the reindeer, and this marks the fallow buck, even to the least observant eye, as quite different in kind to the antlered stag of the red deer.

The Axis deer has no such obvious difference from the great deer of India, the Sambur, though its spotted coat suggests the contrary. Its horns, which have only six points, and are very long in proportion to its size, are almost a miniature edition of those of the Sambur and both in form and temper it has the characteristics of a courageous stag, rather than of the timid "buck."

There is a very fine Axis stag now at the Zoo, whose portrait, with the horns still in the "velvet," and only partly grown, is given opposite. At the present date the horns are at the full size, though the velvet case has not been lost, and of the colour of a ripe banana. This stag is so rough in its behaviour, though not really vicious, that it was thought well to put it in a paddock separated from that in which the hinds were kept, by a passage made of two lines of iron fence, one more than five feet and the other over six feet high, through which the keepers could have access to the sleeping house. The stag resented this separation, and rushing at the fence, leapt the first, dropped in the passage, and then cleared the second fence of 6 feet 6 inches, and rejoined its friends. A stag's hot temper usually breaks out on any attempt to handle it for removal or transport. Another stag, which was being put into a travelling-box, after it had been enclosed, upset the box and

leaped a high wall, and falling over, broke its neck. Another, which was brought from France, was so tame and fearless that it allowed the tops of its horns to be sawn off before it was enclosed in its travelling cage; but finding its quarters too narrow to be comfortable, it smashed the box with the stumps of its horns, got loose in the guard's van, and obliged that official to stop the train, both to save himself and re-capture the stag.

Throughout India and Ceylon the Axis are the common deer of the country. They are a woodland deer, like our fallow bucks, living in herds, and lying down in the mid-day heat, while in the morning and evening the stags lead them out to feed. At such times they are the most beautiful of any jungle animal, and more pretty and graceful than any of the deer tribe, wary and difficult to stalk, and as they afford good sport and good venison, a favourite beast of chase with European, as well as native sportsmen. The native shikarries, who look to the "pot" rather than to the interest of the sport, shoot them by driving in a rather ingenious way. The narrow strips of jungle near water-courses are favourite ground for the Axis deer. The native hunter sits down near one of the tracks, and sends one or two boys to the head of the cover with orders to walk quietly down towards him. The deer rise, and slip off quietly down towards the gun, stopping and waiting to listen to the drivers, and are easily killed by the native with his match-lock. This plan must have been in use for two centuries, for it may be seen represented on old inlaid boxes and bowls dating from the early days of the East India Company. The courage of the wild buck has often been surmised from the fact of the skeletons, both of tigers and leopards, having been found impaled on the horns of a stag which has defended itself. Sir Samuel Baker, who used to course them in Ceylon, had a fine hound killed by an Axis stag. It was stabbed twice through the lungs, and died before it could be taken home.

There was formerly a considerable demand for Axis deer to place in English parks. Their snow-white spots, fine antlers, and compact form, made them even more ornamental than the fallow bucks. Where the parks were dry they thrived well. On damp ground, or where there was much thick cover, they were less easily acclimatized. When Lord Powerscourt kept these and other Indian deer in his park, they kept so closely to their jungle habit of lying all day among thick bushes, that in damp and rainy weather they caught chills and lung diseases and died. Most of those now imported into this country are forwarded to America, where the taste for keeping foreign animals at large in parks is yearly increasing. The price of a stag is £10, and that of a hind £15, the latter being scarcer in the market. They are usually shipped either from Bombay or from Calcutta, at both of which towns there is a market for wild animals brought from central India to the coast.

C. J. CORNISH.



AXIS DEER. PHOTO BY MR.  
GAMBIER BOLTON, F.Z.S.





## A STROKE OF LUCK.

By MRS. ALFRED HUNT.

*Persons*—MRS. VINCENT, 40; AGATHA VINCENT, 19; SIR RALPH RUTHERFORD, 39; ARTHUR KENYON, 30.

*Mrs. Vincent.*—A Norwegian stamp! But I had a letter from John yesterday! I hope nothing bad has happened. He has not written to me two days running since the days when we were engaged. [*Glances over letter.*] *Health better.* He has not had much time to improve since he last wrote. *Fishing excellent.* So it was yesterday. *Pleasant people in hotel.* Glad he still thinks them so. Good Heavens, what's this? "*All last night I had an over-mastering impression that you had invited or were about to invite Lewis Kenyon to Haughton. I write to say that if he is now with you, you must without a moment's delay tell him to leave, and if he is about to come, you must prevent him. You know as well as I do that he is still hankering after Agatha, and that she is by no means cured of her foolish liking for him. I told Kenyon myself when he spoke to me on the subject, that as his estate is strictly entailed, Agatha or anyone else he married would, in the event of his dying suddenly childless, be left unprovided for and that I would never consent to a marriage until he was able to settle £20,000 on her. As this was postponing their marriage sine die, I promised to give my consent when he was able to pledge himself to settle this sum, and I hold myself and him to that bargain. See that he goes, for you know my heart is set on her marrying Sir Ralph Rutherford.*" His heart set on her marrying Sir Ralph! Can a father who is anxious to see his daughter marry that ill-bred, disreputable man, whose only merit is the possession of half a million of money, have a heart? Good God, what a world it is! And now I must give pain to the best fellow I know. He is to be driven out like a criminal, while the fatted calf is to be killed for that odious man. What must be, must be. [*Rings, and bids the servant ask Kenyon to come to her.*]

*Kenyon.*—You want me, I am told?

*Mrs. Vincent.*—Yes, I have had a most unpleasant letter from my husband.

*Kenyon.*—About me?

*Mrs. Vincent.*—About you—and about Agatha.

*Kenyon.*—Ah! I had begun to hope that as he did not oppose your asking me here, he had perhaps changed his mind a little.

*Mrs. Vincent.*—He has not changed it—he did not know I was going to ask you—I ought to tell you, too, that I did not know he would object so much.

*Kenyon.*—Does he object so much?

*Mrs. Vincent.*—Yes, I am ashamed to tell you what he wishes me to do.

*Kenyon.*—Not bid me go?

*Mrs. Vincent.*—Yes. He thinks that you perhaps still care for Agatha.

*Kenyon.*—Why, of course I do! What does he take me for? I love her more than ever, but I have not said a word of that kind to her.

*Mrs. Vincent.*—Don't! It's no use! Dear Mr. Kenyon, you know how happy I should be if things were different. My wishes are not his, unluckily. I have received my orders and must obey them.

*Kenyon.*—At any rate don't make me go to-day. Don't give that brute Sir Ralph such a triumph over me. He has been watching me as a cat watches a mouse ever since I came. Whenever I look at him, I see those fishy eyes of his fixed contemptuously on me. Even when Gibbons came to say you wanted me just now, it was the same. I tried not to look at the cad, but you know what trying to avoid sights of that kind means. Of course I looked, and he was staring hard at me, and his eyes were fairly dancing with triumphant malice. It was just as if he knew I was going to be turned out of the house!

*Mrs. Vincent.*—And he did know! Of course he knew! I see it all now. The whole thing is his doing. He has telegraphed to my husband that you are here interfering with his projects, and John, who is entirely on his side, has written that letter. John talks of having a strong impression—he has had a strong telegram. It is simply abominable! No words can tell you how both Agatha and I detest Sir Ralph!

*Kenyon.*—Don't let him reap the reward of his villainy. Let me stay.

*Mrs. Vincent.*—Can you settle £20,000 on Agatha? If you can all will be right. John said so to you, and now he has said it again in black and white.

*Kenyon*.—I have just had £10,000 left me. I can settle that. You shake your head.

*Mrs. Vincent*.—£20,000, neither more nor less. We can do nothing but obey.

*Kenyon*.—Again I entreat you not to send me away before Sir Ralph's eyes. He leaves by the ten o'clock express to-morrow. Let me stay till he has gone, and I will go by the slow train at noon; and I give you my word to keep away from Miss Vincent all the time that I am here.

*Mrs. Vincent*.—And to keep the peace with Sir Ralph; promise that too, for my sake, and stay.

*Kenyon*.—I promise to try. [*Goes. Sees Sir Ralph in the porch smoking.*] *Aside*: He is waiting to exult over my misery. He knows what orders Mrs. Vincent has received. I am to be civil to him, and if ever there was a human being I longed to kill, that is the man. If I could but get into the garden without passing him.

*Sir Ralph*.—Well, Kenyon, feeling pretty fit?

*Kenyon*. Yes, for some things which might not be pleasant.

*Sir Ralph*.—Indeed! What are you going to do?

*Kenyon*.—I am going out. *Aside*: If I am not quick about it, I shall forget my promise and punch his head. Agatha is in the long walk with her cousins; I am not fit company for her—besides, there is my promise. Ah, they are going to play croquet—they are making signs to me. [*Turns away by a side-walk to the kitchen garden, and leans over a fence which separates it from one of the home farm-fields.*]

*Agatha*.—So you are here! Why wouldn't you come and play croquet when we all wanted you an hour ago?

*Kenyon*.—I don't know. I didn't feel like croquet.

*Agatha*.—Do you feel like it now? We badly want a fourth.

*Kenyon*.—I can't come. I am engaged in an animated conversation with this very friendly little pig. Listen. When I imitate its grunt, it curls its tail and grunts back quite pleasantly.

*Agatha*.—So that's what you stayed away to do?

*Kenyon*.—Yes. Isn't he a comical little fellow?

*Agatha*.—I dare say he is; but you need not waste the whole afternoon on him. We want you to play.

*Kenyon*.—You are very kind, but I'm afraid I can't. Did you ever see any animal enjoy anything more than he enjoys my rubbing the back of his head with this stick? [*Turns to see why she does not answer.*] Good heavens, she is nearly out of sight! I don't wonder. How was she to know that I was making a fool of myself, because my heart was breaking? I must not follow her. Oh here's Sir Ralph coming!

*Sir Ralph*.—Sorry to spoil sport! I had no idea that you and Miss Vincent were enjoying a quiet *tête-à-tête* in this secluded spot.

*Kenyon* [*haughtily*].—Miss Vincent came to ask me to play croquet.

*Sir Ralph*.—And you did not accept her invitation?

*Kenyon*.—And I did not accept her invitation.

*Sir Ralph*.—Seems odd! Had you anything else to do?

*Kenyon*.—What do you mean?

*Sir Ralph*.—Are you composing a speech, or a love letter, or meditating a journey?

*Kenyon* [*angrily*].—Ah! I'd have you know that though I say nothing at present, I quite understand what you have been about, and what it means.

*Sir Ralph* [*insolently*].—It is a pity to say nothing when one does understand a thing, one so often speaks when one doesn't.

*Kenyon*.—You are aware of it, then?

*Sir Ralph* [*furiously*].—There's one thing I understand perfectly, and that is, that you are in love with Miss Vin—

*Kenyon*.—Be so kind as to leave that lady's name out of your impertinent conversation.

*Sir Ralph*.—It shall be left out of my conversation, and if you will take my advice, you will leave both her name and herself out of your thoughts, for you will never marry her—no, not if you wait till Doomsday.

[*Kenyon leaves him indignantly.*]

*Sir Ralph* [*cries after him*].—It's true! It's true! I am so certain of it that I would stake £10,000 on it. Not that ten thou: is anything to me, but I expect it's a precious lot more than you can risk.

*Kenyon* [*returning*].—I bet you £10,000 that I'll marry her within a year!

*Sir Ralph*.—Done! [*Each books the bet.*]

*Agatha*.—Come to play croquet, you say? Everyone has gone in tired. Why didn't you come before?

*Kenyon*.—I had received orders to leave your father's house in the morning, and not to speak to you if I could help it while I was here.

*Agatha*.—Then why speak now?

*Kenyon*.—Because all our misery is over. I can fulfil your father's condition.

*Agatha*.—That horrible money condition you told me about?

*Kenyon*.—Yes, and, darling, he must give his consent, and I am as happy as I can be if only you love me still.

*Agatha*.—Love you, of course I love you. I always have. Are you certain you love me?

*Kenyon*.—Better than anyone or anything in the whole wide world.

*Agatha*.—Not better than the curly-tailed pig?

*Kenyon*.—And now come to your mother—she has been so kind to me! There's Sir Ralph in the porch again.

*Sir Ralph* [*aside*].—That fellow looks mightily at his ease all of a sudden, and little Agatha is with him and not like the same girl. [*Meditates.*] A note for me, do you say, Gibbons, from Mrs. Vincent? [*Reads*] "I should fail in my duty, I think, if I did not at once announce Agatha's engagement to our dear friend, Mr. Kenyon. I daresay you are aware that my husband opposed this at first, but as Mr. Kenyon is now in a position to fulfil the condition he imposed, there is no obstacle to their happiness." Another note, Gibbons?

*Gibbons*.—From Mr. Kenyon, sir.

*Sir Ralph* [*reads*].—"Your £10,000 has helped me to happiness. I must take it, but shall return it as soon as possible." My £10,000!!!



### THE BEAUTY OF CHILDREN. III.

THAT expression is but an attitude of the eyelids, and no quality of the eyes at all, is a fact that does not lessen the importance of this final beauty of the human face. If the sensitive edges of the eyelids can speak anger, irony, fear, tenderness, surprise and joy, and so intricate a mingling of these simple passions, and can, moreover, express the processes of thought, it is but a proof of the spirituality of the nerves; and these are, after all, nobler and more vital matters than the mere glass of the eyes.

There is a popular, pardonable, sentimental desire to believe that expression is as impalpable as spirit, and that it comes forth from the eye, as it were, and travels to the eye of the spectator. It does no such thing. And in the same way the obstinate general belief about the sense of sight itself is that it goes out to seek the things which it perceives. But as sight sits at home and is served by the external world, so does the expression of the human spirit abide closely in the setting of the eyes. Neither does it come from some unknown depths within, nor does it pass beyond.

It abides, infinitely gradual, infinitely various, in the slight differences that exist between the shutting of the eyelid and its utmost opening. Never were such narrow limits set to such innumerable degrees. So are all little things divisible, it may be urged; for this is one of the mysteries of the world. All little things are, indeed, divisible, but the divisions are not perceptible to our unaided senses. The curious thing in the delicate divisions and degrees of an eyelid's expression is that they are all perfectly perceptible and fully significant—conspicuous, indeed, so that a flicker, too small to be measured, tells a complicated story.

Within the changing eyelid the eye is unchangeable. It has nothing, that is, of what we call expression. Other slight alterations it has which are dependent upon emotion, but do not express emotion with the eloquence of real expression. For instance, the pupil enlarges under mental excitement, but by no means in all persons. And the whole surface of the eyes glistens in certain transitory conditions of the mind. This is common with children, and it is one of the most brilliant manifestations of their brilliant beauty.

For actual expression, moreover, apart from those merely mechanical changes of aspect, the eyes of children are more significant than those of their elders. And, strange to say, the eyes of children, whose minds are so small, express intelligence better than do any adult eyes—at least, since the death of David Garrick. For the adult mind is intellect, which is inexpressive, whereas the childish mind (like that, by the way, of a good actor) is intelligence—what there is of it—which is a quality exceedingly expressive.

The look of intelligence is outward—that is, it is frankly directed upon external things; it is observant, and therefore

mobile without restlessness. For restless eyes are the least observant of all—they move by a kind of distraction. The observant eyes do not move until they have seen all they want to look at, or until the thing they want to look at has itself moved, when perhaps they follow it for more observation. The looks of observant eyes, therefore, have plenty of pauses, as well as all kinds of flights. And this is the action of intelligence, while the eyes of intellect move too much or too little. Intellect generally looks dull.

Rational perception, with all its phases of humour, are best expressed by the child, who has few second thoughts to blur the image of his momentary feeling. For his simplicity adds much to the manifestation of his intelligence. The child is the last and lowest of rational creatures, and in him the "rational soul" closes its long, downward flight with the most beautiful, bright, and unmistakable of all its revelations.

The child has also the chief beauty of the irrational soul—of the mind, that is, of the lower animal—which is its simplicity. The simplicity, the integrity, the one thing at a time, of an animal's eyes is a great beauty, and is apt to cause us to exaggerate our sense of their expressiveness. An animal's eyes, at their best, are very slightly expressive; languor or alertness, mechanically manifested, are nearly the utmost they can show; the human sentiment of the spectator adds the rest at his own fancy.

All this simplicity the child has, at moments, with a thousand delicacies added by the rational soul, and its intelligence added as well. His looks express the first, the last, and the clearest humanity. He is the first by his youth, and the last, by his lowliness. He is the beginning and the result of the creation of man. And his is the clearest humanity because of his innocence.

A student of sociology and of the derivation of ethics, however eminent, looks far less intelligent than an average child; and to the reasons given above is to be added this: the more articulate is the speech of words, the less instant is the speech of the eyes. The loss of that last, most beautiful, eloquence is a great price to pay for the accuracies and delicacies of language. But it is a price that is paid, in a slight degree, by the child himself as he advances. The time when his face expresses most is when the thoughts come quicker than the words. There is then an intensity of meaning, which makes such a charming commotion in the face of four years old as nothing else in animate nature can match.

But, it may be objected, the face of a great man has so much to say, and so much of many things, that, though the child may look more charming, the philosopher needs must look more wise. Indeed, it is not so; he is more wise, but he does not look so.

ALICE MEYNELL.





"WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO,  
MY PRETTY MAID?" PHOTO  
BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

# THE WELL DRESSED WOMAN



WE fell to discussing the illustrated papers—She and I and The Other Girl—and we fell to arguing, and we fell to disagreeing; and the one of us politely urged how frightful it was to see all the figures, abnormal creatures with impossible necks, and improbable waists. And the other of us—a prosaic creature—ventured to suggest that she thought fashion plates ought to look like real people; whilst I—well, never mind what I said. They didn't mind in the least; that was what annoyed me so much, for what I have to say about dress, since I am amongst the minority who know, is really of so much importance. What a minority it is! or at least if they do know anything about dress, this great world of women of to-day—or I suppose I should say, this world of great women of to-day—they skilfully avoid imparting it to their fellow-creatures by giving any outward evidence of their knowledge. Most women—it is a terrible fact, but it is a fact—know nothing whatever about clothes. They follow blindly in the wake of fashion, ignoring not alone their individual requirements, but the æsthetic proprieties—an equally serious omission.

But I must not be captious, or even critical, to-day. It is such a beautiful day. The sun is shining with all its might, and the Park is ablaze with flowers. I will forget the weird pictures of weird women who disport themselves with more or less grace on the pictured pages which do so much to render

life enjoyable to our country cousins, and remember only that existence is a pleasing thing, especially in London at the end of May.

All the colours of the rainbow are being allowed the

privilege of decorating us, but perhaps blue is the most prominent note. It is a veritable battle of the blues. Never were there so many rivals! The faintest azure owns its votaries by the dozens, this shade being observable in vest, in hat, or belt at the waist. Remarkably pretty it looks, now I come to think of it, forming a belt on Miss Julia Neilson's gown at the Criterion Theatre, where it completes with signal grace a dress of shot silk in mauve and blue, trimmed with muslin and infinitesimal frills of Valenciennes lace.

Leagues of Valenciennes lace have been absorbed by our clothes this year. The Other Girl ventures to toss her head and assert that she is tired of its frivolous influence; but she is quite wrong. She always is wrong, that girl.

Valenciennes lace, when properly used, is the ideal trimming for the summer gown. It should be united unquestionably to muslin of superior texture—not a starched, wiry canvas, which resembles nothing

excepting the fabric which, in my younger days, was relegated entirely to larder use. But once catch the softest, finest muslin; cook it à merveille with tucks and Valenciennes lace, and you may congratulate yourself in having done well by



AN ASCOT GOWN.



your summer clothes, always providing, of course, that you have enough of this muslin. Entire dresses are being made of muslin again; not alone book muslin—which is rather too stiff to have the honour of my sincere regard—but Organdie



A FRENCH EVENING DRESS.

muslin, printed muslin and spotted muslin. There is a remarkably pretty variety of muslins. There is one which has a green ground with daisies upon it, and this striped with Valenciennes insertion set *à jour*, lined with pale yellow silk, and tied at the neck and waist with pale yellow ribbons, suggests itself—be it understood with a skirt to match—as an excellent dress in which to grace a garden-party, or even attend that World's Fair of costume—Ascot.

Seriously to consider costumes for Ascot should be my immediate duty, in view of the fact that all my friends persistently visit me to ask my advice, the while they are as persistently determined to follow their own, as is the invariable way of “dear women at ease.” Should the horrible misfortune have occurred to any of us not to have as much money as we could desire to spend—alas, a too, too common cry!—we should limit our desires to the simplicity of coat, and skirt, and shirt. The coat and skirt should be made of white alpaca, the shirt should be of buff batiste, with a white muslin collar, while the very wide belt round the waist, and the very wide collar band might be successfully made of an obtrusive large-checked ribbon. Then should this costume be crowned with a coarse straw hat, trimmed round the brim with a ruche of chiffon, and on the crown with a scarf of chiffon with white wings set out on either side, and large masses of many-coloured roses resting

on the hair at the back and the result may be predicted with even as much certainty as we feel that our special fancy will win at twenty to one. Why do our special fancies so rarely justify our faith at twenty to one, I wonder? But—I digress. A more elaborate frock for Ascot might be made of shot silk with a bodice striped with jet—studded muslin embroidery formed by festoons of jet beads, and tied just below the waist with a black satin ribbon fringed with jet. But at Ascot there are not alone the days, but the evenings thereof, and for one of these an attractive gown might be made of light green *peau de soie* with an *appliqué* of miroir velvet, traced with silver beads and silver sequins, and a collar of lace round the *décolletage*. Afterwards such a frock would do duty at the theatres, completed with a short cape of green miroir velvet, with a pointed collar of Renaissance lace and a ruffle of roses round the neck.



A THEATRE CAPE.

#### ANSWER TO LETTER.

“BUTE.”—I am not in the least degree offended. On the contrary, I am most pleased that you think my advice can be of use to you. The best shirt I have seen this year was at Dickins and Jones, Hanover House, Regent Street. It is made of soft muslin, most elaborately trimmed with needlework and lace, with a collar turned down in points, and very large sleeves with turn-back cuffs; it costs 27s. 6d., and is to be found in white, or blue, or pink, or buff. You must not think 27s. 6d. dear for a shirt, because the best one we had last year, which came from the Countess of Warwick's depot, cost two guineas.

PAULINA PRY.





# THE ASHBURNHAM COINS.

THIS has been an exciting week for coin-collectors. A portion of the far-famed collection belonging to the Earl of Ashburnham has come beneath the hammer, and Sotheby's sale-rooms have been thronged with an eager and enthusiastic crowd of purchasers. It is not given to everyone to understand the mysteries of coin-collecting, and to some of us it will always be a mystery that a rough lumpish silver coin of the size of a shilling should (to a collector) be worth nearly three hundred pounds.

We have but little patience with the collector who gives a large sum for a coin, perhaps unique, struck from an inaccurate die, merely because it is unique or ranks at the highest value in his collection; a pattern coin struck as a trial at the mint, or a medal struck in silver instead of bronze by accident. This represents the vagaries of collecting and not the merits of the work of the numismatist. In the Ashburnham sale, however, it was altogether different. A glance at the illustrations, which by the courtesy of the owners and auctioneers, Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge, we are enabled to give, will serve to record the fact that the items sold in the sale were works of art of the greatest possible beauty and value. Hence it is that we devote a few lines to their description. They were coins that were struck more than 2,000 years ago. In some cases (No. 47 for instance), they possessed the venerable antiquity of 2,400 years, and yet they were coins that in delicate beauty, in virile conception, and in exquisite workmanship, surpassed anything that die sinker or coin engraver has ever since produced. Greek art is a profound mystery. Its artists stand out conspicuous for their strength, their imagination, and their marvellous grasp of the details and diversities that go to form beauty. The high relief of a Greek coin cannot be satisfactorily compared with the very shallow relief of a modern coin, because the exigencies of banking and of trade have compelled the engraver to adopt the later style, but this very adoption has deprived him of one of the great aids to his work that the Greek engraver possessed.

The Ashburnham coins were, of course, choice, picked specimens, the finest that could be obtained, the choicest that have ever been sold, and they are worthy of careful attention, quite apart from the fact that they are coins, or from their actual rarity. Glance for a moment at No. 30, and mark well the skill of the engraver. Here, on a space that can be covered by a shilling, is a picture of forest life in miniature. Two eagles standing over a hare, their fallen prey, one with open wings preparing to rend the hare, the other with closed wings, raising its head, and screaming. The workmanship is perfect, full of power and restraint. You can almost hear the eagles cry, and see the whole scene in life before you. On the reverse of the same coin, see the traditional figure of Scylla, with flowing hair, and

examine the accuracy of the drawing of the crab, from which the place of issue derived its name—Agrigentum.

It has been said sometimes that a fine miniature painting, broadly and powerfully drawn, has all the value of a full-length portrait. This is certainly the case with many a fine Greek coin. The face of Poseidon, on No. 20, with all its rugged dignity; the laureate head of Apollo, on No. 25, with a dainty and delicate virile beauty, and the powerful lion's head on the reverse; the veiled head of Philistis, on No. 62; and the clear-cut features of Pallas, in a crested Corinthian helmet, on No. 106, are all instances of this remarkable power. There was no hurry in the days when these coins were struck; the engraver did his very best with unstinted labour; the gem matrix was perfectly cut and sharply finished, and the innate sense of beauty that the Greek possessed, aided by the culture of the day and the training of centuries, did the rest.

Perhaps No. 53 is a more remarkable example. It is but two years ago that Mr. Arthur Evans wrote very fully on the wonderful tetradrachms of Syracuse, engraved by Kimon and Evanktos, and pointed out the existence of a third engraver unknown to fame, whose work even surpassed that of these two. The coin itself appeared at this sale. The incomparable beauty of the head of Persephone has always attracted notice, but attention should be given to the *verve* of the whole conception. The dolphins are alive: they move, they twist; the horses in the Quadriga are straining for victory and eagerly moving in rhythmic progress, the driver is scarce able to hold them in check, and Nikê, poised in the air above, hands the crown to the conqueror and points to the armour beneath as ΑΘΑΑ, the *reward of virtue*. The same marvellous drawing, instinct with life, appears in No. 16. The bull is butting with all his vigour; the drawing is from the life and the delineation yet moves. No. 65 is another remarkable piece. Artemis has bent her bow and her hand is straining to seize the prey. A threepenny-piece would cover the coin, but there is no playing with the subject, no fussy ornamentation or crowded detail of work; a few bold living strokes—and lo! the huntress and her dog are before us. Herakles in No. 94 and No. 124 is armed with club and bow and strides across the coin. Gentle-winged Nikê on No. 118 is sadly gazing back upon past failures. Artemis on No. 107 is dignified, serious and quiet. Hermes on No. 91 is almost Egyptian in his stoical, sphinx-like placidity; and Apollo, on No. 75, and Perseus, on No. 90, are glowing faces of manly strength and beauty. The prices that these precious coins fetched were high, but whatever be their market value, their art value is not altered thereby. They are gems of glorious work, the masterpieces of Greek art at its finest period, models for all the world, treasures of exquisite beauty, and the sight of them is an education, and their sale a national misfortune.

G. C. WILLIAMSON.



No. 53 realised £91  
 " 20 " 42  
 " 30 " 260  
 " 16 " 30/10

No. 75 realised £62  
 " 73 " 60  
 " 62 " 11  
 " 47 " 25

No. 90 realised £11  
 " 25 " 22/15  
 " 65 " 30  
 " 91 " 40

No. 106 realised £108  
 " 107 " 65  
 " 108 " 51  
 " 124 " 131

No. 209 realised £10/10  
 " 118 " 27  
 " 94 " 41

SOME OF THE COINS FROM THE EARL  
 OF ASHBURNHAM'S COLLECTION, RE-  
 CENTLY SOLD BY MESSRS. SOTHEY,  
 WILKINSON & HODGE.





LADY SPENCER is the fourth daughter of Mr. Frederick Charles Seymour, and married the present Earl in 1858, just twelve months after his accession to the title. It was, perhaps, during her husband's "Irish campaign" as Lord-Lieutenant from '68 to '74, and again from '82 to '85, that Lady Spencer's splendid qualities of head and heart came most prominently into evidence. The results of her practical kindness and unprejudiced efforts to raise the condition of the people are still felt and acknowledged across channel where the name of Spencer is held in dear remembrance. Lord Spencer's appointment in '92 as First Lord, brought Lady Spencer again into the vortex of officialdom, and her dinners and receptions in St. James' Square are attended with a sense of personal pleasure, which does not always obey the call of social duty. Althorp Park, perhaps the finest property in Northamptonshire, is where Lady Spencer spends most of her time. Owing to Lady Kimberley's rather sudden death, she was obliged to come up to town and undertake the duty of presenting ladies of the Diplomatic Corps to Her Majesty on the 8th—one of many occasions where Lady Spencer has, at all sacrifice of personal convenience, been found ready for the special calls to which her special tact and amiability give rise.

Notwithstanding weather hot, to the verge of suffocation, the sale of work went merrily on in Exhibition Road, at which H.R.H. Princess Christian presided last week with so much energy and good humour. All sorts of lovely things were exposed for sale, and it was no less difficult to resist temptation on the stalls than the persuasive blandishments of those who stood behind them. Lady Wantage helped Princess Christian at the central table, and Lady Morley, wearing a very elaborate green velvet frock, was also in philanthropic evidence. Lady Yarborough, Lady Ribblesdale, Lady Wantage, and Lady Hillingdon were there, helping the good work on. Mrs. Bonyage, too, of course; but Mrs. Alfred Morrison, usually a pillar of the "Royal School," was still abroad. Mrs. Richard Grosvenor, Mrs. Labouchere, Mrs. Wm. Lowther were a few of the well known people present on opening day. Some furniture covering; were specially interesting, being replicas of the tapestry at Windsor Castle. Since its foundation the Royal School of Art Needlework has undoubtedly done more to revive a nearly lost art than one can realise until its exquisite creations are brought to one's notice.

Flower punkahs will be used at some large balls and dinners this season—a very pretty and appropriate fashion, too, for the present tropical weather. I dined some days since at a house where a punkah of mignonette was suspended from the ceiling, and worked by a servant while we negotiated the courses, and a more charming arrangement

it would be difficult to discover. On a stifling hot evening the air was just kept in motion sufficiently, besides being pleasantly scented.

The oldest opera-goer gives it on his own irrefragable authority that few first nights have foregathered such a representative assembly of rank and fashion as that which began the present season. Three boxes were occupied by Royalty, and the Duke of Cambridge sat in the stalls. The Princess of Wales and her daughters, with the Duke and Duchess of Coburg and Princess Alexandra in one; the Prince, with Mr. Christopher Sykes, Captain Holford, and several other gentlemen, immediately underneath; while the Duchess of Fife and Miss Knollys were in a third. Princess Maud looked very pretty in black with a bunch of Malmaison carnations in her bodice. By the way, I see that H.R.H. has started a single eye-glass. Of diamonds there was a plenteous display. Beginning with the stage itself, where, in the second act, Madame Albani wore a superb ceinture of brilliants, and passing on through all parts of the house. Lady Savile Crossley's great tiara was very conspicuous. Lady Wolverton, in bridal white satin, held quite a reception between the acts. Mrs. Ronalds, Mrs. Adair, Lady Londonderry, Lady Tweeddale, and, in fact, everybody who was anybody more or less, put in an appearance. Albani was as fascinating both in voice and acting, as Tamagno was forcible, which says much; and the evening altogether one of exceptional brilliancy.

Both the Four-in-Hand Driving Club and the Coaching Club have had their opening meets this past week, and the four new members made a most impressive appearance at the latter gathering, which was as crowded and brilliant as the Park in such weather and with such a season of brilliant colours could only be. Every tint in and out of the rainbow was judiciously admixed on the dresses of those who made up the coaching parties. But personally I always think the cream of this function lies in the drive down to Hurlingham and back again, after the festive luncheon.

Friday, the 24th, was made the occasion of a greater number of junketing; than usually falls to the lot, even of an overworked mid-season day. Probably, because it was the Queen's birthday and on that account a social landmark of the first order. Several had big luncheon parties, a form of merrymaking I cordially dislike. It uses one's energies up too early, and spoils the afternoon. Dozens of teas were given in all directions. Lady Ross had a dinner, Lady Eardley a reception, and Mrs. Mark Pechell's dance made an excellent finale from the band, floor and partner point of view. Mrs. French's ball on the 22nd, by the way, was one more proof that a ball-room built out in the garden may rival the most perfect floor within.

VERA.





THE COUNTESS SPENCER.  
PHOTO BY LAFAYETTE,  
DUBLIN.



IT has become the fashion in certain circles to make game of the peerage—"the finest thing the English have yet done in the way of fiction." The attitude would once have been nothing short of impious; and even to-day it is difficult for an old country like our own to abandon that touch of respect which attaches to an old-standing order, even when the claims to long descent of some of its members will not hold very close inspection. The tone of contempt, or of good-natured indifference, towards the peers sometimes lacks the ring of sincerity. There is a suspicion that the political exigencies of the moment have given a greater vogue to the fashion than would otherwise be the case. In spite of it all, however, a young peer is surrounded by a certain glamour in the public eye. If he be a minor, the interest in him deepens. It could hardly be otherwise. If any proof were needed, one might cite the case of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, and this is a strong case, in view of the fact that he became intensely popular among a people whose tradition it is to pooh-pooh the poor peers; and that the book was the work of a writer who, if English by birth, is American by education and by instinct. No biography of a boy has in recent years had such a run—first in book form and then on the stage—and the greater part of its popularity was due to the circumstance of the status of the subject. There is a fine sense of contrast in the idea of a mere irresponsible boy representing long line, great wealth and hereditary power. And after all Lord Fauntleroy was not a peer, only a prospective one. Had Mrs. Hodgson Burnett made him Earl of Dorlincourt from the beginning, she might have secured even a greater popularity for her little hero. Perhaps someone else will exploit such a subject.

At the present moment there are 629 peers in this country, not counting princes of the blood; and of the total number eighteen are as yet minors, of all ranks from a duke to a baron, and of all ages from mere children to youths within a short period of their majority. It will be found that dukedoms have suffered most by death, a seventh part of them being held by minors. Here are their titles, with the

dates of their attaining the age at which they will enjoy their full rights, for of course no minor is allowed either to manage his own affairs or to enjoy the much disputed right of managing the affairs of the nation at large:—

|                         |                     |
|-------------------------|---------------------|
| DUKE OF ALBANY ...      | July 19, 1905.      |
| DUKE OF LEINSTER ...    | March 1, 1908.      |
| DUKE OF MANCHESTER ...  | March 3, 1898.      |
| DUKE OF ROXBURGHE ...   | July 25, 1897.      |
| MARQUIS OF HEADFORT ... | June 12, 1899.      |
| EARL OF DALHOUSIE ...   | September 4, 1899.  |
| EARL OF GRANARD ...     | September 17, 1895. |
| EARL OF GUILDFORD ...   | November 19, 1897.  |
| EARL OF LEITRIM ...     | June 23, 1900.      |
| EARL OF LYTTON ...      | August 10, 1897.    |
| EARL OF ROTHES ...      | July 15, 1898.      |
| EARL OF SEAFIELD ...    | April 18, 1897.     |
| EARL OF WICKLOW ...     | December 24, 1898.  |
| VISCOUNT TORRINGTON ... | September 10, 1907. |
| BARON DE CLIFFORD ...   | July 2, 1905.       |
| BARON DENMAN ...        | November 16, 1895.  |
| BARON O'HAGAN ...       | December 5, 1899.   |
| BARON VIVIAN ...        | January 21, 1899.   |

The youngest minor is the Duke of Leinster, who is only eight years old, and the next youngest is Viscount Torrington, who is eight-and-a-half. The oldest minor is the Earl of Granard, the next in age being Baron Denman. Five of the minors will not come of age until next century. Two of them attain their majority this year; four in 1897, three in 1899, and four in 1899. The minor whose family was earliest ennobled is the Duke of Leinster, in 1200. The De Cliffords were made Barons as long ago as 1299, and have never got any further. The peer of most recent creation is Baron O'Hagan, 1870. Only two of the minors are Catholics—Lord Granard and Lord O'Hagan; and only two have no hereditary seat in Parliament, Lord Rothes, who is a Scotch, and Lord Wicklow, who is an Irish, peer. And yet in the matter of relative precedence, Lord Rothes, who is ninetieth, ranks before any other of the minors except the Duke of Manchester, who is nineteenth, the Duke of Leinster, who is twenty-second, and the Marquis of Headfort, who is forty-second.

J. M. BULLOCH.

## Peers who are Minors.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF ALBANY.  
PHOTO BY THOMSON, GROS-  
VENOR ST., W.

His Royal Highness Prince Leopold Charles Edward George Albert is the full name of the little Duke of Albany, who bears the titles of Earl of Clarence, Lord Arklow, Duke of Saxony, and Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. He was born 19th July, 1884, three-and-a-half months after his father's death. His mother, whom he closely resembles, is the daughter of the late reigning Prince of Wales and Lynnont. The dukedom, which was created in 1398 for the benefit of the second son of Robert II. of Scotland, to wit, the famous Regent Albany, had ten representatives during the next four centuries, mostly princes of the blood. It expired in 1827 on the death of the second son of George III., and was revived in 1881 for the late Prince Leopold. The present duke appears here in the uniform of the famous regiment called after him, and known alternatively as the Seaforth Highlanders and the Ross-shire Buffs. He is being educated at Mr. Rowmley's School, near Lyndhurst, and comes of age in 1893.





VISCOUNT TORRINGTON.  
PHOTO BY GLANVILLE,  
TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

Sir George Master Dyng, 9th Viscount Torrington, was born 10th S. 1886, and at the age of three succeeded his father. The family is of great antiquity in Kent, though its honours were founded since the Revolution. George Dyng, one of the most famous names in our naval history, was created Viscount Torrington in 1721, and many of his descendants have held distinguished posts in the navy and the army, the last viscount having been lieutenant-colonel of the Rifle Brigade. The present peer has only a sister living. He is being educated at Miss Pincoff's School, Folkestone. He comes of age in 1907.



THE DUKE OF LEINSTER,  
PHOTO BY LAFAYETTE,  
DUBLIN.

Maurice Fitzgerald, 6th Duke of Leinster, is the premier duke, marquis, and earl of Ireland. He is the youngest of the peers who are minors, having been born 1st March, 1887, and succeeded his father in 1893. The Fitzgeralds claim kinship with the family of Gherardini, of Florence, and they came across with the Conqueror. About 1200 the Barony of Offaly, and in 1316 the Earldom of Kildare, titles still retained by the house, were conferred on them. The 20th earl was created Duke of Leinster in 1766. It was only last March that the beautiful mother of the present duke—she was a daughter of Lord Feversham—died, leaving three little boys.



THE EARL OF WICKLOW.  
PHOTO BY CHANCELLOR,  
DUBLIN.

Ralph Francis Howard, 5th December, 1877, and succeeded his father in 1891. Ralph Howard was President of the College of Physicians in Ireland, 1874, and bought the estate of North Arklow, Co. Wicklow, on which is Shelton Abbey, the chief seat of the Earls of Wicklow, his descendants. His grandson was created Baron Clonmore, 1776, and his widow was made Countess of Wicklow in 1793. The present earl, who has only a half-brother living, is at Eton. He comes of age in 1893.





THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER.  
PHOTO BY ALFRED KISSACK,  
R.A.P.S.

William Drogo Montagu, 9th Duke of Manchester, was born 3rd March, 1877, and succeeded his father in 1892. Sir Henry Montagu, who was Lord Treasurer of England, was created Baron Montagu 1620, and, six years later, Viscount of Manchester. The fourth earl espoused the cause of the Prince of Orange, and was duly rewarded, being raised to the dukedom 1719. The present duke's mother is the present Duchess of Devonshire, and his aunt is Duchess of Devonshire, the elder, Lady Mary Montagu, having been educated at Eton, comes of age



THE EARL OF LYTTON.  
PHOTO BY DICKINSON,  
NEW BOND STREET, W.

Sir Victor Alexander George Robert Bulwer-Lytton, 2nd Earl of Lytton, was born 10th August, 1876, and succeeded his father in 1891. The family traces its origin to Sir Robert de Lytton, who was Comptroller of the Household of Henry IV., and Knebworth came into its possession so long ago as the fifteenth century. The Lyttons took a prominent part in public life. In last century the direct line was broken, and the name seemed likely to suffer extinction. Miss Elizabeth Lytton, its representative, however, married Brigadier-General Bulwer, 1798, and from that time the family became more famous than ever it had been. Two of her three sons were made peers. The elder, Henry, the distinguished diplomatist, was created Baron Dalling and Bulwer, 1871, but on his death the title became extinct. The youngest son, Edward, was the famous novelist, who was created Baron Lytton, 1866. He was succeeded by his only son, our late Ambassador in Paris, himself a poet ("Owen Meredith"), whose public services brought an earldom to his house 1880. The present earl is at Eton. He has a brother and three sisters living. He comes of age in 1897.



THE MARQUIS OF HEADFORT.  
PHOTO BY EDWARDS, HYDE  
PARK CORNER, S.W.

*Sir Geoffrey Thomas Tylour, 4th Marquis of Headfort, was born 12th June, 1878, and succeeded his father last year. The family migrated from Sussex to Ireland in 1653. One of them was created a Baronet of Ireland in 1704, and the third baronet was created Baron Headfort, Viscount Headfort, and Earl of Bective. His son was raised to the marquessate in 1800. The present marquis was a younger son, his half-brother, Lord Bective, having died in 1893. He has one sister and three half-sisters living, and is being educated at Harrow. He comes of age in 1899. He will sit in the House of Lords as Baron Kenlis.*





THE EARL OF GUILFORD.  
PHOTO BY JACOLETTE,  
SOUTH KENSINGTON.

George Frederick North, 8th Earl of Guilford, was born 19th N and succeeded his father in 1885. The family trace their origin to Sir North, a famous lawyer, who was created Baron North in 1533. The second son of the fourth Baron North became Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and was created Baron Guilford, 1683. The Barony of North devolved on Baron Guilford, who was created an earl in 1762. The present earl, educated at Eton. He is a lieutenant in the 4th (militia) battalion of the Gloucestershire Regiment. He has a sister living, and he comes of age in 1897.



THE EARL OF GRANARD.  
PHOTO BY LAFAYETTE,  
DUBLIN.

Bernard Arthur William Patrick Hastings Forbes, 8th Earl of Granard, was born on 17th Sept., 1874, and succeeded on the death of his father in 1889. His family is a branch of the great Aberdeenshire clan of Forbeses, whose head is the premier Baron of Scotland. In 1620 Sir Arthur Forbes, brother of the famous bishop, settled in Ireland, and obtained great territorial possessions in Longford. His son, who served under Montrose, was created Viscount Granard in 1675, and raised to the earldom in 1684. He it was who suggested to Charles II. the foundation of Kilmainham Hospital. Several of his descendants distinguished themselves in the navy and the army. The family are Roman Catholics. The present earl has three brothers living. He was educated chiefly at Beaumont College, Old Windsor, and comes of age next September.



BARON O'HAGAN.  
PHOTO BY CONTA-  
RENI, VENICE.

Thomas Towneley O'Hagan, 2nd Baron O'Hagan, was born 5th Dec., 1873, and died his father in 1885. The O'Hagans, who were one of the oldest families in Ireland, came famous in the person of Thomas, a very distinguished statesman, who was Lord Chancellor of Ireland, a Commissioner of National Education and of Charitable Donations and Bequests, a Senator of the Queen's University, and Vice-Chancellor of the Royal University of Ireland. He was born in 1812, and was created Baron O'Hagan in 1870. He was twice married, the present baron being the child of the second marriage, by one of the Towneleys of Towneley. The family are Catholics. The present baron, who was educated partly at the Oratory School, Clonsilla, has one brother and two sisters living. He comes of age in 1899.





THE EARL OF ROTHES.  
PHOTO BY BASSANO, OLD  
BOND ST.

Norman Evelyn Leitch, 18th Earl of Rothes, was born 15th July, 1877, and succeeded his grandmother, who was a peeress in her own right, in 1893. The title was created in 1427, and is thus the third oldest of the Scotch earldoms, ranking next after the historic Earldom of Mar. The Rothes family were once among the very largest landed proprietors in Scotland. The sixth earl was created Duke of Rothes in the time of Charles II., and as Lord Chancellor and Prime Minister of Scotland, resided and died at Holyrood Palace. Charles ordered a State funeral for him, costing actually in those days over £160,000. His Majesty did not remember to pay this huge sum, and three-fourths of the Rothes estate were devoted to defray this cost. The present earl, who was preceded in the title by two ladies, has been educated at Eton and Heathend Army College. He is a second lieutenant in the 4th battalion (militia) of the Devonshire Regiment, and comes of age in 1898.



BARON DENMAN.  
PHOTO BY BASSA-  
NO, OLD BOND ST.

Thomas Denman, 3rd Baron De. born 16th Nov., 1874, and  
succeeded his father, the 2nd Baron, in 1894, on his great-  
uncle's death. He was a lieutenant in the Royal Scots from 1893 to 1895. Lord Denman  
was educated abroad and at Sandhurst, and he comes of age next November.



THE EARL OF SEAFIELD.  
PHOTO BY C. MARTIN,  
OAMARU, N.Z.

Sir James Ogilvie Grant, 11th Earl of Seafield, was born 18th April, 1876, and succeeded his father, who resided in New Zealand, and held the title only as (1888). The Ogilvies are an old Scottish family, who were created Viscounts in 1616. The second lord was in 1638, and the fourth earl, who filled a great many of the important Crown offices in Scotland, was raised to the Earldom of Seafield in 1701. The Grant strain in the family is due to the fact that the fourth Earl of Seafield was succeeded by his cousin, the chief of the Clan Grant. Four Earls of Seafield have died within the last fifteen years. The present peer is living in New Zealand with his mother, his brother, and three sisters. He comes of age in 1907. He will sit in the House of Lords as Lord Strathpey.





THE EARL OF LEITRIM.  
PHOTO BY CAMERON,  
MORTIMER ST., W.

Charles Clements, 5th Earl of Leitrim, was born 25th June, 1870, and succeeded his father in 1892. The settlement of the family in Ireland was due to one of them going across with Cromwell. His immediate successors figured in her prominently in political life, and in 1783 Robert Clements, who was Ranger of the Phoenix Park, was created Baron Leitrim, being created to that position exactly a hundred years ago. The present Earl, who is at Evesham, has a brother and four sisters, and he comes of age in 1900. He will sit in the Lords as Baron Clements.



BARON DE CLIFFORD,  
PHOTO BY DEBENHAM  
AND CO., YORK.

Jack Southwell Russell, 22nd Baron de Clifford, was born 2nd July, 1884, and succeeded to the title on the death of his father last year. His house dates from the thirteenth century, the barony having been created in 1299. The family have at different times borne the titles of Earls of Cumberland, one of whom fell at Bosworth, and Earls of Tinnis, both of which are extinct. The present baron's great-grandmother married a nephew of the 6th Duke of Bedford, and that is why the family name is Russell. He is an only child. He comes of age in 1903.

*Sixteen numbers of THE ALBUM have been published, each containing a Supplement of Sixteen pages.*

*In answer to numerous enquiries, the Publishers beg to state that all these numbers can still be purchased.*

|        |                      |  |
|--------|----------------------|--|
| No. 1. | Includes Supplement, | 'Our Beautiful Children.'                                      |
| " 2.   | "                    | " 'Studies in Animal Life.'                                    |
| " 3.   | "                    | " 'On the Riviera.'  |
| " 4.   | "                    | " 'British Novelists of the Day.'                              |
| " 5.   | "                    | " 'Torquay and Neighbourhood.'                                 |
| " 6.   | "                    | " 'Pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds.'                           |
| " 7.   | "                    | " 'Leading Actors of the English Stage.'                       |
| " 8.   | "                    | " 'On the Riviera.' Second Series.                             |
| " 9.   | "                    | " 'Studies in Animal Life.' Second Series.                     |
| " 10.  | "                    | " 'Kings and Queens of the Keyboard.'                          |
| " 11.  | "                    | " 'Views of Bournemouth.'                                      |
| " 12.  | "                    | " 'Pictures by J. M. W. Turner.'                               |
| " 13.  | "                    | " 'Some Leading British Artists Interviewed in their Studios.' |
| " 14.  | "                    | " 'Royal Academy Pictures.' First Series.                      |
| " 15.  | "                    | " 'Royal Academy Pictures.' Second Series.                     |
| " 16.  | "                    | " 'Singers of the Opera Season.'                               |

*These Supplements are the finest specimens of such work ever published. They have specially-designed coloured wrappers, and are complete in themselves.*

---

## THE ALBUM

**IS NOW ENLARGED TO 56 PAGES,**

AND IS A

*Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.*

PRICE SIXPENCE WEEKLY.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.



# The Album

*A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.*

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 18.

JUNE 3, 1895.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post 6½d.



MDME. SARAH BERNHARDT IN M.  
EDMOND ROSTAN'S PLAY, "LA  
PRINCESSE LOINTAINE." PHOTO  
BY REUTLINGER, PARIS,



#### OUR SOMALI GUESTS.

THOSE who are so strongly wedded to English and European ways of living that they think no other can possibly secure the minor and every day proprieties and comforts of life, would do well to pay a visit to our Somali guests at the Crystal Palace.

They will, in any case, realise that there is as much difference between the highly-bred Mahommedan Somali and the full-blooded negro as there is between an English gentleman and a Chinese Coolie. The history of their appearance in this country is itself a tribute to their high character. A South African show was contemplated at the Crystal Palace, and Mr. Carl Hagenbech was asked to bring over his ostrich herd for the representation of an ostrich farm, and also to import some Kaffirs or Zulus.

"Zulus or Kaffirs," said Mr. Hagenbech, "are savages. We cannot control them, and they will give endless trouble; and besides, they are not interesting. They have no accomplishments except fighting, and there is an innate antagonism between them and whites. Let me bring a tribe of Somali hunters, the men who catch wild animals for me in the 'unknown horn of Africa,' between the Abyssinian mountains and the Indian Ocean. They are handsome, good-tempered, and accomplished in the arts needed for their life. They are strict Moslems, in virtue of their reliques total abstainers, scrupulously cleanly, good horsemen, dandies in their way, so far as clean linen and bright weapons can be considered dandyism; and, above all, they and Europeans have a natural impulse to be friendly."

This proposal was the basis of the Somali show now at the Palace, though Mr. Hagenbech has added an exhibition of the wild beasts and birds of the country.

But far the most interesting part of the show is afforded by the Somali men, women, and children themselves. No such people have ever been seen in England. They upset every preconceived notion of what "black men" can be. The result of five minutes in their society is that the white man forgets that they are black—or rather feels at once that

their *minds* are much the same as his own, and has a violent desire, which he cannot gratify, to talk to one and ask him to dinner. He cannot do the first, because the only European they know is a little German; and, as for the latter, the Somali might ask *him* to dine, but would refuse his invitation courteously because the meat has not been killed with the orthodox Mussulman rite.

These Somali gentlemen are tall, slight, with beautifully poised heads, and easy graceful movements. But the colour and texture of the skin is, perhaps, their most remarkably puzzling feature. There is plenty of opportunity for observing this, for a "black man" always looks more or less dressed, however little clothes he has on, and though the Somali wears an ample robe of white cotton, as well as drab knickerbockers to his knee, he prefers to keep this wrapped round his waist, with just a corner thrown over his shoulder, which drops when he is in active movement.

The colour of the Somali is quite unlike the leaden black of the negro, the dull copper of the red Indian brave, or the muddy coffee brown of our Hindoo fellow subjects. Colour and texture in this case are inseparable, for the perfect health and perfect cleanliness of the race add a wonderful fineness and smoothness to the skin, and the two blend to give the skin-tint of a not quite ripe black grape, with the "bloom" on. The features are not so uniform as the colour and carriage of these fine men. Many of them have straight or Greek noses, foreheads high, and faces oval. These have the "almond eye," like those in old Egyptian paintings. Others are negroid, with partly "woolly" hair, lips rather thick, and turned-up noses. The finest type have hair parted in the centre, which often hangs in little locks like those of a "corded" poodle. But this may be due to art, for they spend as much time in arranging their hair, and washing their teeth, shoulders, and arms, as any professional beauty. To this they add an equally scrupulous attention to their weapons; and a group of these graceful horsemen, arranging their hair, or polishing and sharpening their straight Roman swords, with cross handles of ebony and mother-of-pearl, is a sight not to be forgotten. Their walk is free and striding, but when running they trip like girls. From their practice with the bow it is clear that this with them is the weapon of the hunter, not of the warrior—a weapon to kill game, and not men. The Somali, before drawing his bow, crouches on the ground, and almost folds himself up, while his head is bent sideways. The bow is held horizontally, not vertically in the upright English fashion, and the whole action is covert and stealthy, as befits the killing of wild animals. Mounted, and carrying his steel-tipped bamboo spears, the Somali is a bold cavalry soldier, with all the gay trappings of his profession, scarlet housings, black sheepskin saddle cloth, and riding rod held between his teeth. It is curious to see this implement, which is carried by the Cossack in the form of a whip, repeated in the equipment of an equestrian race in Africa. The women who have come over with the tribe have beautifully graceful figures, and the little elegant brown boys and girls, with their bright eyes, winning frank ways, and brilliant necklaces of turquoise and amber beads, are irresistible.

C. J. CORNISH.



A GROUP OF THE SOMALI NATIVES NOW  
APPEARING AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.  
PHOTO BY NEGRETTI AND ZAMBRA.





# SIGNOR FRANCESCO TAMAGNO.

"A H! you never hear such applause as that at Covent Garden." So sighed Sir Augustus Harris's stage-manager, Mr. Arthur Collins, when, at the commencement of the English opera season, I strayed into his room, just off the stage, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. It matters little who caused the enthusiasm. I rather fancy that it was Mr. Philip Brozel, but there it was—spontaneous, hearty, long-continued. It certainly seemed, at the moment, that it would be impossible for the more select audience of the Italian opera to rise to such a pitch of excitement. But my friend was mistaken. For only the other night, Covent Garden re-echoed with the applause which greeted Francesco Tamagno in "Il Trovatore." We all know how "the pit rose at" Edmund Kean in the good old days when the pit was a power, and we all know the enthusiasm which great singers, especially those of the fair sex, are apt to provoke. But here was an occasion on which a singer drew down the united applause of boxes, stalls, and topmost gallery. I have seen a few sights in my life, and am not apt to be moved by the popular feeling; but I must say that, for once, when the immense audience thundered out its evidence of enjoyment of Signor Tamagno's Manrico, I felt that, however ephemeral may be the glories of those who act or sing, they are certainly great and worth far more than posthumous fame. And I must add that I agreed with the large and representative audience. It is said by those who sneer at anything like emotion, that Tamagno has a voice capable of "taking the roof off" the opera house. Well, I can see no harm in that; and, when it is carefully considered, it will be found that the immense popular success—I use the expression on its sense of pleasing the public, as apart from the critical few—lies in the fact that Tamagno touches the heart. He sings with fire. He is not afraid of himself or his audience. His art, like his voice, is big. It is liberal, generous. And what a relief this is in these awful days of namby-pambyism! It is the expression of passion which gives to Signor Tamagno so much of his success with the people, and with the spectators in the boxes no less than those aloft. Six years have elapsed since he appeared at the Lyceum in "Otello," but that he was well-remembered for that impersonation was well proved by his reception on the occasion of the opening, with the same opera, on May 13th, of the present

season. Then came Jean de Leyden in Meyerbeer's Opera, "Le Prophète," in which he had to encounter comparison with many former singers. Here, again, he succeeded, triumphing over mere style by the magnificent volume of his voice. He outdid all memories of the past by his splendid rendering of the air, "Re del Cielo," which created such a torrent of applause that the latter part of the scene had to be repeated. It is a compliment to him of the highest order that he could succeed in banishing recollection to such an extent. But a far greater compliment is that he should have been selected to sing Manrico in the command performance of "Il Trovatore," given by Sir Augustus Harris's company before the Queen, at Windsor, on May 24th. The "star" system may or may not be good for the general run of opera, but the public has its favourites, and Tamagno is one of them. One point especially in his favour is that, like all great artists, be they actors, or singers, or painters, the Otello and Manrico of the hour is as modest as he is conscientious. He loves his work and he does it to the best of his ability. He is still in the first blush of middle-age—he is in his forty-third year—but his honours, which sit lightly upon him, have not been won without work and study. Born at Turin he studied at the Conservatoire there, under the well-known composer, Carlo Pedrotti. His first appearance was made at Palermo, in 1873, in "Un Ballo in Maschera." He sang there, also, in other operas; he then sang in Venice and other Italian cities, in Barcelona for three seasons, in Milan in the winter, and in Buenos Ayres in the summer, for seven consecutive seasons. Moscow has crowned him with laurels, and New York has praised him. His *répertoire* is very extensive, but he has a marked preference for "Otello," which, as is widely known, Verdi wrote for him, for "Le Prophète," "Les Huguenots," "Guglielmo Tell," and "Aida." It is possible that he may now add the character of Manrico to his list of favourite parts. In writing from New York recently, no mention was made by him of "Il Trovatore"; but then, to be sure, Signor Tamagno had not sung at Covent Garden, and knew not the enthusiasm with which a British audience, even of the most aristocratic nature, can reward a singer whose voice is capable of arousing feeling. And this Signor Tamagno most certainly does; for he sings with fervour, his voice rings with conviction, with sincerity. "For this relief, much thanks."

AUSTIN BRERETON.



SIGNOR FRANCESCO TAMAGNO, NOW  
APPEARING AT THE ROYAL ITALIAN  
OPERA, COVENT GARDEN. PHOTO  
BY FALK, NEW YORK.

# THE WELL DRESSED WOMAN



"PAULINA, you are very plebeian in your fancy for boating. Have you not realised yet that it is only the suburban young woman who adores the river, and finds life all-sufficing when passed in a punt under a tree?" So said the Other Girl, when she called on me this morning.

But, as I have previously had occasion to remark, the Other Girl is a perfect idiot. She gets absurd notions into her head about the "right thing to do"—notions which are pre-eminently *bourgeoise*, if she only knew it—and then presumes to lecture the rest of the world from the pedestal of her prejudices. June is the ideal boating month, and any woman who cannot fail to recognise the joys of a well-cushioned punt in company with a book—the book being, however, a matter of no importance, for we never read it—and an experienced "puntist" must be devoid of the natural intelligence usually accredited to the sex. However, sufficient for that punt is not the woman, or the book, or the "puntist" thereof; the decorative note must be added by the costumes. A man, for instance—and, after all, why should I not discuss a man's dress?—must wear a linen shirt with a turn-down collar and soft cuffs. The flannel shirt is an abomination which should not be tolerated for a moment; and shirts of soft linen may also be recommended to those of the softer sex who hold the pole, or scull, or paddle with enthusiasm. The thin muslin shirts are, indeed, of very little use to the athletic woman; they are designed only for her whose pretty province it is to lounge at ease; but shirts made of Oxford shirting, with turn-down linen collars and cuffs in white, are most suited to the energetic, and these may be made

sufficiently pretty in pink or blue with the collars in white, and they should invariably be accompanied by a black, or a black and white spotted necktie. The best neckties there are are unquestionably those of the butterfly shape, which we tie ourselves, and which, so far as I know, are only to be bought at Marshall & Snelgrove's.

It is very difficult, even recognising the charms of variety, to select any material more suited for boating than blue serge. It is a great pity this, for *toujours* blue serge is apt to become a little monotonous. However, a large sailor collar of grass lawn hem-stitched will do something to adorn a short-basqued coat, which should be buttoned with white pearl buttons. But really she who appreciates the various rainstorms that life on the river is heir to, will do well if she provide herself with a coat which will, on occasion, button down the front. The open jacket is a delusion and a snare, for, when it is warm enough to wear it, it is warm enough to dispense with a coat altogether.

But why am I writing about the river exclusively, when there is a glorious Ascot stretching its gownful future right in front of me? The Other Girl can appreciate the joys of Ascot. To cat, to drink, to dress, and roam about in the blazing sun in the midst of thousands of equally aimless persons, seems to her the ideal of existence. Four new gowns she must have, so she told me just now. One shall be of embroidered muslin lined with shot silk, made in the pinafore style, to show a shot silk top and sleeves. Another shall be of alpaca in dark blue, with facings and fronts of white, covered with lace buttoned with enamelled buttons, and bearing a tabbed basque; the third shall be of white-grounded *chintz*



AN ASCOT GOWN.



silk, trimmed with transparently set Valenciennes lace; and the fourth—oh, what shall that fourth be? that is her trouble. That is really why she came to me this morning, and when I ventured to suggest that she should have a gown



A WATFRED SILK AND CRÉPE EVENING GOWN.

like that one on the opposite page—made of blue and heliotrope shot silk, plainly trimmed with “pinked out” ruffles to match she at once said, “Yes, I like that very much; but don’t you think I should look better in a buff crepon, lined with rose-pink, with the blouse of buff, patterned with roses, showing a front of a piece of old lace mounted on cream-coloured satin?”

How I detest the woman who calls upon you to ask your advice merely for the pleasure of following her own. The Other Girl really has no appreciation of the value of my counsel. I took her for a walk to-day, and she insisted upon becoming enthusiastic over the charms of a Panama hat, lined with black, trimmed with white *glacé* ribbon and white wings, the most ordinary hat in the world. However, she bought it, and then went hunting for parasols in an unintelligent sort of way, merely regarding their covers, their lace and *chiffon* decorations, and ignoring their handles. The parasol handle is pre-eminently important. We saw some lovely ones at Jay’s, made of crystal, with a trellis-work of gold over them. One of these covered perfectly plainly with a very elaborately patterned white-grounded *chiné* is the ideal parasol for Ascot. But, no, she would have none of it; declared she must have *chiffon* frills to frame her

face, and a rose-pink *chiffon* lining to cast a glow over her complexion, and she has had them mounted on a plain wooden handle, and she thinks nobody will notice such a detail. She bought one very pretty hat, made of pale pink straw, with double kilted frills of pale pink *chiffon* right the way round the brim, and a bunch of pink roses at one side of the crown and a bunch of red roses at the other, standing up in that erect fashion adopted by the artificial roses of the hour, as if they were mounting guard. Perhaps they are asserting their position as queen of the flowers, just as if any sober, sane person would dispute it!

#### ANSWERS TO LETTERS.

“JUGLA.”—If you only gave me time I really would design a special dress for you, but you must let me have three weeks’ notice when you want this. At the moment, as you are in such a desperate hurry—a state of affairs in which I cordially sympathise, for, personally, when I want a frock I always want it at once—copy that one which is



THE OTHER GIRL’S BLACK DRESS.

illustrated this week; have it made of white watered silk with a bodice of white silk *crêpe*, caught up with garlands of pink roses and straps of pearls.

“CARRIE C.”—A zephyr shirt with a muslin tucked front can be bought at Marshall and Snelgrove’s for 13/6.

PAULINA PRY.



THE "fatal gift" of beauty is a much questioned possession, and it is not improbable that even Helen of Troy had detractors (possibly amongst the sex) who found that the curve of an eyebrow, or the colour of her complexion, left something to be wished, if unseeing enthusiasts of another gender would only see it. But Lady Annesley has had only one verdict from both sides in her favour, since as Miss Armitage Moore she first came out and conquered that critical little kingdom of Dublin Society. The standard of beauty stands high in Hibernia, whatever else remains at low water mark, and the lovely Priscilla at once captured and kept her public when her marriage with Lord Annesley, in 1892, removed her somewhat into the wider stream of life which flows beside the Thames. Much of Lady Annesley's time is still spent across channel, notwithstanding, and her absence from a recent record week at Punctestown was borne sorrowfully by many friends. Annesley Lodge, which is charmingly placed in Regent's Park, is seldom unoccupied during the season in town, where its fair mistress is generally looked upon as "a precious possession to a party," like the ideal of the New Social Critic, who says that all season invitations should be confined to women who are ornamental and amiable, and men who can be at once well tailored and intelligent. But where is one to get the latter combination? The former has, of course, been always in permanent possession.

Dinners and dances are the order of the hour, and everybody in the social swing is too busy to breathe beyond the mere exigencies of the moment. Mrs. Cooper's ball woke the echoes in Portman Square to a late hour on the 20th, and the same evening Lord Hamilton, of Dalzell's function, brought many who were due at both to his side of the Park. Several hostesses have wisely adopted the common-sense plan of giving two or more small dances instead of one uncomfortable and overcrowded squash, as suggested in a recent number. There have been Lady Zetland's two evenings in Arlington Street, for instance, Lady Jeune's most enjoyable "affairs" in Harley Street: Lady Cowell Stepney's also, whose first function was somewhat thinned by the rival fascinations of Lady Ilchester's lovely ball at Holland House, to celebrate Lord Stavordale's majority. The old house was never seen to greater advantage, and perfect weather made the gardens quite delightful for sitting out, many coloured lamps, and the light dresses of the girls making a most charming *mise en scène* for the flirtatiously-minded—always supposing there were any such.

*Apropos* of fetes and illuminations, I hear from friends in Venice that all its ancient glories were outvied by a *festa* organised last week in connection with the New Art Exhibition. A great *galleggiante*, or temple of light and music, sailed slowly down the Grand Canal, followed by thousands

of decorated boats and gondolas, with all Venice and its visitors on board, on opening night. This picturesque revelry was kept up until the small hours were well over, and the scene, I am told, was one of absolute enchantment. Hundreds of English and Americans foregathered for these aqueous—and other—allurements.

Beaconsfield, who is still modern enough to be quoted, said our language was principally composed of three words. "Charming, jolly, and awfully" were the trio, if my memory serves me well. But where was "pretty" hiding at the time, or has the efflux of the lady journalist been a subsequent occurrence to the great Semitic giant of letters and legislation. One is constrained to think so when a paragraph, delightful in its level simplicity, but still emanating from a leading social weekly, could contain such monotonous Anglo-Saxon as this recent record: "I hear Lady So-and-So's wedding was very pretty. The bride, I am sure, must have looked very pretty. Her bridesmaids included Lady So-and-So and Miss What's-her-Name, whose dresses seem to have been very pretty." Of course it is all easy to grasp, but meanwhile the price of this journal is sixpence.

It seems that those most potent, grave, and autocratic signors of the London County Council are taking our harmless frivolling on wheels at Battersea Park very aggrievedly to heart, and distant mutterings of a storm are heard which threatens to banish the beloved bicycle from the shady reaches of the Surrey side. It would appear that an unwritten law has up to now devoted Battersea as birthright of the birthless cockney, and the recent invasion of bloated bicycling aristocrats trenches on these cherished liberties of the petted British public. One hopes that the L. C. C. may be induced to look more leniently on our harmless pleasures, or, if we are perforce banished from Battersea, to at least make over to our innocent relaxation that liberal section of Hyde Park which is at present sacred to the somnolent week-day tramp who measures his unsavoury person on the grass—or the no less unapproachable Sunday orator.

Has any one seriously remarked this season that yellow hair is out of fashion? But the fates be thanked it is so. Even the elderly and much-beknown dowager—I have five in my mind's eye—has this year gone discreetly into white or grey hair, and allowed her poor, pink, hard-worked cheeks to follow their natural sequence. Rouge is having a rest. But, on the other hand, I am uncertain if cheeks assisted to a Chinese whiteness and scarlet lips, as affected for the moment in *Le Monde*, enslave me much. When, oh when, shall we wash our faces, and be entirely as Nature thought best. If women generally knew as many candid men as I do, they would leave their cheeks, and eyes, and hair most severely alone.

VERA.



THE COUNTESS OF ANNESLEY.  
PHOTO BY BASSANO.





# CINTRA.

"Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes  
In variegated maze of mount and glen." —BYRON.

**L**ORD BYRON was the first to make Cintra famous, and although he did not speak very well of the Portuguese possessors of this veritable garden of Paradise, their descendants quote part of his remarks with a great deal of pleasure.

With the end of May, all Lisbon—*i.e.*, the fortunate few—leaves the capital and betakes itself to Cintra, which is only fourteen miles from the town. The journey is accomplished by rail, and I only found it noticeable for a sudden glimpse of a very old aqueduct, and for the strange manner in which the railway officials climbed upon the train from odd corners, and at frequent intervals, to demand sight of our tickets.

Arrived at our destination, we had breakfast at a very comfortable hostelry, and indulged in fruits and vegetables for which the happiest man in England must yet wait another six weeks.

Then came a stroll past the village. Byron found description impossible; and who shall attempt it? There is a large mountain side, rich with foliage of every hue and fragrant with flowers that shine like jewels. Dotted along the hills are villas innumerable, with almost perpendicular gardens, ranged into terraces. High above all, on the mountain top, shines the old Moorish Palace, the Penha Castle, one of the royal residences of King Carlos and his beautiful queen.

After lounging away the hottest hours in the grounds of a friend's villa, we felt sufficiently refreshed to travel. Accordingly we took heart of grace and a two-horse carriage, and drove up the steep tree-fringed hills to the Penha Castle. The road must inevitably remind the globe-trotter of that leading to the Cascade du Chateau, at Nice; but I think that the vegetation is even more luxuriant, the air more invigorating. When at length we reached the Castle grounds, we accepted the services of a small boy who volunteered to act as guide, and rambled undisturbed through the beautiful gardens, resting awhile in an antique pagoda or pavilion, in which water of amazing chilliness rushes continuously from a natural spring in the ground. Thence we passed by sheets of ornamental water, with very old sly carp, reminiscent of Fontainebleau, and on to a levelled plateau, where the king and his physician were playing tennis.

There are no grass courts for tennis in Portugal. The Southern Sun has too much to say in the matter, and accordingly people play on bare earth that has been levelled to the best possible extent. Despite this seeming disadvantage, a very good game can be obtained, when one has mastered the difference in the ball's pace due to the hard ground.

After leaving the tennis court, we climbed a little higher and reached the Castle itself, originally a monastery. King Fernando seized upon the place when monasteries were suppressed, and made such alterations as were necessary. To day it is a very picturesque old pile, storm beaten and discoloured by time, with emblematical carving on gates and walls. With true insular Philistinism, I borrowed a friend's hand camera, and tried to snap those strange pieces of workmanship, but one or two soldiers on duty hurried up, presumably mistaking the instrument for an infernal machine. Even when they were told that no nefarious designs were premeditated they brought the true Portuguese *official* politeness to bear on the matter, and said that it was not permitted to photograph the Castle.

However, we were ultimately admitted to the private chapel, and saw some old but well preserved mosaics, and copies of the works of Guido, and one or two early Italian masters, but nothing from the brush of Velasquez, Murillo, or the Herreras, which seems strange in a country next to Spain. The ornaments of the altar are costly and highly decorative, while the flowers might have been blooming on the mountain side a few hours before.

From one of the many terraces of the Castle was seen the finest view it has ever been my privilege to enjoy. We were on the highest point of the surrounding mountains, and in the clear air the full extent of the panorama seemed to include miles of the marvellous landscape. The fresh colours of early summer were at their best, the fiercest heat had yet to come. Ours was an impression that many years and many countries will not efface. So far Europe has revealed to me nothing so equally picturesque and majestic. It was a sight to justify enthusiasm.

When we had explored the Penha Castle, we rambled up hill and down dale to the Alta Cruz, and saw the statue to Vasco de Gama standing in stately solitude. Then we rested under the shade of some flowering bushes, and our small guide pitifully declared that he had lost his way. Being unable to use bad language in Portuguese, I was unable to join in the expressed opinion of my friends; but the youngster's bad memory did not much matter, as one of our party knew the route fairly well, and we soon found our carriage by the entrance to the grounds.

The journey back to the Villa X. would have been a terror to anyone ignorant of Portuguese coachmanship. The native driver, having a steep hill to descend, invariably gives his horses the reins and the whip, with the result that occupants of the carriage behind hold their breath and confess the sins of their youth. We were safe at last, after a rare jolt, and remained in the grounds of the villa, until sunset began to play games in orange, purple, and gold, and twilight hid the furthest hills from view.

THEOCRITUS.



PENHA CASTLE,  
CINTRA.



*Interlocutors:—SOCRATES, MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES.*

*Socrates.*—Show me, my dear friend, what you have there in your left hand, under your cloak. Is it a book or a packet of sandwiches?

*Mr. Jones.*—It is a book, my book—"The Renaissance of the English Drama."

*Socrates.*—I had rather it had been sandwiches; but food for the mind, too, may be shared between friends. Let us turn down here then, and sit quietly by the Ilissus and read, wetting our feet in the shallow stream, refreshed by the shade and gentle breeze under this lofty plane tree.

*Mr. Jones.*—I do not like wet feet. My doctor—

*Socrates.*—Ah, my excellent friend, I will sacrifice no more cocks to Æsculapius. But, tell me, what is this book of yours? From its title I should suppose it to be a chapter from the history of the stage. Is that so?

*Mr. Jones.*—No, it is the history of my own opinions during the last ten years, and of the things I have fought for in that time.

*Socrates.*—To fight is the privilege of every male, as Pindar says, but I had not suspected you to have been a warrior.

*Mr. Jones.*—Nor am I, Socrates, in your sense. I have been fighting for ideas.

*Socrates.*—Ideas, my excellent friend, are the gifts of the gods. It is impious to fight for them.

*Mr. Jones.*—Pshaw, Socrates, I have only fought in magazine articles!

*Socrates.*—Well, Jupiter perhaps will help me to understand your meaning. For what ideas have you been, as you say, fighting?

*Mr. Jones [reading].*—"First, I have fought for a recognition of the distinction between the art of the drama on the one hand and popular amusement on the other, and of the greater pleasure to be derived from the art of the drama."

*Socrates.*—But surely all men recognise a distinction so plain? There are tragedies performed in the Theatre of Dionysus at one time, and at another the citizens enjoy the sport of cock-fighting there; but if any man confused a tragedy with a cock-fight, should we not say, my excellent friend, that he was insane and the victim of vengeful gods?

*Mr. Jones.*—Assuredly, Socrates. Nevertheless, there are, with us, men who declare that the object of the drama is (like cock-fighting) to amuse.

*Socrates.*—Do they not both give pleasure, then?

*Mr. Jones.*—Yes, but not the same pleasure—a higher and a lower pleasure.

*Socrates.*—And yet the man who loves cock-fighting may take no pleasure in a tragedy, is that not so?

*Mr. Jones.*—It is.

*Socrates.*—So that, for him, the pleasure of tragedy, being no pleasure at all, cannot be higher than the pleasure of cock-fighting?

*Mr. Jones.*—You are right.

*Socrates.* Therefore to speak of the "greater pleasure to be derived from the art of the drama" is to seem to speak of something absolute, when in reality you only speak of something relative. I fear you are a sophist, my dear friend. But pass on to your next fighting cause.

*Mr. Jones [reading].*—"Secondly, I have fought for the entire freedom of the modern dramatist for his right to portray all aspects of human life, all passions, all opinions."

*Socrates.*—How say you? Entire freedom? Are your dramatists, then, bad citizens?

*Mr. Jones.*—Of course not. They pay taxes.

*Socrates.*—But is it not the part of a bad citizen to speak in public of things dangerous to the state or to religion?

*Mr. Jones.*—That is so. But really I—

*Socrates.*—Then, my friend, you have fought for the bad citizens. Go on.

*Mr. Jones [reading].*—"Thirdly, I have fought for sanity and wholesomeness, for largeness and breadth of view. I have fought against the cramping and deadening influence of modern pessimistic realdom, its littleness, its ugliness, its narrowness, its parochial aims. Here again I am surely—"

*Socrates.*—Stay, I do not apprehend your meaning. "Wholesome," "pessimistic," "parochial"—what are these? Are these things, or names for things?

*Mr. Jones.*—They are names for things.

*Socrates.*—And are they names which all men give to the same things? Are all men agreed, for example, about what is "wholesome" and what is not; or what is "parochial" and what is not?

*Mr. Jones.*—On the contrary, Socrates, no two men are agreed about the things to which they shall give these names.

*Socrates.*—Then, my worthy friend, have you not been fighting in the air? Do not all men profess to fight for "sanity and wholesomeness, for largeness and breadth of view," even those who have fought against you? Again, I see you have been with the sophists, and learned their arts. You use names as though they were things, and your opinions as though they were facts outside yourself. I gather that you do not like pessimism and realism; is that not so?

*Mr. Jones.*—That is so.

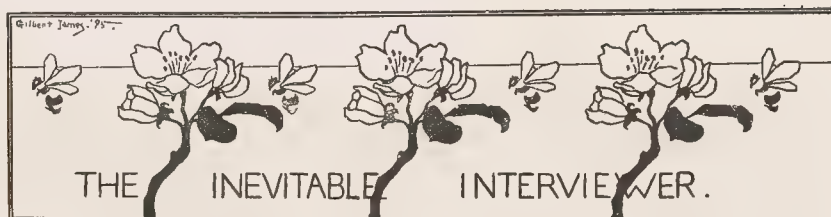
*Socrates.*—Then would you not have acted more justly if you had simply said so, instead of speaking of the "cramping and deadening influence" of things which, for those who like them, do not cramp and deaden? And now, my friend, put up your book, and let us pray for a moment to Pan and all the gods of this place before we depart.

A. B. WALKLEY.





MISS CISSIE LOFTUS [NOW APPEARING  
AT THE PALACE THEATRE] IN HER  
IMITATION OF MADAME SARAH BERN-  
HARDT. PHOTO BY SARONY, NEW  
YORK.



# MONSIEUR ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

A FIRST-FLOOR flat in the Parc Monceau quarter is presumably magnificent, but that of M. Alexandre Dumas suggests the magnificence of an Italian palace or a dream of marble halls. This distinguished son of an illustrious father does not show the discourtesy to interviewers, so common with smaller and ignobler personages. Your note is instantly answered with a cordial *petit bleu* (the pneumatic telegram of Paris), and you are made welcome with all the high courtesy of the old school.

The drawing-room is furnished in the ornate style of the Second Empire, with much gilding, fragile chairs and tables, and an almost embarrassing wealth of ornament. There is scarcely a foot of wall uncovered by pictorial masterpieces in the richest frames, not a corner or recess but has its piece of statuary. One large statue, representing an angel carrying off a soul, is particularly striking, and there is a beautiful bronze, with an inscription denoting that it was presented to M. Dumas by S. A. le Prince Royal.

Of the pictures, the most remarkable is a realistic one of Leda and the Swan, evidently by a member of one of the most modern French Schools. A group of centaurs, Don Quixote on horseback, and a bright classical courtyard, would also attract attention in any gallery. The key-note of the room is the great profusion of pretty things, and the absolute harmony of every one of them. There is not a single tone that could jar upon the most fastidious.

M. Dumas is a big man, but has not a suspicion of the ungainliness which often accompanies abnormal size. He motions you into one gilded arm-chair, and sitting down in another beside you, chats away easily. His face is stout, and his grey moustache is truculent, but his eyes twinkle merrily and his voice is caressing.

I began by asking for biographical details, which is an easy way of putting an interviewee at his ease.

"Well, you know," he replied, "you can't do better than consult Vapbeau's 'Dictionnaire des Contemporains.' Other things have been written, of course, but I should be puzzled to set my hand on them. The fact is, I know my own story so very well that I don't need to study it any more, and consequently I am as bad a person as you could find for giving you information on the point."

"But you are the best person for affording me information as to your habits and methods of work."

M. Dumas gave a shrug, which was not intended to be disconcerting, but rather to express a disinclination to discuss himself and his habits.

"What time of day do you find best suited to working?" I pursued.

"I begin very early in the morning, and go on till noon. Sometimes I work in the afternoon, but never at night."

"How do you find and develop your subjects?"

"I find my subjects by constantly thinking about them. I do not start with a plot so much as with an idea, and my work consists in developing this idea, or rather letting it develop within my mind. I do not write a *scenario* to begin with. I compose the thing in my head and then commit it to paper. I know very well where I am starting from and where I want to go, so that, when it comes to writing, it is merely a matter of going straight ahead. I correct my work a very great deal. When it has once been written out, I set to work and correct it a first time very carefully. Then I have the whole thing copied, and I start correcting again on the fresh copy. This process of having the thing copied, and then correcting it again, may be repeated a number of times. I do it again and again until I am perfectly satisfied with the whole thing."

"You work quickly, of course? Do you dictate or type-write?"

"No, I never use a typewriter, and I never dictate. Every playwright I ever knew considered it impossible to dictate plays. There is a certain relation between the functions of the hand and head in writing plays, which makes me think the use of a pen indispensable. That, of course, may be merely habit, but I do not think so. My father never dictated, nor did Scribe nor Hugo. My actual writing out is done quickly; but I find the conception very difficult. I have small inventive powers and next to no imagination."

I looked at M. Dumas with such an incredulous smile that he leaned back in his chair and burst out laughing.

"It is very good of you not to wish to believe me on that point," he said. "But I assure you it is so; I fervently wish it were not. It is only by dint of sheer hard work that I manage to squeeze out anything at all. On the other hand, as I said, I have the advantage of being very rapid in execution. 'La Dame aux Camelias' only took me eight days to write out. 'Monsieur Alphonse' took seventeen days. 'Les idées de Madame Aubray' took twenty days. What took me longest of any was 'Le Demi-monde.' It was eleven months before I reached the end of that. The reason was that I made a mistake and married the heroine in the first act. When the play was copied out and I read it over in another handwriting, I said to myself, 'What a stupid author this is.' And I had to set to work and do the whole thing over again from the beginning. That is one advantage of having one's work copied out; one can consider it from an outside point of view, as if it were somebody else's work, and slash it about accordingly. Now I am afraid I must ask you to excuse me, as I have an important appointment. But if I can serve you again at any time, you may count on me."

H. V.



M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS.  
PHOTO BY DORNAC,  
PARIS.





"COMING EVENTS." BY  
G. A. STOREY, A.R.A.  
NOW ON VIEW AT THE  
ROYAL ACADEMY.



OLD SCHOOLFELLOWS.—“FORTY YEARS AGO!—IT SEEMS ONLY YESTERDAY.” BY H. STACY MARKS, R.A. NOW ON VIEW AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



## WHAT THE OAK TREE KNEW.

By AMY SMYTH.

I WANDERED through the green meadows, while the afternoon sunshine spread long shadows on the grass.

I was very tired, and I sat down to rest on a sea that the roots of an oak tree made.

When I was a child I loved to lay my ear against the trunk of a tree, and listen to the tale it would tell. At first there is only a gentle murmur, and then, if you will only listen intently, a soft voice will begin to speak, and the tree will tell you many tales.

This was a grand old tree—old, yet showing no signs of decay. At its feet lay a still clear pool, which reflected the wide-spreading branches above.

So to-day I thought I would pretend I was a child once more. I rested my head against the tree and closed my eyes; the day was hot, and I felt very weary.

By-and-bye the tree began to speak—

"You ask me for a story," he said, "well, listen: once upon a time people lived in those two old tumble-down cottages yonder. In one of them there were many children, and in the other only one, a girl. She was a pretty little thing, with dark dreamy eyes, and the eldest boy of the other family loved her better than any of his own sisters.

"They were always together, and I liked to watch them at play. I watched them still when they were growing big.

"The years pass quickly with trees, though to the youth and maiden they seem so long.

"Then I began to see that the lad loved the dark-eyed girl with a love that would last as long as his life. But the girl did not love so.

"Nevertheless it was sweet to me to listen to their talk. And the girl looked happy - for it is pleasanter to be loved by a country lad than not to be loved at all.

"At last a painter came to the valley, and stayed at the village inn.

"He painted very well, for I watched him while he was painting me.

"It was a pretty picture; the girl was leaning against me, knitting. Some cows stood knee-deep in the quiet pool beside.

"He soon finished the cows and the pond, and he soon finished me, although I have so many branches, and so many hundreds of leaves.

"But it took him a long time to paint the girl. He could not get the right expression of her eyes, he said; and I noticed that they changed, and grew deeper and darker day by day.

"At last the picture was finished, and the day came for the painter to go.

"That night, in the silver moonlight, the girl stole softly towards me, and hid herself in my shade.

"Then the painter came, too, and I heard him talking long and earnestly. He asked her to marry him, and took a ring from his pocket, and put it on her finger.

"And the girl looked sad, and yet happy, and she promised all that he asked.

"The next morning the painter was gone, and the girl was gone, too; and for many months I saw her no more. In secret her mother mourned for her till she died, but from the world she hid her pain.

"Her daughter had gone into service in the city," she said, "and would not be back for a year."

"Before that time had passed, she died, and was buried, and her child had not come back.

"In the dreary autumn, when the fretful winds kept me from sleep, I saw a lone, frail figure steal to the empty cottage, and I knew it was the girl. But she had come too late. There was no mother now to take her in. The door was locked, and all was desolate.

"Then she crept to me, and threw herself down at my feet.

"For a long time bitter sobbing shook her, and I did not hear her speak.

"Then she sat up, and, taking the ring from her finger, cast it into the dark pool.

"Lie there!" she cried, "false token of a falser heart, and I would that I lay there, too."

"Then she cast herself down once more, and I did not even hear her moan.

"I grieved for her sadly, but my bark is hard, and I cannot cry; and when you cannot cry, then your heart is all the sorer.

"I shook down upon her all the leaves I could, but they were of no avail on that bitter night.

"By-and-bye, a man came along that way with a lantern to look for a strayed lamb; and he found one—that one he had sought for so long.

"Very tenderly he took her in his arms, and carried her into his home. Then the door closed, and that night I saw no more.

"One month afterwards those two were married, and I felt very glad that day.

"It was such a bright morning, one might have thought spring had come too soon.

"A thrush flew to my topmost bough, and sang a song so loud and sweet, that all the birds around kept silent to listen. Then he sang the song right through again. And I think he must have meant it for their marriage hymn.

"Then the years passed quickly on, and many times on summer days she would come with her children to sit beneath my shade. They were merry little things, and she looked content now, though always there seemed to be a deep sadness underlying all her smiles.

"But her husband was happy. His was the love that had lasted through good and ill, and had been strongest when most sorely tried, and—"

But here I opened my eyes with a start. The afternoon shadows had lengthened on the grass; two small children stood staring at me with faces of awe.

Then I knew that I had been asleep.





"MR. CORMORANT AND MASTER PENGUIN."  
BY H. STACY MARKS, R.A. NOW ON  
VIEW AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S GAL-  
LERIES, NEW BOND STREET.



THE BEAUTIES OF CHILDREN. IV.

THE beauty of finish is, perhaps, the least expected distinction of the youngest face. But, in fact, the little things that finish the child with such a bloom and grace of surface are things that wear off with the earliest years. They either disappear, or they grow less and less, losing that little extra character which was their beauty. Finish is not for finished maturity.

For instance, what becomes of the long eyelashes that are so usual amongst children, or rather what becomes of their length? That length is exceedingly rare amongst grown persons. The reformers who will not let us alone on the point of dress, but who harass us so persistently in the vain belief that they will cause anything in the world to be abandoned before its hour because it is ugly, injurious, or dangerous, have now and then tried to abolish the veils of women on the plea that the edges of their eyelashes suffered. Veils might account for the loss amongst women, but what about men? The child's eyelashes are the chief of these beauties that complete the incomplete face, and are wanting in the completed.

Not all children's eyelashes have the curl, upwards from the upper lid and downwards from the lower, that makes the eyes look so gay. Some beautiful eyelashes are straight, and then they look like the rays of a star. Such must have been the lashes of Lorenzo's eyes which Isabella, before she buried his head under her basil, "pointed" on his closed eyelids. Such eyelashes might, by the way, suit the rather feminine hero of Keats, but when Englishmen have any eyelashes worth speaking of, they have them thick and curled. There is no better expression of vigour, especially when the lashes are the colour of wheat at harvest.

A curious thing in the history of the successive ages of the human face is that though eyelashes are most perfect in childhood, eyebrows are then less perfect. In some exceptional cases, where the eyebrows are unusually beautiful and distinct in a young child, childhood adds to them the beauty of infinite delicacy in the hairs. The straight, long eyebrows of a child of four or five, that are formed of this exceedingly fine and silky detail, are most lovely. But, amongst English children at least, eyebrows are generally rather undeveloped. This is the chief defect in the childish beauty of our country and of the fairer races generally.

Another thing which gives the look of finish to the beginning of life, and thus makes the anomalous beauty of children, is the prevailing down upon their faces. Nothing is a completer grace or a more charmingly gratuitous addition to a lovely skin. It is the last charm; but, unfortunately for the later beauty, it is the earliest charm also, and the briefest. It may linger on a few faces, and on this part or that, unnoticeably, of many; but the child's face has it everywhere.

Let a child of four be placed in the cross light, the light to which Queen Elizabeth forbade access to her face "from the right or from the left"—the light that betrays the defects of the mature face and the perfections of the immature, and that makes ugliness and beauty alike confess their secrets. In that side-light the child's brow, cheek, and chin show their bloom—no mere accident of extraneous life and atmosphere, like the bloom of the grape, but an organic growth, which is the finishing and parting caress of nature. It grows, it lives, it unites the clear brows and temples to the beginning of the downy hair above. It covers the thinnest skin of the rosy middle of the cheek, and makes a delicate grey in all the shadows. Because of this, the painter is able to represent it; for otherwise it is so close a detail as to be unrecognisable for the general glance of art. It is one of the exclusive prettinesses and favours of real life.

These charming signs of finish are things that might be wished of longer life; they would be ornaments at any time. But other beauties of detail in children are necessarily early and of short duration. The far greater delicacy of nails and hair, for instance, is a beauty that is, strictly speaking, a beauty of infancy and distinctive of it. More than roundness, perhaps, or coolness, or brightness, it is a childish beauty, because it is a matter of the smallness of the skin and of all its organs, and of the smallness of the hand and of all its parts.

A baby's nails are as fine as flowers. Everyone who has cut them knows how gradually and slowly they assume even the degree of hardness they have in childhood. And the hair is imponderably fine. In the first months it is so delicate that it easily rolls up into little fluffy tangles of down; and all this beauty, which depends on smallness, is very delightful. If Gulliver had had as much sensitiveness for the charming as he had for the revolting, he would have mentioned this delicacy of the small race; the grossness of the large he perceived acutely. As for us, we know that a microscope would undo all the smallness that is so exquisite, but we may well be content with what is perceptible to the unaided and unexaggerated living eye.

Real dimples are not amongst childhood's special beauties. Whoever has a dimple in childhood keeps it—that is, the dimple, properly so called, that comes with a smile. But there are other little hollows and folds that are not real dimples, and these are amongst the most conspicuous of these paradoxical finishes and perfections of the beginning life. They occur at the little joints throughout the limbs of a child, and are much more beautiful than the mere folds which are signs of nothing except abundant fatness, and which some lovely children have not at all. The Italian painters so delighted in this least of beauties that they made it gross with conspicuous exaggeration; but—except two or three—the Italian painters, we may take leave to hold, had no delicate sense of childhood.

ALICE MEYNELL.



STUDIO PHOTO BY MENDELSSOHN.





"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE ACADEMY?"

A LIGHT-HEARTED writer once wrote an article called "Silly Questions," wherein, of all the silly questions that had been asked him during his life, he considered which was the very silliest. After long consideration he decided upon "Do dogs make contracts?" That is certainly an excellent silly question; and yet a number of people at this season of the year would give the prize to that inane interrogation that is whispered in your ear at dinner-parties, after church, over tea-cups, and even at street-corners—the question, "What do you think of the Academy?"

Of course the only reply one can possibly make is, "Nothing." How can one possibly think of the Academy? What is there to think about? What peg can you hang thought upon? We go to the Academy, but not to think. We go—well, because it is our duty. From the first Monday in May onward the necessity of going to the Royal Academy hangs like a cloud over thousands and thousands of otherwise happy English homes. Each Saturday morning, elderly gentlemen—who were made to spend the Saturday afternoon holiday in their gardens—and placid matrons, and series of young girls look blankly at one another—one thought only in each mind: "The season is passing, we *must* go to the Royal Academy to day." Outside, the sun is shining, the air is loaded with a hundred scents of a hundred growing things; a bird sings on every bough; but these things are not for them. The Academy is open, and they must thither, in their uncomfortable best clothes, inside a *Favourite* omnibus. Mamma would as soon think of declining to hang ugly little white lace blinds across the bedroom windows, as of missing the Royal Academy for one year.

So they start! And they are all very hot, and very tired, and very cross, and quite inarticulate before they have finished the third room. Then they drink tea after its kind, after which they struggle through more rooms, delighted when they find a work by a familiar name. And so on till the clock draws on towards six, and they can go home with an easy conscience. For the rest of the evening it is understood at home that mamma is lying down.

Have you ever examined a Motherly Person's catalogue marked after a visit to the Academy? If so, you will have noticed down the margin cabalistic signs of this character—"So like Anna," or "Sarah's mouth," or just "M," or "Uncle Ted." Those legends denote that a likeness has been detected between the portraits of eminent men and women, and certain members of the writer's family. To many people the chief interest of a visit to the Royal Academy lies in locating family characteristics.

Yes, we go to the Royal Academy, but we do not think about it. We "do it." And how many Britons can honestly say that it gives them any pleasure at all? Yet art should

give pleasure, and that much granted, why does not a visit to the Royal Academy afford us pleasure? The irreverent, I know, have the answer ready on the tip of their tongue. But let it pass. The Royal Academy fails to give pleasure because the conditions under which we are compelled to examine the pictures are so intolerable that the physical discomfort of a visit to Burlington House (even if you choose a cool, grey day, by the time you reach Piccadilly Circus, the sun always blazes forth, and continues to blaze till it is time to go home), outweighs any æsthetic enjoyment that may be gained from looking at pictures that would please under happier conditions.

Nobody expects you to read Shelley in the nave of the Crystal Palace on a Bank Holiday afternoon, or to teach your child hymns at the Mansion House crossing; then why, in the name of Sir Martin Archer Shee, should you be called upon to admire pictures in the thick of a hot, horrid, hurrying crowd at the sultriest moment of a sultry afternoon? It may be fashionable, but it is the foolishness folly, and it is not the way to lead the British public into the pleasant paths of a proper appreciation of Art.

And the remedy? That is simpler than counting easier even than this kind of art criticism. It has often occurred to you how pretty the painted windows look in church, or you have sometimes felt drawn to a picture in a shop window when you have been sleepily waiting in a cab for somebody who is buying things for herself in the bonnet shop next door. Why is this? Because on these occasions mentally and physically you were at rest, and in a mood to appreciate art and other æsthetic enjoyments. Why should not these conditions be adopted at Burlington House? If anything *must* walk about through those endless Royal Academy rooms, let it be the pictures. Why should we—their masters, the folk for whom they are painted—be ever on the trot, while they hang idly upon dark-red walls?

The Royal Academy should consist of a series of long galleries, with a platform at each end, and arm-chairs stretching thence to the door, which must always be open. Each room should be devoted to a particular kind of Art, as "The Monumental Room," "The Pathetic Room," "The Sentimental Room," "The Martial Room," "The Motherless Bairn Room," "The Millinery Baby Room," and so on. By a simple mechanical arrangement the pictures in each room could be made to revolve—each work appearing before the spectator, say, once in half-an-hour, and remaining, say, five minutes at a time before his eyes. For a small extra charge, the painters would no doubt explain the meaning of their works to phonographs beforehand.

We must be patient. Reforms of this nature must take their own leisurely course. In the meantime, editors of illustrated papers are striving to make Art easier for you, by publishing week by week reproductions of the best pictures of the year.

L. H.



"SPEAK! SPEAK!" BY SIR JOHN E.  
MILLAIS, BART., R.A. NOW ON VIEW  
AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



THE writings of Mr. Henry James have for me one of the most singular influences in English literature.

Always delicate to the point of evanescence, they have latterly grown so indefinite that, even as I read, I feel as if entreating a fleeting shadow to remain. There is much of the old pleasure in the style—the exquisitely fine analysis, the illuminating imagery—illuminating, that is, like a brilliant flash which leaves the grey mist in which the characters move still greyer than before; but in taking up this volume, which Mr. James calls “Terminations,” I had for the first time a feeling of repugnance. Two of the stories, “The Dead Lion” and “The Coxon Fund,” I read some time ago in the *Yellow Book*, and the third, “The Middle Years,” in *Scribner’s*. The substance of them has faded completely from my memory, and I have an unconquerable reluctance to see the thin air taking cloudy shape once more. But the fourth story in the book, “The Altar of the Dead,” is new, and I have read that with a strange sense of its appositeness to Mr. James’s method.

The chief figure, Mr. George Stransom, is a mourner with a strange fancy for consecrating a particular shrine in a Roman Catholic church to the memory of his dead friends. As they die in turn he lights a fresh candle, and repairs regularly to engage in silent reflection before the constellation of woe. The most sacred flame represents his own dead love, whose place none other can take. That would be a desecration forcibly brought home to Stransom one night when he meets a friend who buried a wife only a few months before, and already has a new partner, an American woman with a high-pitched voice. How Mr. James loves American women! From the mortuary tapers there is one absentee—Stransom’s closest friend, who played him false, and who can have no part in this communion of faithful souls. After a while, the mourner observes that he is not alone. In his chapel is another worshipper, a lady in deep mourning, who partakes, so to speak, of his hospitality of sorrow. He learns nothing save that she lives with an aunt in a secluded part of the town, and cherishes at his altar the memory of one dead friend. When the aunt dies, he pays a visit to the house, secs a portrait of the man who did him a wrong, and learns that the memory she worships by his candle light is the very memory to which no candle can be dedicated. The wrong he could not forgive pales before the wrong, the greatest wrong of all, which the woman has forgiven; for the man they both knew had deserted her, yet is canonised by her regrets. This discovery makes a break in a singular association, and the pair see nothing of each other till, after an illness, Stransom revisits his chapel, and fancies that the spirits who hover there, especially the spirit of his dead love, entreat him to forgiveness of the faithless friend, and to the lighting of one more taper. Here he is found by the woman; and as the whiteness of death spreads over his face, he murmurs, “Yes, one more—just one!”

Now, this is a strange and pathetic fantasy; but somehow the pathos is not human. It is one of Mr. James’s artistic fancies, skilfully and elaborately wrought—so elaborately that the life is, so to speak, deliberately squeezed out of it. In the presence of Mr. James’s stories I find myself in a chapel full of dimly lighted candles, of which I can scarcely distinguish one from another, though a taper which burns a little more clearly than the rest is probably “The Tragic Muse.” Nearly all of them stand for some pleasant memories which I am almost entirely unable to define—memories of countless pages of subtle discrimination, elusive illustrations, portraiture refined away till all lineaments fade, and only a perfume of distinction is left. Here is my literary altar of the dead; and I feel that “Terminations” is another candle lighted, which before long will be as dimly ethereal as the others.

I have always assured Mr. Le Gallienne that I prefer his prose to his verse; but he goes on writing verse all the same; and if he likes to express himself that way, there is no reason why he should consider me. The chief thing in his new volume is the *Elegy on Stevenson*, which, when it originally appeared in the *Daily Chronicle*, some of us felt to be the worthiest tribute of verse to that beautiful genius. Stevenson’s magic of adventure, and the perpetual youth of it all, are particularly well suggested.

“Methinks I see him smile a boy’s glad smile  
On maddened winds and waters—winds unknown,  
As thunders in the sail the dread typhoon,  
And in the surf the shuddering timbers groan;  
Horror ahead, and Death beside the wheel,  
Then—spreading stillness of the broad lagoon,  
And lap of waters round the resting keel.”

Mr. Le Gallienne is discontented with opportunists, and pictures statesmen who did not tinker,

“But took the mighty problem whole,  
Beginning with the human heart.”

As well might we ask the bard to put that troublesome human heart, once for all, into one perfect poem, instead of scattering bits of it in wayward stanzas from the Bodley Head. Here is a rich exuberance of retrospect—

“From tavern to tavern  
Youth passes along,  
With an armful of girl,  
And a heart full of song.”

And here a leaf from the sorrow’s crown of sorrow—

“Yes! we had once a heaven we called a home.  
Its empty rooms still haunt me like thine eyes,  
When the last sunset softly faded there.  
Each day I tread each empty haunted room,  
And now and then a little baby cries,  
Or laughs a lovely laughter worse to bear.”

L. F. AUSTIN.

“Terminations.” By Henry James. W. Heinemann.

“R. L. S.: an Elegy and Other Poems.” By Richard Le Gallienne. John Lane.





MR. FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD.  
PHOTO BY SARONY, NEW YORK.

A son of Thomas Crawford, the sculptor, he was born in Italy in 1834, and spent his early life in acquiring a cosmopolitan education, residing as a student, in turn, at Concord, U.S.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, Karlsruhe, Heidelberg, and Rome. In 1879 he became editor of "The Indian Herald," at Allahabad. More recently he has made his home near Sorrento, in Italy. His first novel, "Mr. Isaacs," published in 1882, immediately won him a widespread popularity, since increased by many other romances, which are distinguished by a remarkable diversity of subject and "local colouring." Italy has lately seemed his favourite hunting-ground. His latest novel, "Adam Johnstone's Son," is the present serial story in "The Illustrated London News." He has been awarded a prize by the French Academy as a mark of appreciation of his novels.



#### SMALL BOAT SAILING.

SOMEONE has said that what Lord's is to the cricketer, or St. Andrew's to the golfer, that the Solent is to the amateur yachtsman. The saying is the outcome of the new favour showered upon the small yacht, and particularly upon those little vessels which are known technically as "one-raters" or even "half-raters." Men, who have neither the ambition nor the money to possess a cruising yacht, turn their attention nowadays to the game of small boat sailing, and pronounce it a joy. They are discovering that there is no such wonderful difficulty, after all, in handling a little yacht when she is kept within the bounds of the East and West Channels. The traditional mysteries of the nautical tongue no longer baffle them. Though they could not for the life of them tell you how to bend a to-gallant sail, they can handle their own craft with no inconsiderable skill, and often prove a match for a really honest seaman in a contest where effrontery triumphs over prudence. And these men love the Solent with an abiding love. To them it is a lake of delights so long as summer lasts. Do they seek the hum of cities, they can riot in Southampton; do they desire seclusion, there are plenty of cosy little harbours to which the music of the German band never comes. Towns, piers, fashionable watering places, pretty villages, snug retreats—all these the waters of the Wight offer. And then the danger of *mal de mer* is too trifling to be considered.

The best fact about small boat sailing in the Solent is that it is not an expensive amusement from a yachting point of view. I know a man of fifty who could not tell a twiddler from a marlinespike three years ago, but who has now become an ardent frequenter of the Solent, skilled to handle a "one-rater" in a style which draws snorts of approval from that chronic humbug, the ancient mariner. This fellow did the thing with an economy which was superb. He went down to Leigh with an old yachtsman and picked up a really sound three-ton yacht, for the sum of one hundred and ten pounds. Then he engaged a couple of quick lads from Southend, and a skipper who knew the mouth of the Thames well. The men made a sailor of him in less than six months; that is to say, they taught him to handle a cutter in fair weather and in foul; and he, who had never known a hobby, is now the most be-hobbled man in the world. There is no "function," however fine it be, that will keep him in town on Saturday. Southampton, he says, is but two-and-a-half hours from London; and at Southampton all the delights are to be found. He has even betrayed a craze for small yacht racing, and is now having a half-rater built on the lines of the "Wee Winn." His friends fear that the new excitement may lead to apoplexy. But he remains calm, save in those moments when he has a lubber on board and a squall strikes him. Then his language is not to be published.

The subject of racing is, however, quite apart from the game I am discussing. The condition of small-boat sailing as a pastime for a weary man is that the sailor should be independent of the shore. If he is to know the whole joys of yachting, he will demand a cabin wherein he may sleep. It need not be a large cabin; it need not possess a gilded frieze with a ceiling after Watteau. But it must have a couple of decent berths, and there must be a galley whereat a meal can be cooked. This, it may be urged, leads up to ten-ton yachts and more; but then a ten-ton yacht, if her lines are a little old and her owner is weary of his sport, is to be had almost for the cost of a new "one-rater," upon which every modern device has been heaped. I have seen such a ship whose gear was in perfect order, and whose copper would stand any test you pleased, sold for three hundred and fifty pounds; and I have seen a five-ton yacht knocked down for fifty pounds to a man who knew when and how to buy. It is all a question of the way in which the business is conducted, and it should never be undertaken by the novice, green and gullible, and anxious to begin.

There are men, of course, who quarrel entirely with this theory of independence. They urge that the moment you set up a home afloat you bring a swarm of bills about your ears. Such men buy a yacht which needs but two for crew. They are content to seek some harbour or village at night, and there to moor. They declare that there are many discomforts in the cabin of a small yacht, and that a bed, even in the lowliest of inns, is to be preferred to a second-rate bunk. If the amateur be able to accept their theory, he may yacht for a very trivial sum. A boat good enough for initial purposes will be bought for some sum under a hundred pounds. His "hand" will cost him, perhaps, fifty pounds for the season (allowing for bivouacking ashore). His own hotel bill will be just what he chooses to make it. Nevertheless, there will be many a day when he will wish that the necessity of seeking the shore was not a vital one, and that he had a galley where he might cook a succulent steak.

But steak or no steak, bunk or no bunk, there cannot be two opinions about the joys of a summer spent upon the waters of the Wight. The air is perfect; the variety is unending; the sparkle of life invigorates. If a man be dull there is Portsmouth, or Southampton, or Southsea. Does business press urgently, an express will carry him to town in something under three hours. Does he seek society, Ryde and Cowes overflow with pretty girls. Does he wish to rest, he may find cosy little harbours wherein he may dream the hours away, and forget even that his tailor's bill is unpaid. And the end of it all is that he returns to town in September with a store of health which is an insult to his overwrought friends, and with an appetite which is the contempt of the club waiters.

MAX PEMBERTON.



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES ADDRESSING  
THE MASTER AND TWELVE BRETHREN OF  
THE EARL OF LEICESTER'S HOSPITAL AT  
WARWICK.





ALL the week I had been very busy with my furnishing, and when a friend called to take me for a drive, I felt I could indulge in a few hours' laziness. We had scarcely started when she began discussing river-side dress, Henley week, and house-boats, to the complete exclusion of any topic likely to interest me, for the big Bloomsbury house is swallowing money like an unfashionable theatre, and I do not think there will be any left for the pleasures of the season. However, the glorious scorching May day made me indulgent to her loquacity, and I thought more of the trees and shade in the park, to which I imagined we were going, than of the river. Suddenly she stopped in Oxford Street. "This is sweet of you, dear," she said. "I am sure you don't mind helping me with your taste, do you?" I did not look enthusiastic, so she added, "Besides, you will see lovely things at Waring's—they will give you ideas for your dear little new flat. What! not a flat! Of course not—well, for your new place." I am afraid I am not very strong-minded, so I followed her.

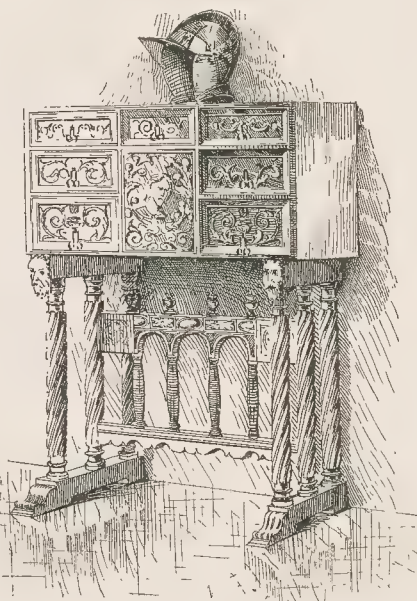
My friend wanted sketches and designs made for her large house-boat. She talked a great deal in a vague kind of way of cupboards, shelves, and looking-glasses, and ended by saying that she had once been over Vanderbilt's yacht, and had been so greatly impressed by the skill and taste displayed in the arrangement of the rooms, that she had determined, in a small and simple way, to make her house-boat a pocket edition of the millionaire's ocean home. We entered a lift, and a minute later there were exclamations of joy! She turned to me and explained that what she saw was a very fair copy of the coveted rooms on the yacht.

Messrs. Waring showed but little surprise, and they told us that Vanderbilt's yacht had been furnished by them, and the compact arrangement, rendered necessary by the limited accommodation, had worked out so well that they had adopted the same idea, with slight modifications, for ordinary rooms. I had never seen a

"fitted room," and as Messrs. Waring have several completely furnished in different styles, I was glad of the opportunity of inspecting their merits. The first was a bedroom in inlaid mahogany, the design copied from Sheraton's best work. Over the mantel-piece were shelves for jars and ornaments; on either side of the fireplace were cosy ingle-nook seats, and above them narrow bookcases. Next came an important item in my lady's chamber—strips of bevelled looking-glass from ceiling to floor. Extending round the room, I found chests of drawers with cupboards above, small couches, book-cases, and looking-glasses, skilfully arranged, so as to produce a pleasing effect. The bed, dressing-table, and two chairs were the only movable furniture. The hangings of velveteen, hand-printed with Walter Crane's fascinating designs, formed a charming background to the rich, warm colouring of the wood.

Another room, in pure ivory-white enamelled wood, seemed to me an ideal girl's den. The hangings of windows and wall were in daintily coloured *cretonne* of last century design, and a *vieux rose* velvet carpet gave the one touch of colour needed to throw in relief the delicate furniture and draperies. It was a well-designed room, with ample space for books, ornaments and clothing—in fact, a cupboard, arranged as a frieze, would serve admirably as a resting place for velvets and furs in summer, and for muslin, boating and tennis dresses in winter. The dressing-table had a charming arrangement of movable arms with electric lights fixed in, but I suggested that the addition

of side looking-glasses would be a vast improvement, for the system of holding a mirror in one hand and dislocating one's neck in the vain endeavour to see what it reflects in the dressing glass is not compatible with the dignity of the women of our day. Really, men are very clever creatures, but they might leave us to design dressing-tables. How our ancestresses, in the days when the *coiffure* was of really fantastic elaboration, and Hind's delightful curlers were not known, could have contrived to see what they were about with the little irregularly bevelled glasses, that now-a-days as a rule seem like distorting mirrors, I



SPANISH CABINET OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

cannot understand. Probably they had to employ the hair-dresser and only had him once a week, unless they were rich. My experience leads me to rely upon my own fingers, for it is too humiliating to have to cringe before the fashionable *coiffeur* and ask him to work for you as a favour; the unfashionable hairdressers are quite out of the question, unless one likes to look like a barber's block.

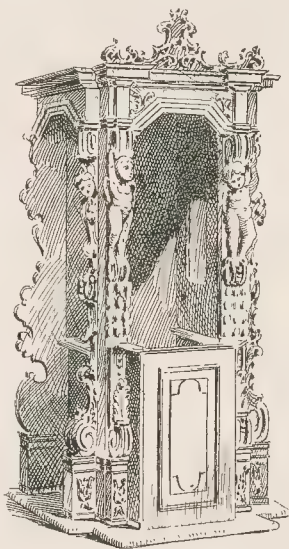
Another room, Louis XVI. in style, was really beautiful. Elaborate designs in white fretwork were laid upon pale blue silk, and delicate pictures *au sanguin* were let in over the small panels of cupboards and chests of drawers. The walls were panelled in a lovely Louis XVI. *bleu ciel* silk, with a sprinkling of rosebuds. The corner fireplace of white wood was surmounted by a silk-lined cupboard, with bevelled glass doors, in which one could imagine a collection of rococo fans and patch boxes. It is a room in which one half expects a vague soupçon of the *Maréchale* powder and *Iris de Florence*, affected by the sham dairy maids of Le Petit Trianon.

The very modern bath-room through which we passed on our way to the gallery of Spanish work, quickly brought us back from last century and its *grandes dames*, who would, I think, have been astonished and even puzzled by the complicated washing apparatus which this *fin de siècle* generation considers necessary. All the wood used in the luxurious *salle de bain* is of cedar, which gives off a delightfully fresh and wholesome smell. The bath itself contains every modern appliance, and by turning on various small knobs, needle or shower, hot or cold douches run forth. The heating pipes are passed inside large cupboards, in which linen and *peignoirs de bain* are thus kept pleasantly hot and dry. The many tiles used are beautiful reproductions of some of the exquisite Rhodian plaques at South Kensington, the curious red tone of which has been the object of much fruitless study by our modern potters, who are always pretending they have found the secret, and showing you, by way of proof, something quite different in colour. The style of decoration and furnishing of the house-boat being at last settled, we passed on to the gallery of ancient Spanish work; such gorgeous work! It fascinated us, and my friend, to whom money is evidently not of much consequence, chose a marvellous old Manilla bedcover, embroidered on a ground of faint brick red, to throw over part of the flower-decked balustrade of the house-boat. Other pieces of 14th century brocades and tapestries in colourings, to which time had given a delightful effect, were to be sent to her later on, to see how far they would help her decorative scheme. Messrs. Waring had doubts of their effectiveness for the purpose, and were unwilling, I noticed, to permit her to purchase anything from their stock that would not prove eventually a success.

Incidentally, I may remark that we are frequently unfair to the art workers of the present, since very often we ascribe to the skill and taste of craftsmen of the past beauties due entirely to the influence of time. I suspect that the Beauvais tapestries, such for instance as in the exquisite old French suite bequeathed by Mrs. Lyne Stephens to the

nation, which you can now see at the South Kensington Museum, when new, would have had little of the tender harmonies that now render it enchanting. One suspects that the difficulty, perhaps just now overcome, of manufacturing diamonds from carbon, is due to the fact that nature can call centuries to her aid, when men must rely on days. I have seen old tapestries and silks in which the part that had been exposed to the air was really beautiful, whilst that which had remained protected from the light and atmosphere was garish enough to make one blink.

A room full of old furniture left her indifferent, but made me enthusiastic, for the specimens had evidently been brought together by a collector whose heart was in his work. One of the most beautiful pieces was an old Italian confessional box of the 17th century, carved by Brustaloni in chestnut wood—a wood which, though really good in itself, constantly suffers from the indignity of being called walnut in order to give it greater value. Next to it a Flemish press, beautiful in design and workmanship, had been spoilt before it came into the hands of Messrs. Waring, by some Vandal, who had painted and varnished it to make it "look nice." I also admired a *balut* François hero of Pavia, apparently a perfect example of the best work of that period. However, I was candidly told that part of it was modern, and imitated by one of their artists in wood, whose skill in imitating styles was so great that they were compelled to warn customers of the true state of affairs.



ITALIAN CONFESSIONAL BOX.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"AN ADMIRER OF THE ALBUM" tells me she is anxious for new ideas for a cosy corner. This week I have arranged to go and see one that is, I am told, very charming, and if "AN ADMIRER OF THE ALBUM" can wait a few days, I shall be very happy to help her.

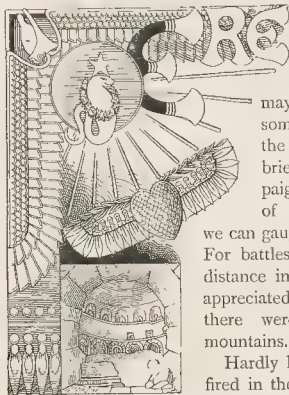
I do not think "JANET" will find it possible to match the tapestry, of which she sends me a pattern. As far as I can see it owes much of its charm and mellowness to age. However, Hamptons, of Pall Mall East, have a piece in stock, very similar in colouring and pleasing in design that would not clash with hers. They also can show her some very fine copies of genuine old tapestry that would serve admirably for the frieze, with panelling of oak for her dining-room. If "JANET" has a deep purse, and fine taste, she might make a delightful investment in a large piece of real old Arras, now at Hamptons. It is beautiful, and would give a great air of dignity to her dining-room. I say "investment," for such a purchase is really an investment, since the taste for tapestry and indeed, for all beautiful old things, grows rapidly, and the prices, since the supply of course is limited, steadily mount. As an instance, I may tell her, according to Mr. Lichfield's delightful book on furnishing, of which I spoke last week, that in 1848, at the great sale at Stowe House, two "Boule Armoires" of similar proportions to those in Hamilton Palace and Jones's collections were sold for £21 and £19 8s. 6d. respectively. Subsequently Mr. Jones paid between £4,000 and £5,000 for his, whilst the Hamilton Palace pair were sold in 1882, by Messrs. Christie, for £12,075!

"DRESDEN CHINA" wishes to know whether it is possible to give a note of colour to pillow cases, as she thinks that in pure white they are trying to her morning complexion. Certainly, it is easy to arrange. Let her use pillow slips either in washing silk of pale pink, or heliotrope, and then have pillow cases made of alternate broad insertions of white linen and *forchon* lace, shewing the colour of the slip through its meshes and finish with soft frill of lace.

GRACE.



## The Chitral Campaign.



"The Chitral Expedition" disappears as a daily head-line from the newspapers, one may give, for the benefit of some who have not followed the sequence of events, a brief narrative of a campaign which was, perhaps, of more importance than we can gauge at the present time. For battles, like mountains, need distance in order to be accurately appreciated; and, in this case, there were battles as well as mountains.

Hardly had the last shots been fired in the Korean warfare, which has been shaking the Far East with

its thunder, when attention was directed to Central Asia. Chitral was little known, save to military officers. This small Mussulman state is situated on the borders of Kafiristan, Wakhan, and Kashmir. South of Chitral dwell frontier tribes. The Amir-ul-Mulk had been invested with the Mehtarship by Dr. George Scott Robertson, the British Resident; when Umra Khan, who rules over Bajaur, approached Chitral with forces prepared to place Shere Afzul, the nephew of the Mehtar, in authority. The country was in a state of unsettlement after the murder of the last Mehtar by his brother, the Amir-ul-Mulk, and this was the psychological moment chosen for attack by Umra Khan. Dr. Robertson requisitioned some detachments of the 14th Sikh regiments and other troops to occupy the parts of Boni and Reshun, on the river below Mastuj. In the early days of March Captain Ross and Lieutenant Jones, with about sixty men, were proceeding to Reshun, when the enemy, a thousand strong, attacked them with ferocity. Huge stones were hurled upon the handful of British forces, and as a result of two days' hard fighting, Captain Ross and more than forty native Indians were slain. Lieutenant Jones, wounded, returned to Boni, with fourteen men. This serious news caused General Sir Robert Low to leave Peshawur with fourteen thousand men. But it was not possible to start before March 30th, and five days previous to this, 200 Bengal Sepoy Pioneers, 40 Kashmir Sappers, and 50 Hunza levies left, under Colonel Kelly and Lieutenant Oldham, to prepare the way. Crossing many lofty mountain ranges, Colonel Kelly and his men relieved the garrison at Mastuj on April 10th—an achievement which deserves the highest praise. Three days later occurred the sad death of Lieut.-Colonel F. D. Battye at Sado, where the Punjab Guides had been reconnoitring, and

driving back the tribesmen who had injured the bridge and rafts constructed for Sir Robert Low's army to cross. To Colonel Battye's memory we had a recent opportunity of paying our tribute. Captain Peebles, commanding the Maxim guns, received on the same day a fatal wound. In the meantime Sir R. Low was advancing by the Malakand Pass to the Swat River. The Pass was gained after severe fighting, in which Captain Macfarlane, Captain Burney, Lieutenant Coke, and others were wounded. By April 20th—for this summary must pass over many interesting episodes—Sir Robert was encamped at Chasma. A flying column under Brigadier-General Gatacre had been sent forward, and ascended the Lowari Pass, climbing about 5,000 feet in the thick-lying snow. A message was despatched to Sir Robert, saying that Shere Afzul had retreated on April 18th from his attack on Chitral, and that Umra Khan had fled. The British Residency was first reached by the troops of the friendly Khan of Dir, who preceded the arrival of Colonel Kelly by a day or two. It



COLONEL JAMES GRAVES KELLY.  
PHOTO BY WISEMAN & CO.

was, in fact, the sight of his thousand men that caused Shere Afzul to depart. Colonel Kelly had been hindered by the swollen state of the river, the bridges over which had been destroyed by the enemy. This, combined with the necessity for great caution, retarded his progress. On April 20th he arrived, and was warmly welcomed. The hearts of his gallant troops must also have been cheered by the message of congratulation received from the Queen. Dr. G. S. Robertson had been besieged since March 3rd, during which period there were seven or eight violent attacks on the fort. The British losses amounted to thirty-nine killed and sixty-two wounded. Dr. Robertson was amongst the latter. Shere Afzul and three hundred of his followers were

captured by the energetic Khan of Dir, whose services it is difficult to over-estimate, and were brought into Sir Robert Low's camp on April 27th. Shere Afzul was sent to Dhurmsalla; Umra Khan was detained at Cabul; and Sir Robert Low and his 3rd Brigade joined Colonel Kelly at Chitral. On May 17th there was held a review of the troops, in the presence of the temporary Mehtar, Shuga-ul-Mulk. Colonel Kelly will remain for a while at Chitral. The Amir-ul-Mulk, whose usurpation of power after murdering his brother led to the trouble, was sent to India as a prisoner. Thus ends the eventful story of the Chitral Expedition, which has once more proved the valour of British soldiers and Indian allies, and the pluck and courage of a beleaguered fort. The distribution of honours in connection with these exploits, performed under the most difficult circumstances, comes as a fitting climax to a *resumé* of this Seven Weeks' War.

D. W.





CHITRAL—THE JAMBATAI PASS, CROSSED  
BY THE THIRD BRIGADE ON APRIL 19.



CHITRAL—THE JANDOUL VALLEY,  
LOOKING TO THE NORTH WEST,  
THE HOME OF UMRA KHAN.



NO name is more closely connected with our national history than that of the town which occupied the first place among the Cinque Ports. Professor Freeman's well-intentioned desire to substitute Senlac as the proper name to be given to the decisive battle which handed England over to William of Normandy, has proved abortive, and however much the law of the Eastward drift may have changed the physical conditions of the coasts of Sussex and Kent, Hastings still holds the pre-eminence among the watering places of that part of our island which she occupied as a port for many centuries after the Conquest.

Those who now visit Hastings, and see the almost unbroken sea-front of houses which now stretches from Bexhill to the utmost limits of the old town, will scarcely realize that within the lifetime of the present generation, Hastings was the most inaccessible of the watering-places on the South Coast. Long after the South-Eastern Railway had been completed to Dover and when Brighton was barely more than three hours from London—the only means of reaching Hastings was by coach from Tonbridge. In those days—not fifty years ago—a barrier, social as well as physical, separated Hastings from St. Leonards. The latter, comprising a single terrace and one hotel, held itself severely aloof from its more ancient, but somewhat commercial, sister. The archway, now removed, marked the limits of St. Leonards, and impressed upon its inhabitants the habits of self-respect.

The only house which stood at what was then known as "White Rock," was that belonging to Lady Jocelyn, one of the beauties of the Court at the time of the Queen's accession, and a niece of Lady Palmerston. There were no houses then on the broad Priory meadows, once the harbour of Hastings, then protected by the Castle, now occupied by the railway station. Robertson Terrace and Carlisle Parade were high banks of shingle, the cause of the ruin of the harbour, on which the picturesque fishing boats were hauled up, or on which colliers discharged their grimy contents. At the extreme east of the Parade was the "Battery," of which the stones now form a picturesque collection of rocks just short of the fish-market. Here was the real centre of life at Hastings in the forties and early fifties. Here on the

beach were held the Dutch auctions, at which the contents of each fishing-boat were disposed, as they arrived from their short cruises up and down Channel. Inland, up the High Street, were great old-fashioned, heavy-gabled houses. On the left was the old church of St. Clement's, where the curfew was regularly rung every evening—winter and summer—and higher up the valley, at the foot of the East Hill, was All Saints', of which Titus Oates had once been the incumbent, and where the bell-ropes hung down in the entrance-porch, with an invitation to strangers to try their skill (under certain fines and forfeitures) in bell-ringing. Behind All Saints', the breezy East Cliff rises almost sheer from the beach, but pierced with countless caverns, in which formerly birds, beasts, and one old man—a celebrated character—used to dwell. On the slopes which led down to Ecclesbourne Glen, used to be strawberry gardens, which travellers were invited to enter and eat what they could pick at sixpence a head. At the bottom of the glen the coastguard station still had plenty of work to do, for smuggling was common all along the coast from Dungeness to Newhaven, and Fairlight Glen was a favourite spot, because of the jutting headland and broken ground which stretched for a mile or two before Sandwich Flats were reached. Occupants of the Lover's Seat, however, would have had need of keen eyes to penetrate the mist and darkness which were necessary for the smugglers' run. Now smugglers have disappeared, and the visitors to this spot must content themselves with a more peaceful but not less entrancing prospect, as from the green sward above the "seat" a splendid view is to be obtained, embracing Winchelsea and Rye—two other Cinque Ports—and Dungeness, the scene of many a sea fight, and many a terrible wreck.

Battle Abbey, built on the site—real or imaginary—of the great fight between Harold and William, lies about seven miles north of Hastings. Although it has suffered a good deal from modern restoration, enough remains of the ruins of the older building to make it worthy of a pilgrimage. The Almonry, once the hospital for pilgrims, the old cloisters, the picturesque garden with its yews and cedars, are open to the public; and recent excavations have laid bare the altar of the crypt, which it is said marks the spot where the Saxon standard was erected, and on which the body of Harold was found beneath a heap of fallen foes.

## Hastings and Neighbourhood.



HASTINGS—THE MEMORIAL.  
PHOTO BY RUSSELL & SONS.





HASTINGS CASTLE.  
PHOTO BY POUL-  
TON & SON.



HASTINGS—VIEW OF THE OLD  
TOWN FROM THE EAST CLIFF.  
PHOTO BY RUSSELL & SONS.





ECCLESBOURNE GLEN, HASTINGS. PHOTO BY POULTON AND SON.





THE GARDENS, ST. LEONARDS.  
PHOTO BY POULTON & SON.



THE PIER, HASTINGS.  
PHOTO BY POULTON  
& SON.



LOVER'S SEAT, FAIRLIGHT GLEN.  
PHOTO BY POULTON & SON.





NORMANHURST COURT.  
PHOTO BY POULTON  
& SON.



WHITE ROCK, HASTINGS.  
PHOTO BY POULTON & SON.

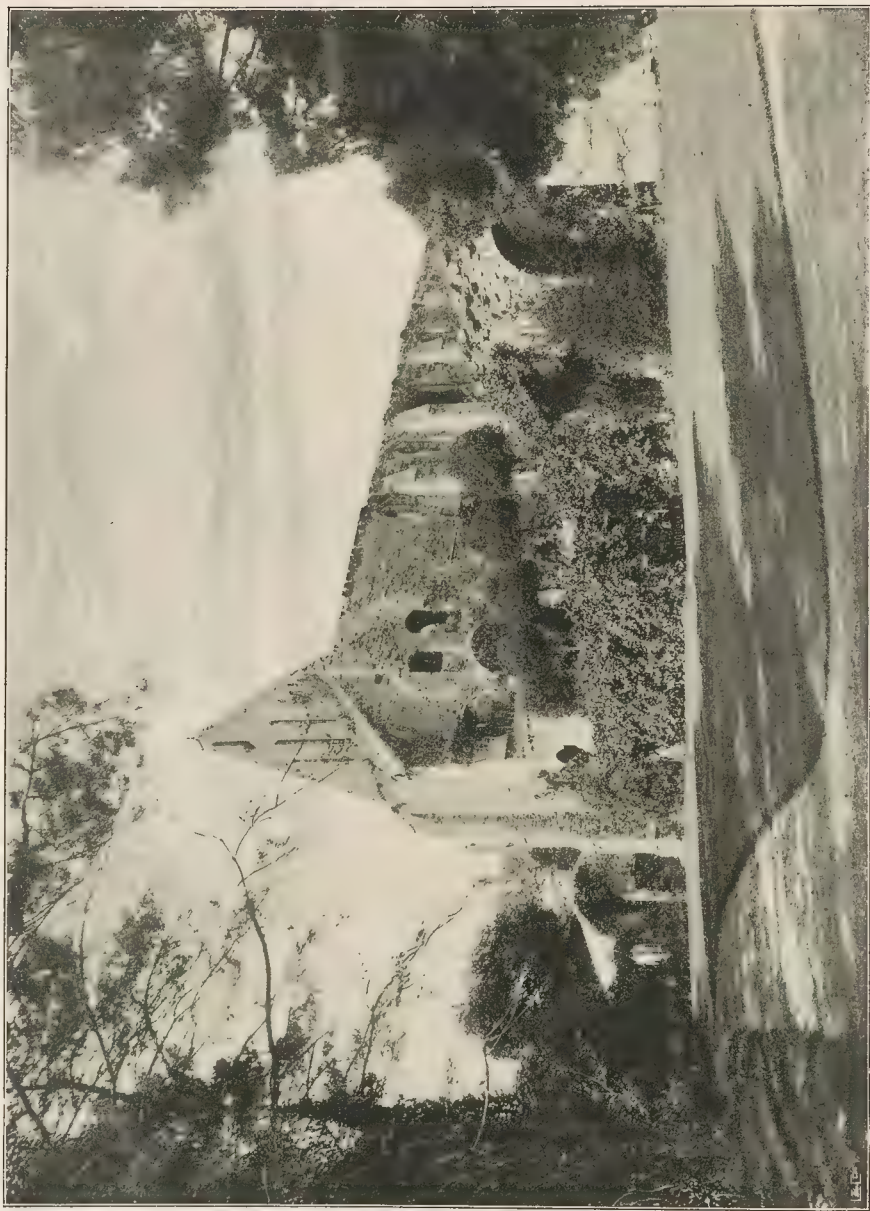


HIGH STREET, BATTLE.  
PHOTO BY POULTON  
& SON.





BATTLE ABBEY THE GATEWAY,  
SEEN FROM THE TERRACE.  
PHOTO BY POULTON & SON.



BATTLE ABBEY.—THE DORMITORY. PHOTO BY POULTON & SON.



BATTLE ABBEY.—THE CHURCH.  
PHOTO BY POULTON & SON.





HASTINGS—A ROUGH SEA.  
PHOTO BY POULTON & SON.



ECCLESBOURNE GLEN -VIEW  
FROM THE OAK. PHOTO BY  
POULTON & SON.



ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH, HASTINGS.  
PHOTO BY RUSSELL & SONS.



# The Album

*A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.*

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 19.

JUNE 10, 1895.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post 6d.



SIGNORA ELEONORA DUSE,  
NOW APPEARING AT DRURY  
LANE THEATRE. PHOTO BY  
AUDOUARD, BARCELONA.



HERE ought to be a philosophy of Halls, systematised as duly as Professor Diogenes Teufelsdröckh's Clothes philosophy; for the Hall, in its manifold forms, is an outward and visible manifestation of spiritual (and temporal) real ties. It is a garment, now sumptuous, now mean, sometimes even patched, that "with a tale, forsooth" (may Sir Philip Sidney pardon our villainy), "cometh unto you," with a tale which, rightly unfolded, might reasonably "intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue."

Pre-eminent among halls is that form which has come down to us from the Middle Ages, the Hall that we associate alike with solemnity and conviviality. The spirit of the Gothic hall is the same everywhere; whether it be attached to Palace, or College, or Inn of Court, or stand as an independent civic structure, we enter it with something approaching reverence and instinctively seek to remove our hat, though this last impulse may arise merely from the combined influence of dim religious light and absent-mindedness.

It was natural, in days when the upper classes embodied their magnificence in splendid pageantry, that the rising middle class, so soon as they began to "feel their heads," should seek to manifest the growing majesty of the merchant with similar display. So in process of time there grew up in London the Halls of the City Companies, the old guild-halls that perished in the Great Fire. The substantial citizen and the hall of his company were closely-linked ideas in Chaucer's mind, for we read of his Haberdasher, Carpenter, Webbe, Deyere, and Tapicer—

— they were clothed alle in oo lyveré  
Of a solempne and a grat fraternité  
Wel semede ech of hem a fair burgeys  
To sitten in a yelde halle on a deys.  
Everych for the wisdom that he can,  
Was schaply for to ben an alderman.

They seem, in fact, to have borne in their persons a hall-mark, as it were, of civic worth.

The best idea of these ancient halls of London is obtained from the present Guildhall, which is foremost for size and antiquity. It is pleasant to step out of the clatter of Cheapside, on a dusty, glaring day, and enter the great cool chamber, with its undiscoverable mystery of dim oak roofing, its painted windows, tessellated floor, and historic atmosphere. There the visitor is pleased to hob-a-nob for a little with Messrs. Gog and Magog, with whom no fault is to be found; would that the same could be said of those

quasi-allegorical marbles that are supposed to adorn the walls! But let that pass; there is one compensating comfort—Lord Mayor Beckford, despite the apparent corroboration of his sculptured attitude, never delivered the speech fathered upon him. At least, so Gifford says, and we fain hope his story true.

The present roof of the Guildhall is as nearly as possible a copy of that destroyed in the Great Fire, regarding which a curious tale is told by an old chronicler. The flames took hold of the Hall on Tuesday, September 4th, 1666. "That night," writes the redundant annalist, "the sight of Guildhall was a fearful spectacle, which stood the whole body of it together in view for several hours together, after the fire had taken it, without flames (I suppose because the timber was of such solid oake), in a bright shining coale, as if it had been a pallace of gold or a great building of burnished brasse." This illumination of Guildhall under incandescent light must have been worth seeing, and almost makes one long to have been an eye-witness, but the chronicler has really done very well for posterity. His words help us almost to see the "sight" that "was a fearful spectacle," and for this service he may be forgiven much.

The hospitality of the Guildhall is a national institution. There the polished barbarity of the banquet is understood and practised in its perfection; but this feature of the place is too well known to require further elucidation. Royalty has often sat down at the civic board. The Merry Monarch dined at Guildhall nine times. And herenant the *Spectator* hath a jovial tale, that will not spoil in the repeating.

Charles the Second dined with the citizens the year that Sir Robert Viner was Mayor, and that gentleman, getting elated with continually toasting the Royal Family, "grew a little fond of His Majesty. The king understood very well how to extricate himself in all kinds of difficulties, and with an hint to the company to avoid ceremony, stole off and made towards his coach, which stood ready for him in Guildhall Yard. But the Mayor liked his company so well, and was grown so intimate, that he pursued him hastily, and, catching him fast by the hand, cried out with a vehement oath and accent, 'Sir, you shall stay and take t'other bottle!' The airy monarch looked kindly at him over his shoulder, and with a smile and graceful air (for I saw him at the time, and do now), repeated this line of the old song—

'He that is drunk is as great as a king,'

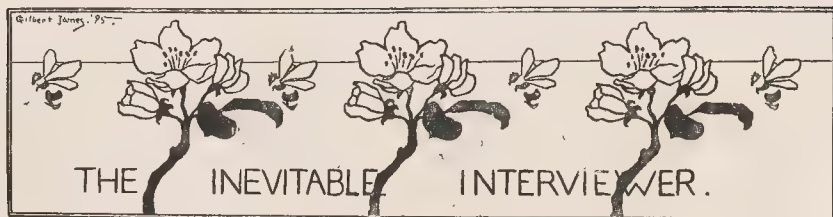
and immediately turned back and complied with his landlord."

It is worth while for the visitor, when he has done contemplating the hall of ceremonial and festivity, to examine the various Civic Official Chambers attached to Guildhall. The attendant has a merry wit, for as he shows you into the Court of Aldermen, he says with unction—"This is the House of Lords for the City," in a tone that would have you supply mentally, "and I am the keeper thereof." After showing the Upper Chamber he ushers you, if you desire, into "another place"—the magnificent Common Council Chamber, where public business is done every alternate Thursday, and on occasion freemen of the city are made. In the centre is a strange machine like a steam-engine régulator. It is really the stamping press for the great seal of the city, which must be affixed in presence of the Court. But one may be pardoned for having inquired if it was the helm of Civic State. JOHN A' DREAMS.



THE GUILDHALL.  
PHOTO BY YORK  
AND SONS,





#### A CHAT WITH SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

THE "master-mind" of Sir Augustus Harris is "writ large" in those magnificent effects which his management has for so long produced in grand opera, fancy-dress balls, fantastic pantomimes, and sporting dramas.

Yet brilliant as are such scenes, Sir Augustus Harris's managerial genius strikes me most forcibly when he has his hand on the rudder in the privacy of his own home, or in the comparative seclusion of the managerial *sanctum*, at either Covent Garden or Drury Lane. There his alertness of intellect, fertility in resource, doggedness of purpose, and comprehensive generalship are most apparent. See him for instance at breakfast at "The Elms," with one or two of his lieutenants in attendance, and ready to receive some instruction or commission, springing from the two huge piles of correspondence at the right-hand of two lady type-writers, who read to him alternately all manner of applications, proposals and requests, which have, however, been previously perused by Sir Augustus with his early cup of tea.

"Let me congratulate you on looking so remarkably fit," I remarked, as I accepted a chair.

"Yes, I am about as well as a manager can expect to be, who has just had a telegram that his principal tenor can't appear to-night, and that a Royal command will necessitate an important change of programme."

"Well, tell me something of the novelty of the season—of Cowen's 'Harold'?" I commenced by asking.

"Very well. The music is by Frederick Cowen, and the libretto by Sir Edward Malet, British Ambassador at Berlin. The cast comprises Madame Albani, as Edith; Mdlle. Meisslinger, as Princess Adele; Mr. Brozel, as Harold; Mr. David Bispham, as William; Mr. Richard Green, as Malet; Mr. Divers, as Alfurth and Stegard; and Mr. Jacques Bars, as Siward. "Harold" is a romantic and historical opera. It treats of the Conquest of England, and the facts that led up thereto with the befriending of Harold by William, Duke of Normandy. In the first instance, how Harold went to Normandy; how the Duke induced him to swear to help him to the throne; how he came back; how he was induced to accept the throne himself; how Britain was conquered; and the finding of the body of Harold by Edith after the Battle of Hastings. The opera will be sung in English—a unique event during a Grand Opera season at Covent Garden. But it will be pursuant of a polyglot policy of mine—that is, giving operas as far as possible in their native language."

"Do you think the love of music sufficiently deep-seated among popular audiences to offer a chance of success to

an operatic undertaking, run on the lines of cheap prices, in the suburbs?"

"As to an Opera House at Camberwell, or some such suburb—the public might support it for a week or a fortnight or so. The company might stay longer, but I'm sure the public would not."

"The appearance of Madame Patti will delight everyone; how was it brought about?"

"Well, we have both wanted to come to arrangements for years. I have a very great admiration for her. She was very kind to me when I was at school in Paris, when she first came out. I used to go to her house when she was in Paris during the winter every Sunday. Yes, I have always been wanting to have her at Covent Garden, but something has always interfered. This year I am glad to pull it off."

"Now, what are your views as regards theatres and opera-houses municipally subsidised?"

"If a municipality gave subvention they would require a *quid pro quo*, which would not suit my idea at all; *i.e.*, they would insist on interfering in everything—they would want their sisters, brothers, aunts, and cousins, put in leading parts, and their plays to be acted. It is wonderful how people who do not understand anything of the dramatic art think they are admirably suited for the Operatic and Dramatic stage," said Sir Augustus with a cynical smile.

"Of course, it would be useless to expect you to pull down anything you have up your sleeve; but might I ask for any little 'tip' as to future events?"

"Well, 'Tristan' is going to be *sung* for the first time by Jean de Reszke; up to now it has only been 'howled.' However, enough for the day is the evil thereof; for the present it is enough to scheme how I am going to get through this week, for every post brings its surprises, such as that Tamagno or Bertran is ill. The same moment I get a telegram from Madame Duse, who is to appear at Drury Lane, saying that she cannot come until a week later; then I have to make other arrangements. Then there are certain difficulties as to the engagements of the people who are coming with the Saxe-Coburg Company, and so on. What'll happen? Oh, Heaven knows! It is the same nearly every day—disappointments, jealousies, smoothings down, puttings down, and inducing and threatening—but *paying all the time!*"

"I expect, with your usual spirit of enterprise, you will take advantage of the Ameer's son's visit to have a special grand night?"

"It is not for me to arrange a Gala Performance. I do not know whether Her Majesty may command one. I sincerely hope she may. If so, I shall do my best properly to carry out the Queen's behest."

T. H. L.



SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS.  
PHOTO BY WALERY.

# THE WELL DRESSED WOMAN



THERE is Ascot to right of me, Ascot to left of me, and Ascot all round me. I hear nothing else, I talk of nothing else, and my dreams are positively haunted by nightmares of *chint* silk, pursued by phantoms in white

and trimmed at the back with a monster mass of roses, pink and red and yellow, and at each side with two ostrich feathers.

In the midst of plenty I am really starved—for an idea.

muslin, surrounded by spectres in grey alpaca. I am certain that, with that amiability which is ever my most distinguishing characteristic, I have designed eleven gowns for my best friends, and yet—and yet—wonderful state of affairs this—I have still retained those best friends; and to be able to order the clothes of your dearest, and yet keep a place in their regard, is surely a feat of which I may be reasonably proud. My sister-in-law is amongst my debtors. She is going to wear a *chint* silk gown, buff-tinted, black-striped, rose-patterned, made in a quaint old-fashioned style with very long shoulder pieces, and ruches of pale pink shot silk outlining the armhole of the sleeves which hang dejectedly to the elbow and fit tightly to the wrist; and her bodice is to be guileless of trimming save for a pointed plastron of lace extending to the waist, and the skirt is to exhibit a ruche of the silk on the extreme hem. It is to be an obtrusive skirt, setting out in voluminous folds right the way round, and concealing a stiff lining in its roseate silken facing. A

hat to crown this is the immediate trouble of her life, knowing as she does that she looks infinitely better in a bonnet, and yearning, as she will, to adopt the latest form of Parisian millinery—a rose pink straw hat wreathed with ivy leaves

Buff seems to be the only colour at the moment; but it is not a specially becoming one, needing the complexion of a heroine of the penny novelette—a complexion of the roses and lilies order—to exploit its best charms. What lucky people those heroines are! How continually I envy them “that soft damask bloom that rests upon their youthful cheek,” a cheek upon which powder is unknown. This is merely by the way. It does not lead me any further on my road to Ascot, which, now I come to think of it, is a very dusty road, and certainly ought to be encountered in a dust cloak. The newest dust cloaks are made of shot silk trimmed with ribbons. They are in the ulster shape, with double loose epaulettes doing duty for sleeves, and ruffles round the neck, made of silk or chiffon. Chiffon, alas! is to pay the penalty of its popularity. Dearly as we love it—and we do love it—we are obliged, with a due regard for our reputation as fickle, to realise that it has been long enough in its position as prime favourite. Therefore,

though we still worship it in our hearts, we cast it down from its pedestal, and set up an idol of silk crinkled gauze, which is pretty enough in its way, and makes charming blouses, when mounted on tight silk linings, securely boned, *bien entendu*.



AN ASCOT DRESS.



A new silk crêpe, patterned in Indian colours, is being used with singular unanimity, but it is quite devoid of elegance, and I am cheerfully looking forward to the time when the majority will have recognised this. As a matter of



A NEW HAT.

fact the Indian tones are not at all becoming, although we periodically try to persuade ourselves that they are desirable. They look their best, however, when showing a shirt front of soft embroidered lawn. Everything at the moment seems to look its best under such circumstances; indeed, so popular has the muslin shirt front become that a gown guileless of such adornments seems unfinished; and even should we adopt this, we invariably show some trace of muslin and lace at collar or at cuffs. And yet my dress for Ascot is all unhonoured and unsung—unplanned, indeed, which is worse still! I care little who makes the country's songs so long as I can make its laws of dress, a matter upon which I and another distinguished philosopher—had we ever met—would not have agreed. I found a French model in muslin with daisies disporting themselves upon its surface, lined with pale yellow, and its memory haunts me. But I hate French models; they never fit when they are altered, and their imitation, far from being the sincerest form of flattery, is usually the deadliest insult—an insult perpetrated by many. Can anything in life be so vexatious as to have secured for yourself, regardless of expense, a beautiful new frock, and to meet its fellow upon your dearest enemy? Of such, however, is the Kingdom of Dress, but too, too often. To avoid any such possibility the charms of the absolutely simple, essentially English frock appeal to me most convincingly at

the moment. I shall meet Ascot in my last new boating gown I think, which is made of butcher blue linen, with the seams of the skirts strapped with white linen; an absolutely plain bodice, slightly full, fastening over on one side with three large white pearl buttons and a strap of white linen, and overhanging a very broad belt made of white kid buckled with two buckles. The neck and the sleeves of this are turned over with white linen, and it is an eminently pleasing little frock, and I carefully avoided its most economical possibilities by having it lined with white *glacé* silk—an extravagance, of course, but then extravagance is the root of all comfort in frocks.

#### ANSWERS TO LETTERS.

"GRASSHOPPER."—Your letter comes at the right moment. Observe my linen dress sketched this week, and copy it exactly in the grey cheviot, trimming it with white face cloth. Crown it with an entirely black hat edged with a ruche of *chiffon*, and trimmed with a scarf of *chiffon* fastened with two black feathers on one side. I guarantee the result will be all your fancy painted it.



MY LINEN GOWN.

"NEG."—A new collar-band made of ribbon, with a bow tied at the back, and two little frills arranged to come each side of the chin, you can buy ready made for 5s. 6d. from Marshall and Snelgrove's. Surely you won't consider this too much money.

PAULINA PRY.



FEW faces are better known than Lady Carew's in town. Her stately presence, and that of her not less handsome sister, Mrs. Clifford Cory, are seldom missing from any assemblage of the social elect. Both sisters used to be known as "those lovely Lethbridge girls" from the time when they first appeared in Society together, and shortly after the elder married Lord Carew, and took that foremost place in Society which her beauty, charming manners, and well-won reputation as an ideal hostess would naturally command.

Castle Boro is one of the few fine old places in Ireland where the proverbial record of Hibernian hospitality is nobly maintained, and an invitation to Lady Carew's autumn house parties has so become "a consummation to be devoutly wished."

Two smart cycling clubs have begun existence within the past ten days, on the banks of Old Thames and Seine, respectively. The opening meet of the Omnium at the Vélodrome, was an occasion for *tout Paris* to assume its prettiest frock, which it did with avidity. Comtesse de Ravenel, in red with silver embroideries; Mdle. Gérôme, in a blue foulard with dozens of tiny frills round the skirt. a fashion we shall see more of, notwithstanding its fatal effect on robust femininity. One of the Rothschild dames in mauve, green and white, like a brilliant orchid, and so on. At the inaugural occasion at Catherine Lodge, Fulham Road had an extra special block of carriages, for all the smart unemployed in and out of Mayfair showed up on what Hubert Parry might truly call the "charming lawn" of this quaint old manor house. Lady Call, of course, was there, Lady Dudley, Lady Lurgan, Lady Chelsea, Lady de Trafford, Mrs. Charrington and others never-endingly and enthusiastically. On the centre of the lawn paces are practised under a covered vélodrome, or the wise and lazy make alternate dalliance with best friends and lemon squashes beneath the shade of some fine old trees—not the least attraction of this newly discovered Kensington Arcadia. Even our Iron Duke has succumbed to the magnetic steel, and those to whom early rising is not a grief may now trundle through the sylvan shades of Hyde Park itself up to ten ante-meridian.

I have come to the conclusion, after seeing the Shahzada at two or three political parties this week, that it is only your thoroughbred Oriental who can look really and genuinely bored. When we assume the *blasé rôle*, our enjoyment of the character will occasionally escape, but this poor Afghan Prince suffers his gaieties so unmistakably, that one sympathises in advance with the pleasures and palaces through which he is destined to roam both at St. Petersburg and Constantinople. Hurlingham seemed to abate his social sufferings somewhat; and the lawn did

look very bright and pretty on Saturday. Acres of millinery, incalculable frivolity, and the Blue Hungarians, should together surely melt the stoniest philosophy.

At the Rothschild and Weisweiler wedding in Paris, several ladies used walking sticks. Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild was one, and the Duchess de Grammont, beautifully dressed in white and gold, another. It is a picturesque fashion, but one whose utility is less apparent in church than on a country road. Peonies as posies figured also on several corsages. The popular taste in flowers seems to run this season in a shrubby direction, rhododendrons and hydrangeas finding favourable reception, too. I should not wonder if we drew on the vegetable kingdom for millinery supplies later on. The possibilities of carrots and green peas would seem, doubtless, enhanced, in conjunction with young ducklings.

Sir John Thursby's bays were in great form at both the Coaching Club and Four-in-Hand meets last week, and the 8th Hussars' coach, driven by Major Clowes at the latter function was well equipped in both matters of team and freight, a particularly pretty frock occupying the box-seat. Colonel Alfred Somerset turned up with three piebalds and a brown. Mrs. Kirk looked very smart behind the neat looking bays her husband drives so well, and the meet of twenty-eight teams in all was a most cheerful occasion. Their next foregathering is to be the last Wednesday in June, on which afternoon both the Barnes and Fulham Clubs are putting forth an attractive programme.

The hottest night of the season was assuredly that on which the State Ball took place, and proportionate demands were made by thirsty guests on the hock cup, which is so famous an adjunct of the Royal Supper tables. Owing to the presence of our latest lion, H. H. Nasrulla Khan, amongst other causes, it was a more than usually brilliant ball, and the display of diamonds might have satisfactorily astonished even an Oriental potentate. The Princess of Wales never looked lovelier, her wonderful jewels being enhanced by sombre black satin. The Duchess of York, in pinkish mauve, danced with much apparent enjoyment. H. R. H. waltzes beautifully by the way. Mrs. Asquith, quite recovered from her recent illness, wore pink with many diamonds. Mrs. Maitland Shaw came in the same colour, with trails of sweet pea on the bodice. Lady William Beresford had some wonderful pear-shaped emeralds in tiara and necklace. Lady Musgrave of Eden Hall, and Lady Wolverton were amongst the ladies in bridal white; so too, Mrs. George Curzon. The Shahzada, whose jewels are a proverb, contented himself with one great diamond sun which glittered seductively on his turban. His Highness did not dance, but talked for some time with the Prince of Wales.

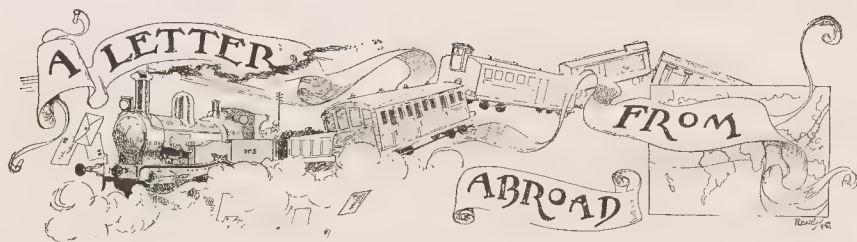
VERA.





LADY CAREW.  
PHOTO BY  
BASSANO.





# DELHI OF TO-DAY.

THERE is something pathetic in the spectacle of the conscientious traveller who has reached the great busy advertisement-plastered junction at Delhi, and realises for the first time how hopelessly inadequate the allotted three days will be for the laborious programme of sight-seeing. For Delhi, long before it is actually reached, appeals to the tourist instinct. There are acres of crumbling masonry, there are great tombs in red sandstone by the score, and a vague remembrance that some one has called the place "the Rome of Asia" rises in the mind. Parallel with the railway for perhaps half a mile runs the Fort, so massive, so imposing, that in itself it inspires a little thrill of enthusiasm, even if to the patriotic Briton it were not also bound up with some of the noblest of Mutiny memories. One has come away, it may be from Agra, proudly claiming that in the Taj it possesses the finest monument in the world. All honour to Shah Jehan who considered the beautiful Arjumand Banu, the "Chosen of the Palace," worthy of it. But Delhi surely can touch the heart no less where the battered Cashmere Gate stands as it was left, after Home, Salkeld, and three or four sergeants, on September 14th, 1857, blew the breach in it, which enabled the third column of the storming forces to pass into the city of rebels, and remains the truest and proudest testimony to one of the most splendid deeds of English bravery.

Perhaps, however, Delhi's chiefest charm is its variety. In a day's drive or stroll round you may visit the Fort, and carry away a memory of stately architecture, and realise here and there, by what survives, how wonderful must have been the inlay of agate, jasper and cornelian, of lapis lazuli, malachite, and chalcedony, with which Austin de Bordeaux wrought for Shah Jehan, at cost it is now scarce possible to estimate, those trails of jasmine and branches of roses and tulips. You may see the Jumma Musjid, if your fancy is for "the largest in the world" of anything, even mosques; and there is no more vivid impression to be caught in all India than the vast pile rising above its broad base of steps, its domes, its minarets, and its gateways, while before it, on the hard-burnt plain, are ponies, bullocks, pack camels and their owners making such a crowd as one may see only in the North-West Provinces or the Punjab. And there are relics of the Prophet within. Even the unbeliever for a gift of coin, discreetly bestowed, may look upon a hair of Mahomet's beard, a slipper which he wore, and now filled with the dried petals of jasmine flowers and a beautiful illuminated copy of the Koran in Kufic script, though, perhaps, this is scarcely so perfect a one as that in the library of the Nawab of Murshidabad, where also is one so richly adorned in gold and colours that it cost during the middle period of the Mogul Dynasty, thirty thousand rupees to produce. If these things have no allure-

ments, there are the shops of the Chandni Chowk—the "Silver Square"—where are to be found the golden embroideries, the queer Delhi paintings, the silver buckles, and all the toys that are wrought—for the tourist. Perhaps, too, under wise guidance, may be found a lovely bit of carpet from some far-off loom in Afghanistan or Beloochistan—a reminder of how "the snow-bound trade of the North comes down To the market square of Peshawar Town," and of what the railway has done in linking the Indian centres of commerce.

Then there are excursions out of the city, and none surely would ever miss that to the Kootab Minar. It is some twelve miles to drive out to it, and on either hand are tombs which leave a mental mosaic of carved and fretted marble, of jewelled screens, of rich silken canopies and graven quotations in fantastic curve and flourish of scholarly Arabic from the Koran. Nor are these memorials without their surprises. There is the one to Nizamuddin, reputedly among the greatest and the holiest of the Chisti saints, but whose chief appeal to the visitor of any philistine tendencies of thought, lies in the fact that he constructed a great tank in which are generally about forty feet of water. Upon this he bestowed a blessing, and there is a well-believed tradition that it is impossible to be drowned in it. As a result, the expenditure of a rupee will secure one a display of diving from the surrounding roofs some sixty feet above it that might well excite the envy of any music-hall manager. The road onward is dusty, the turf is scorched brown, and a patch of chillies spread to dry in the strong sunshine glows vividly brilliant as we go on, and then the great column, over 240 feet high, towers out above all else. Dwarfed into insignificance beside it, is the Iron Pillar, a subject of dear dispute to all Indian antiquarians; and there is the wonderful mosque, only to be appreciated if one has the good fortune to be with one who can show where begin and end the trophies of the Hindu, Jain and Buddhist temples which, nigh upon 700 years ago, were rifled for it. But these have not the fascination of the huge pile, with its three lower stories of red sandstone, and two upper ones of dazzling, glistering marble. Whether Hindu or Mahomedan—whether a proud emblem of victory or a watch tower—one leaves the learned and the guide books to discuss. The stairway is tedious, and the tale told in Delhi of a young English girl who, for a small bet, accomplished the feat of twice running up to the top and down again under the hour, is enough to inspire respect for her endurance. It is worth the exertion and more, however, to view the panorama stretching below, with the sacred Jumma winding like a silver ribbon between its shallow banks, and to realise how many dead and forgotten civilizations are bounded by the horizon, all violet and turquoise, as the sun goes down in the heated haze of evening.

M. F. BILLINGTON.



KOOTAB MINAR,  
DELHI.



PEDANTS, who care for nothing in this life but an impossible accuracy, may look sourly on Mr. Gilbert Burgess's plea for the authenticity of the love-letters which he has fished out of the eighteenth century. It is quite possible that such a plea would not hold water in a court of law. Mr. Burgess asserts that the originals, or copies of the original letters, of Parson Hackman to Miss Reay, were given to Kearsley, who published them, by Mr. Frederick Booth, Hackman's brother-in-law. Well, the Court would promptly say, "Call Frederick Booth," and the ushers would take up the cry of "Frederick Booth," as they did in the celebrated instance of Elizabeth Cluppings, who was wanted as a witness in the case of *Bardell v. Pickwick*. Mrs. Cluppings responded to the call, but I sadly fear that Frederick Booth would not. He has left his eminent counsel, Mr. Gilbert Burgess, Q.C., to make an important statement of fact in the airiest manner without a particle of evidence to support it. There is absolutely no reason to suppose, apart from Mr. Burgess's fascinating way of putting things, that Booth gave these letters to Kearsley, or that there were any letters to give. That is what the court and the pedants would say. I shall not be surprised if somebody throws doubt on the authenticity of the "Introduction" to this volume, and, in the absence of a baptismal certificate, declines to believe in the existence of Mr. Gilbert Burgess.

These letters were first edited in 1779 by one Herbert Croft, a shifty baronet, and it has hitherto been supposed, though Mr. Burgess dismisses the suggestion with fitting scorn, that Croft wrote them. Hackman was hanged in the same year for shooting Miss Reay through the head as she was coming out of the Opera House. He was crazy with jealousy, and jealous men always write letters. Were these letters, now republished, such as Hackman was likely to have written? And if Croft was equal to the invention of Hackman's epistles, had he the skill to counterfeit the emotion of Martha Reay? Hackman is fond of stuffing his correspondence with polite learning; he is like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, who wished he had followed the arts. Miss R., too, has her literary moments. But it must be remembered that everybody larded letters in those days with the trimmings of literature. Soul smirked at soul, as it were, through the medium of literary gossip, before coming to amatory business. There is plenty of love in this correspondence and it bears no slight resemblance to the genuine article. It is to the gentleman's credit that after divers proofs of an ardent affection, he wanted to marry his Martha, but as she was already bound to Lord Sandwich by ties which, though illicit, it would have been difficult to break, the virtuous resolution of her adorer was, so to speak, mere sealing wax. I must say that the sentiments natural to her position are imitated, if not with the genius of Richardson, at least with a skilful plausibility.

Who is to have the credit of this? Not the first editor of the letters, for whom the second editor has a proper contempt. I am disposed to give the palm to Frederick Booth, who probably worked up the correspondence from Hackman's hints, and then effaced himself with the modesty of true talent. I commend this solution to Mr. Burgess as a compromise, which, at all events, will exclude the obnoxious Croft.

I have read Mr. Watson's stories with considerable relief. They have on the whole more simplicity than his "Diogenes in London," though the style still suggests a strange mixture of Congreve, Meredith, and Henry James. But nobody, I am glad to say, ejaculates "Slidikins" or "Sbud," as in some tales of Mr. Watson's which I have lately read elsewhere. There are several manners in the volume. "Mr. Atkinson" is a bit of observation which recalls Mr. Arthur Morrison's *East End Stories*, and yet has a power of its own. Mr. Watson has endeavoured with considerable success to probe the misery of the commonplace swain who is jilted for the sake of a linen-draper's apprentice, and takes his rejection so badly that he ends by shooting his faithless Laura and blowing out his own brains. Here the realistic method of observation is combined with an imaginative insight into this poor wretch's mind, and the effect is one of the best of Mr. Watson's experiments. The unpleasant incident which Mr. Watson describes in the "House of Shame" is not a new experience in the life of the husband, and the hysteria of his remorse, which chooses a most inopportune time for confession, is not made less improbable by the hectic strain of the narrative. It is this strain which makes at least one of Mr. Watson's manners so trying. He will not let any idea have a simple garb. It must be tricked out and bedizened with eccentric speech, and when you have penetrated the cosmetics, you are quite out of humour with its natural face. If Mr. Watson has collected these tales in order that we may take our choice of the various styles in which they are told, I may tell him frankly that, for my own part, I would rather have the Morrisonian "In the Basement," or the touch of Rolf Boldrewood's bushranger in "The Last of Blackbeard," than the purely Watsonian "House of Shame" and "An Ordeal by Three." "In the Basement" is a gruesome yarn of a barber who shaves a corpse while the family are drinking gin. Here the idea dominates the manner and not manner the idea; and that is a method which Mr. Watson will have to make up his mind about for good and all, if he is to pursue his story-telling to any definite purpose.

L. F. AUSTIN.

"The Love Letters of Mr. H. and Miss R." 1775-779. Edited by Gilbert Burgess. W. Heinemann.

"At the First Corner, and other Stories." By H. B. Marriott Watson. John Lane.





PROFESSOR EDWARD DOWDEN,  
M.A., LL.D., PHOTO BY  
LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

Born in 1843, he was educated at Queen's College, Cork, and Trinity College, Dublin, where he won the Vice-Chancellor's prizes for English Verse and Prose, and became first senior Moderator in Logic and Ethics and finally Professor of English Literature. He is also a Cunningham Gold Medalist of the Royal Irish Academy, an Hon. LL.D. of Edinburgh University and Hon. D.C.L. of Oxford. In 1889 he became the first Taylorian Lecturer at Oxford and in 1893 was elected Clark Lecturer in English Literature at Trinity College, Cambridge. Among his chief works are "Poems," "Studies in Literature," "Shakespeare—His Mind and Art," and "The Life of Shelley." He has also edited Shakespeare's Sonnets, Southey's Correspondence, and the poetical works of Shelley and of Wordsworth. As Vice-President of the Irish Unionist Alliance, he has strenuously opposed Home Rule.



#### THE PORTLAND VASE.

THIS vase is universally admitted to be one of the most beautiful of ancient gems in glass, and is generally considered one of the choicest of the artistic treasures preserved in the British Museum. It is as remarkable on account of the vicissitudes through which it has passed as from its intrinsic merits.

The vase was discovered about the middle of the sixteenth century in the sepulchral chamber of the Emperor Alexander Severus, under the Monte del Grano, on the Frascati road, near Rome. For more than two hundred years it was in the Barberini family, and was the chief ornament of the Barberini Palace; from that circumstance it was at one time called the Barberini Vase. It passed from that family towards the end of the last century to Sir W. Hamilton, and from him to Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Portland, in 1785. In 1810 it was deposited in the British Museum by the fourth Duke of Portland, and it is now generally known as the Portland Vase.

This beautiful work of art was wantonly smashed to fragments in 1845 by a scene-painter named William Lloyd. The pieces were afterwards carefully joined, and the restoration has been effected so perfectly that the cameo designs are but little injured by the fracture. Indeed, upon a superficial examination, it might be doubted that the vase was damaged. When the sides were restored, the bottom was not replaced, but is now exhibited separately.

The material is glass of an intensely deep blue, which is decorated with a series of figures in relief, composed of glass of a semi-opaque white. The shape, that of an amphora, is not of any remarkable elegance; but it is the exquisite cameo-work of the white figures which excites so much admiration, and which, until recent years, was considered inimitable by modern artists.

The methods employed in shaping the Portland Vase were as follows:—The vase of blue glass was first made, and then covered with a layer of white glass. Next the handles of blue glass were added, which is evident from the fact that the base of each handle rests upon the layer of white. Then

came the cutting process, by which the white layer was carved in the manner of a cameo, and it is this, more than any other part of the work, which is regarded as a triumph of antique gem-cutting.

With regard to the subjects represented, about which there has been considerable difference of opinion among antiquarians, it may be explained that the terminal ornaments of the handles are masks of Pan, the horns of which encircle the base of each handle. These decorations divide the figures on the sides into two groups, in one of which a woman is seated on a low rock. Beside her is a sea monster, on which her left hand is placed; her right hand is stretched out towards a man who approaches; Eros, or Cupid, flies before, and leads him on. In the background are fig and olive trees and a Doric temple. The probability is that this scene illustrates a peaceful version of the legend of Peleus and Thetis.

The other group has in its centre a female figure, partially draped, reclining on a pile of rocks, in the attitude of sleep. Her left hand holds an inverted torch. At her feet is an overturned altar, and in the background is a fig-tree. On the right is a female figure, seated on a pile of rocks, and having a sceptre in the left hand; on the left is a male figure who watches the sleeper, and who is himself watched by the female on the right. There is some uncertainty as to the meaning of this scene, but it has been suggested that it represents a later incident than the group on the opposite side of the vase, and that Peleus is watching his sleeping bride while Aphrodite presides over the scene.

The bottom of the vase is ornamented with a youthful bust, apparently of Paris, wearing a Phrygian cap and thick drapery.

The numerous, more or less successful, attempts to produce replicas of the Portland Vase which have been made in recent years, afford striking proof of the high estimation in which this beautiful gem is universally held. Two of the most remarkable reproductions were those known as the Black Wedgewood-ware copy and the Northwood Portland Vase.

GEORGE CLINCH.



THE PORTLAND VASE IN THE  
BRITISH MUSEUM. PHOTO BY  
A. MACKIE, PUBLISHED BY  
CLARKE & DAVIES, MUSEUM  
STREET.





"CROSSING THE BAR." BY EDWIN  
HAYES. NOW ON VIEW AT THE  
ROYAL ACADEMY.



"WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE FOREST."  
BY C. E. JOHNSON. NOW ON VIEW AT  
THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



WHAT an adroit piece of theatrical sleight-of-hand is *Fédora*! Yet what a piece of absurdity when you come to look into it! What a fine subject wasted—wasted, I mean, from any point of view except that of stage-trickery! A man is suspected of having lured another into a trap and killed him. There is a woman bound by a recent engagement to the murdered man. Thirsting for vengeance, this woman starts on the murderer's track; she aims at winning his love so as to drag from him a confession of his crime, and then hand him over to the hangman. The woman is young and beautiful, the murderer a gallant and handsome man. And, while the woman with calculating perfidy sets herself to capture the love of the man whom she would destroy, she is caught in her own snare, and suddenly discovers that in her turn she has fallen in love with the murderer of her betrothed. Could there be a more poignant theme for drama than this? But see what M. Sardou, always a trick-maker, never going straightly and honestly to the heart of his subject—see what M. Sardou makes of it. A prologue of police investigation, an epilogue of death by poison, and between the two the real drama—the struggle of waxing desire for love with waning desire for revenge—hurried through in a couple of acts, skimmed on the surface, never once probed to the depths. Adapting Dr. Whewell's epigram about the Trinity don, one might say that M. Sardou devotes to the neglect of his real dramatic interest what time he can spare from interests extraneous to his real drama. And note some of the more glaring improbabilities of the tale as M. Sardou has elected to tell it. To begin with, there is the enormous improbability of one man "surprising by himself" the complicated series of misfortunes which befall Loris Ipanoff. He is robbed of his first wife; he commits a murder without intending it; his first wife dies of a cold caught in fleeing, scantily clad, from the scene of the murder; his second wife (to save him from murdering her, too) commits suicide; between-whiles he is condemned to death for nihilism, though he has never set eyes on a nihilist; his brother, accused of being his accomplice, is thrown into a subterranean prison, where he is drowned, through a sudden rise of the Neva; his aged mother dies from grief. Such a story of disasters reads like that which Cunegeonde narrates of herself in Voltaire's "Candide"—reads, that is to say, like a burlesque. When Loris had slain the betrayer of his wife, caught in *flagrante delicto*, he had only to tell the facts to the police and confidently say, "Mark how a plain tale shall set you down!" But no, he runs away. Why? Because, if he acted rationally, as any man would act under the circumstances in real life, M. Sardou's play could never even get itself begun. When Loris has entered on his confession to *Fédora* at the end of the second act, why does he not finish it then and there?

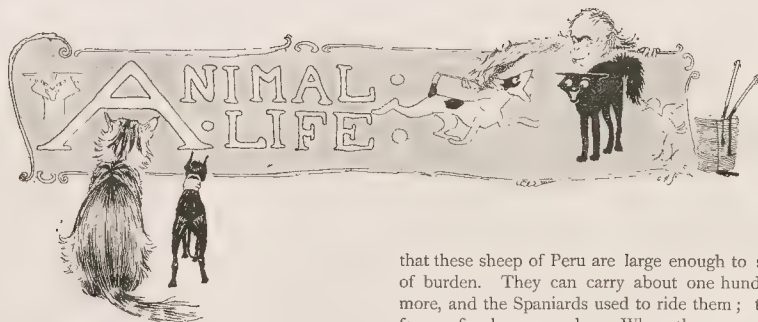
Why be so foolish as to confirm *Fédora*'s worst suspicions with one word, and not add a second word to dispel them? Simply because M. Sardou wants to break off the story at a critical point, so as to whet the spectator's curiosity with a "to be continued in our next." Why that irrelevant conversation between *Fédora* and the police-agent, Gretch, in the third act, about two people who have nothing to do with the plot? And why does *Fédora* denounce these people to the Minister of Police? Merely because M. Sardou wants an excuse for the suicide (one of the denounced persons being the brother of the man *Fédora* has now married) in the last act. Very adroit, no doubt, these little tricks for suspending the interest here and continuing it there—but what a farrago of absurdities, judged by the standard of actual experience and observation of real life!

Why do I dwell upon the absurdities of the play, when the play is so obviously not "the thing" in the Haymarket revival, but the play-actress? Well, I think my feeling of annoyance at these absurdities of the play implies a criticism of the actress; she does not make me forget them. Sarah Bernhardt did—and there's the difference. The key-note of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's method is sincerity, lucidity, likeness to life; she plays *Fédora* as a real woman, and a real woman of a known and even familiar type, an Englishwoman, someone you might meet in the park to-morrow, or at Ascot next week. That is very interesting, but it is not *Fédora*. The Princess *Fédora* Romazoff is a Slav, impulsive, capricious, a volcano in love, an avalanche in revenge. Now there is not a ha'p'orth of the Slav in Mrs. Patrick Campbell. The Princess *Fédora* Romazoff is a princess, a descendant (as somebody in the play takes care to inform us) of the Byzantine Emperors. There is nothing imperial in Mrs. Patrick Campbell, no imposing dignity of mien, nothing of the haughty insolence of a woman accustomed to command. She plays *Fédora* as she has been playing Mr. Pinero's heroines—that is, as a genuine woman of the neuropathic type. I observe that she has been congratulated on this plain, sincere conception of the part in some quarters; it is a "new reading," people say, not a slavish imitation of Sarah Bernhardt. I fear this is rather a left-handed compliment, seeing that the part was designed for Sarah Bernhardt, *is* Sarah Bernhardt, does not exist apart from Sarah Bernhardt, and is really not played at all unless it is played upon the lines of Sarah Bernhardt. Originality, "new readings," the desire to be yourself and not somebody else, these are all excellent things in an actress. The fact remains, that if you undertake what is a Bernhardt part, and nothing but a Bernhardt part, you must play it in the Bernhardt way. Mrs. Patrick Campbell has a way of her own, a strangely fascinating way; but it is not the way of *Fédora*.  
A. B. WALKLEY.





MRS. LANGTRY, NOW APPEARING, AFTER  
HER RECENT TOUR IN AMERICA, AT THE  
GRAND THEATRE, ISLINGTON, IN MR. CLYDE  
FITCH'S PLAY, "GOSSIP." PHOTO BY  
DOWNEY.



### THE LLAMA.

THE Llama is in every sense of the word the camel of the west. It is the principal beast of burden of the greater part of South America, as is the camel in Asia and Africa; and it is furthermore the nearest living relative of its fellow-labourer of the east. The ancient inhabitants of Peru had no other beast of burden at all; the contents of the mines of Potosi were carried away upon the backs of Llamas alone. Indeed, Gregory of Bolivia, one of the historians of that country, roundly asserts that Peru is the original home of the animal—a view which is evidently accepted by the designer of the postage stamps of that torrid Republic.

The Spaniards, impressed by the merits of the creature as a beast of burden, imported it, and endeavoured to acclimatise the Llama in Spain; but to no purpose. The very first example of this species, which is so common nowadays in menageries, was brought to Europe in the year 1558, to the town of Middelburg, in Holland. Gesner gives a curious figure of it in his work upon quadrupeds, where it is one among many odd woodcuts. The cut represents an animal of almost colossal size, with an elaborate collar round its neck, and submitting itself to the guidance of a dwarfish man. Gesner speaks of the animal as the *Allocamelus*, of Scaliger, and mainly quotes from that scholar in his account of it. It was brought from the "Terra Gigantum"—apparently Patagonia—and is described as having the head, ears, and neck of a mule, the body of a camel, and the tail of a horse—not by any means a bad description of this singular beast. This specimen seems, and naturally, to have created some excitement in Germany; so much so, that a certain Theodoricus de Neus purchased it, and presented it to the Emperor. "*Antehac a principibus Germanie nunquam visum*" is Gesner's expressive way of commenting upon its rarity in the days when wild beasts were practically unknown, except in the collections of kings. It is fortunate for the Zoological Society that wild animals are still sometimes used as royal gifts. To the continuance of this practice is due many a fine lion in the Zoological Gardens, which has been either temporarily or permanently deposited by Her Majesty the Queen.

To return, however, to our Llama, which Augustin de Zarate speaks of as a sheep. He thus describes the Llama at the time of the Spanish occupation of South America:—"In places where there is no snow the natives want water, and to supply this they fill the skins of sheep with water, and make other living sheep carry them, for it must be remarked

that these sheep of Peru are large enough to serve as beasts of burden. They can carry about one hundred pounds or more, and the Spaniards used to ride them; they would go four or five leagues a day. When they are weary, they lie down upon the ground, and as there are no means of making them get up, either by beating them or assisting them, the load must of necessity be taken off. When there is a man on one of them, if the beast is tired and urged to go on, he turns his head round and discharges his saliva, which has an unpleasant odour, into the rider's face. . . . Their flesh is as good as that of the fat sheep of Castile. There are now public shambles for the sale of their flesh in all parts of Peru, which was not the case when the Spaniards came first, for when one Indian had killed a sheep his neighbours came and took what they wanted, and then another Indian killed a sheep in his turn."

Buffon agrees with Zarate, perhaps copied him, in saying that the Llama has no weapon save its saliva. But when in love the Llama changes its character altogether; the males fight and bite and kick. The combats caused by the imperious power of love are terrible to witness and fatal to the combatants. Gay, the historian, physical and political, of Chili, devotes much space to this animal, which he characterises, save when under the excitement produced by love, as "*suave, familiar, tímido y muy curioso*" a collection of epithets that do not appear to be entirely compatible.

In the stomach of the Llama, as, in fact, of other animals, are produced curious concretions much valued in medicine, and even so recently as 1847—according to Gay—in use in South America. These are known as Bezoar stones, or Bezards; indeed, there are many spellings in vogue. They are supposed to be an antidote to poison.

The Llama has got various names which have caused some doubts as to the number of species possibly confounded under this general term. The matter has been lately cleared up, and it appears that there are only two "good" species, as naturalists say, of these creatures, the Llama and the Vicuña. The domesticated Llamas are variously called Huanacos and Alpacas. The four specimens at the Zoo just now show a great variety of colour which is so common a phenomenon among domestic animals.

That there should be camels in the west and camels in the east seems to be a remarkable fact; but the family tree of the camels has been more thoroughly worked out than that of many animals known to be related. In North America the remains of camel like creatures of intermediate position have been unearthed in such profusion, that the step from a Llama to a camel, at best not a wide one, has been completely bridged. More than this, it appears that America is the original home of the camel tribe, whence emigrations in ancestral times gave rise to the "ship of the desert" of the east.

F. E. BEDDARD.



THE LLAMA. PHOTO BY MR. GAMBIER  
BOLTON, F.Z.S.





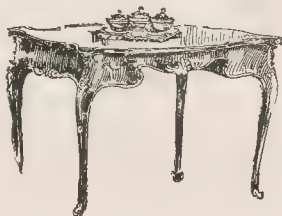
IT is true that I have got beyond the age of unsophisticated credulity, yet still the word "sale" tempts me as it does the rest of my sex. Of course I know that most sales are frauds. I have learnt that there are two sides even to a bargain, and that as a rule the buyer is on the wrong side. No longer do the red ink alterations on price tickets deceive me, for I am aware that the guileful dealers write up the price in black before touching it down in red, and that the buyer has small chance in that little game of *rouge et noir*. Even in many cases the genuine clearance sale is merely a device for getting rid of unfashionable, unsaleable stock, of the articles which the French call *rossignols*. Why "nightingales" should mean stale stock I can hardly guess, for Littré, though he notices the usage, offers no explanation. Can it come from Juliet's line, well known in France as "*c'était le rossignol et non pas l'alouette*," and that it means an article not fresh of the morning, but in the night of its career?



LOUIS XV. VITRINE.

However, I was attracted by the word "sale" on the windows of Messrs. Collinson and Lock's fine place in Oxford Street, and I am very glad; for I soon discovered that these unkind remarks about sales are not relevant to this particular affair—they are "impertinent" both in the sense in which I employ the word, and that employed by my dear old-fashioned tutor who was terribly strict as to what he called the nice scholarly use of terms, and had dreadful quarrels with me about the very word "nice" which he called a "shibboleth," for the detection of uneducated writers.

I was quickly able to test the genuineness of the sale, for I recognised a very beautiful cabinet that more than once had lured me towards an extravagance that my purse, however, had always, at the last moment, declined to ratify, and now it is so greatly reduced in price that it is possible for me to consider it seriously from the



LOUIS XV. WRITING TABLE.

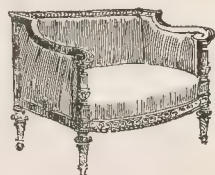
point of view of a purchaser. It is a beautiful specimen of modern inlaid work, the ivory is engraved in exquisite designs and inlaid in rosewood, whilst the artistic qualities and execution are admirable.



LOUIS XV. ESCRITOIRE.

Next to it is a smaller cabinet of tortoiseshell, inlaid with ivory, still finer in workmanship, though it appeared to me less noteworthy than a superb rosewood cabinet standing by its side, the fellow to one just sold by Messrs. Collinson & Lock to the Kunstgewerbe Museum at Strasbourg. Most of these pieces—all designed and executed by English workmen—have been exhibited at the Chicago Exhibition, and, putting aside their charm of form and artistic value, it says much for the craftsmanship that the delicate tortoiseshell inlay should have stood so perfectly the abrupt changes of temperature. Some marqueterie panelling, and a curious modelled frieze in different tones of gold, seemed somewhat familiar in design, and made me ask if they were not copied from the admirable decorations at Daly's theatre. My remark showed, it appears, strange ignorance, for the delightful theatre in Leicester Square is one of Messrs. Collinson & Lock's decorative successes, and their marqueterie is a branch of work of which they are justly proud.

In common with many, I have a deeply-rooted hatred of the ordinary marble mantelpieces of the suburban villa; and a magnificently-carved marble chimney-piece with delicately-chiselled foliage, figures of boys and graceful garlands, that stands in one of the rooms devoted to old furniture, did not reconcile me to the horrors designed by the modern architect for the "genteel" tenant. It was scarcely wise of me, I think, to linger in that fascinating room for the work of the *ébénistes* of last century—the unsurpassed designers of dainty *bonheurs du jour*, of *écritoires* of rare wood enframing Sevres plaques, of fragile-looking work-tables as strong and sound now as when they left the worker's hand, and of the many *inutilités* that delight the eye—charms me as it has charmed most boudoir-loving, dainty-clad women, from



LOUIS XVI. CHAIR.

the time of La Montespan to the days of Mademoiselle Chiffon.

As for the *Précieuse ridicule* who declined the *fauteuil* "qui lui tendait les bras," and her direct successor, the new woman, who, however, is willing to "take the chair" when and where it is offered, their views have had little influence on the furniture of any century. In fact, I imagine that hints offered to the advanced woman would become mere matters of controversy and not of utility, and so, frankly, do not trouble much to help her with ideas on furnishing.

To the disinterested admirer of really fine work, I can recommend an hour's inspection of Messrs. Collinson and Lock's collection of Louis XV. and XVI. furniture, though at the end of the hour I was not happy for I was longing to empty half the show-rooms into my big new house! An old carved renaissance *crédence* would have looked lovely in the morning-room; an old Boule *commode*, with metal handles, would have given great style to the smaller drawing-room; and an old mahogany French *secrétaire* book-case, with drawers and pigeon-holes, and the upper part enclosed by doors with beautiful brass handles and escutcheons, was so beautiful that it would, I am sure, have tempted me into writing, even when the sun and the June roses made the lawn a formidable rival to the writing-desk.

However, after having made some very humble purchases, I felt, woman-like, that I was entitled to roam from room to room, and look at everything and anything that I might possibly want "later on." Incidentally I may mention that I do not like shopping with the unsympathetic creature called man, who does not hesitate to break in upon one's desire to see everything, by always wanting to know "what for?" and then suggesting that a written list of things that are really required would be an improvement on the ordinary ladylike way of doing a day's shopping. Fancy, taking all the unexpected out of it in that matter-of-fact way, and degrading our "shopping," delightful as a pastime, to the humble level of a task! My unsympathetic creature pretends that I am so shop-enamoured that I buy hooks one day and eyes the next, so as to have two reasons for going to a shop. As I was alone, I had a lovely day. I am sure that Messrs. Collinson and Lock have not a carpet, a piece of silk or cretonne in stock that I did not see and handle; and I was well rewarded for my perseverance, for I have never seen such a gorgeous collection of brocades. Many of them have been exhibited at Sutherland House. They are of English manufacture, though of course some are copied from old French designs; all are exquisite in colouring. The *cretonnes* are very fine, and they, as well as many of the silks, are being cleared out at ridiculous prices, to make room for a new stock.

As for the carpets, many of the old Persian are so admirable in tone and texture that I would hesitate to tread on them, and personally would prefer to use the

smaller as *portières* or hangings, for the finer are as soft and silky as many thick tapestries. I was very much struck by a very large Oriental carpet, which had a bold design on a background of lovely soft green. There is great difficulty, as a rule, in getting Orientals or at least Persians to use green for carpets, the reason, I think, is that the colour is sacred to Mahomet; but this one, I was told, was specially manufactured for Messrs. Collinson and Lock. A little more rambling brought me to some gilt looking-glasses, and once again prejudice had to give way to charming facts, for they had wide wooden frames, and on them, in slight relief, charmingly drawn Sphinx-like figures, and scroll work, old Italian in style, and good English in workmanship. Some genuine Rhodian plates, scattered here and there, made me sad, for the colouring and the glaze are inimitable, and the price of sound pieces is prohibitive to people of "limited means." A pair of Derbyshire Spa vases, mounted in Paris, were fine samples of the art of which Caffiéri and Gouthière were the great masters of the grand period of French furniture.



LOUIS XV. COMMODES AND GILT SCREEN.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENCE.

"A CAREFUL HOUSEWIFE" wants to know the best way of polishing furniture. The old method of applying a mixture of turpentine and beeswax—and plenty of hard labour—with a stiff brush, in my opinion is the best; and if her wood is light in colour, and she wishes to deepen the tone, I recommend her to get a little of the root called alkanet and add it. The last addition is, I believe, somewhat in the nature of a trade secret, but was told me by an old-fashioned furniture dealer, in an out-of-the-way country place. "A CAREFUL HOUSEWIFE" must also see she gets real beeswax, for I am sorry to say that all sorts of shams are sold that bring the busy friend of Doctor Watts in discredit. Of course, many furniture polishes or "French Polishes" are obtainable. Indeed, since the '51 Exhibition they have been greatly used. Shellac dissolved in methylated spirits is the base of most of them, and certainly work is done more quickly and easily with them; but I prefer the old method, where time is not of great importance.

At last I am able to give "AN ADMIRER OF THE ALBUM" hints for her cosy corner, and am sorry her letter remained so long unanswered. An arrangement that I think very effective, and that possibly "AN ADMIRER OF THE ALBUM" may like, is in Chippendale mahogany, the seat and back covered with old-fashioned brocade, and over the cosy corner quaintly arrange shelves for ornaments, a small recess for books, and a corner cabinet, prettily enclosed with glass doors, in which delicate nick-nacks could be kept safe from London dust and smoke. Another cosy corner, also to be seen at Messrs. Hewetsons, of Tottenham Court Road, is of enamelled ivory wood-work, upholstered in cretonne, and above it are shelves for books, small bevelled mirrors, and brackets for china.

"ALINE" tells me her morning-room is disfigured by a very ugly dull-grey marble chimney-piece. I would suggest that she replaces it by one I saw last week at Messrs. Waring's, of Oxford Street. It has a very prettily-designed mantelpiece that fits over the grate, and an over-mantel—both in white enamelled wood. The over-mantel has a glass cabinet, and small corner brackets for ornaments, and the cost of the whole arrangement is only £4 15s., and in appearance it is really charming.

GRACE.





## POLLY AND THE OTHER.

BY ANNIE E. WICKHAM.

SHE had not always been Aunt Polly Beara. Fifty years ago she was pretty Polly Jenkins, daughter of Jenkins, the warm farmer of Mill—warm, that is, in the estimation of Tregarthen. He owned forty acres. Polly made butter and cream, and sold them at Penrose market on Saturdays. The profits were her own, and sixpence with Polly went as far as a shilling with other Tregarthen maids.

A cherry ribbon in her black hair, a flowered print on her buxom figure, made her a pleasant sight. She put down her foot with decision, and tossed her saucy head; her black eyes (there was a “snap” in them) looked roguishly out from under her white sun-bonnet, her bright cheeks and lips, which matched her ribbons, were the brighter for the frame of white. No one could catch Polly out with a smart word; she had an answer to everything.

Polly Andrews was the daughter of the Tregarthen drunkard; far and few were the days when he was sober. This Polly had to work hard at gathering laver and cockles to keep a roof over their heads. Her finger-ends were worn down with pulling laver from the stones; her face was tanned with sun, wind, and rain; her dress usually hung in dripping rags about her bare feet. This Polly was as plain and shy as the other was pretty and outspoken. Her grey eyes, seeming lighter than they were in the sunburnt face, looked with awe at the other Polly's ribbons and neat cleanliness.

“I wouldn't work for that drunken rapsallion of a father, if I was you,” said Polly Jenkins, her laugh and voice loudly good-humoured.

Polly Jenkins had many followers; Polly Andrews but one. Yet her one was of the most well-to-do young fisher men. He did not loiter about “The King's Head”; he had no relations to keep; he was quiet, hard-working. With the foolishness of youth the maidens laughed at Dick Beara, and scoffed at virtues they would miss in their husbands. Polly Jenkins might smile with the rest, but she was clever enough to estimate a free handed joviality and rollicking carelessness about the morrow at its worth.

“None o' such ways for me,” she said to herself, even as she laughed back at the young men lounging in the window and at the door of the public-house. “I'll have Dick Beara,” she said to her looking-glass; “us'll just suit one another.”

It was easy to take him from Polly Andrews. Before

Dick, dazed and wondering, discovered that he was always walking with Polly Jenkins, the banns were called in Tregarthen Church.

The fishermen told him he was in luck's way, and Dick stammered and hung his head. Had Polly Andrews spoken or looked at him, he might have found courage to resist the other Polly.

They were married on a glorious July morning. Old Jenkins did it proper, and all respectable Tregarthen ate and drank in the farm at Mill. In the afternoon the young men and maidens strolled along the sand towards the bar.

The bride was flushed with excitement; her laugh and voice were loudest among the jovial crew. Her white frock was carefully held up, her steps were picked among the wet shingle. The bridegroom was where he should be on the wedding-day—in the background.

The air glimmered with heat over the sandhills; the river here, just within the bar like a sea, lapped coolly against the shelving sand; the ridge of sandhills stood like a cliff against the blue of the sea and the colourless heat of the sky. At the edge of the water, on grey stones and shingle, stood Polly Andrews, gathering cockles.

Her skirt was tucked up to her knees; her bare feet and legs were browned with sun and reddened with sea-water; her ragged sleeves were pushed above her elbows; her dress was opened at the neck for coolness; her rough brown hair hung in elflocks about her face and straggled over her shoulders.

“Why, 'tis Polly Andrews,” said the bride, with a giggle.

“My! What a gawk she be!” said a friend.

“Dick, you ask Polly Andrews up to tea at Mill; her'll come for 'ee,” said the bride to the groom.

He shook his head.

“Hi! Polly! Polly Andrews! Come here! I want 'ee,” screamed the other Polly.

She came slowly towards them. The tears were brimming over her large grey eyes, and running down her weather-beaten cheeks. She vainly wiped them away with the back of her hand; more came. There is no pity in real life for sentimental griefs. Some of the girls giggled, and the men, save the bridegroom, smiled. The bride frowned.

“Don't 'ee be a fule,” she said, sharply. “Here, I'll buy your cockles; how much for 'em?”

The tears dripped from Polly Andrews' chin on to the bosom of her stained dress. She poured out the cockles at the other Polly's feet.





THE TROOPING OF THE COLOUR  
AT WINDSOR CASTLE. PHOTO BY  
RUSSELL & SONS.

"Take 'em," she said, sobbing. Then she turned away with bent head and heaving shoulders.

Quite a minute passed before anyone spoke or laughed, and the queer figure passed among the sand-hills.

"Sakes alive!" said the other Polly. She stooped and gathered the cockles into her handkerchief.

"I'm mortal fond o' cockles," she said.

She made a capital wife—so Tregarthen said. Frugal, clean, industrious, what more could a man want, and good looks thrown into the bargain.

"Aye, but Beara's as whisht as a winnard," said parliament on the quay.

They had been married nearly two years when Tregarthen was ravaged with small-pox. No efforts were taken to isolate the cases, neighbours dropped in to see the sick with a wonderful indifference to infection. A young doctor from Penrose, who proposed that an old vessel lying in Tregarthen pool should be turned into a floating hospital, was hooted. Polly Beara was the only person who approved of his plan, but Polly was a host in herself. Between them they turned the old hulk into a rough hospital, an old woman was hired as nurse, and all was ready for the patients—who did not come. Tregarthen folk preferred to die at home.

Polly was loud in advice—shouted at the wives and mothers of the sick; shouted because she was mortally afraid, and would not go nearer than the breadth of the street to the cases. Old Andrews had been one of the first to die, and Polly Beara was quite vexed with his daughter for crying at his funeral. "I can't abear such whining folk," she said to her husband.

He muttered something which she did not attempt to hear. She always gave her husband a good-tempered tolerance. Men were poor creatures, and Dick was no better than the rest; he always forgot to wipe his boots.

A week after the vessel was ready for patients he came home with aching head and flushed face. Polly looked at him, and sent for the doctor.

"Polly," he called, when the doctor was gone; "Polly!"

He was in the parlour. She had clapped on a sun-bonnet and stood in the street. At his call she looked through the open window.

"You b'ain't agoin' to send me to that there hulk?"

"Yes, I be. Now, don't 'ee be fractious. You'll be well nursed by Sarah Higgins. The doctor 'll be back for 'ee in a minute."

"Why can't I stay here?"

"Who's to nurse 'ee? I shan't, and that's flat. Don't 'ee be so selfish."

Dick groaned and rested his head against the wall. His wife saw him through the window.

"Whatever you touches 'll have to be burnt, do 'ee take care. If 'ee went t'other side of the table you wouldn't be so near them antimacassars Aunt Jenkins gived me. I'd never have the heart to burn 'em. Sakes alive! what a man 'tis!"

The doctor was young, and much in love with his floating hospital. He believed that one patient on the ship would bring more. Dick's muttered remonstrances were disregarded or pooh-poohed, and he was armed out into the hot June sunshine of the street.

The news was already flying round Tregarthen. Men, women and children gathered on the quay to watch him put

on board. He knew them all, familiar faces, men with whom he had worked, children whom he had fondled.

The heat was sweltering. The river was a dazzle of light; every spot and stain on the houses shone out under the blazing sun. Pity, wonder, were on the faces which swam before his sight. A smell of rotten fish came up from the refuse at the foot of the quay. His wife was explaining, ordering on all sides, carefully keeping at a distance.

There came through the crowd Polly Andrews. Her face was gaunt, dress ragged, her bare feet were black with mud.

Dick looked up, and her eyes met his through the haze which was beginning to dance before him.

"Polly," he groaned, "they're takin' me away to die."

"I'll come with 'ee," she cried, running to his side. "I'll nurse 'ee. I b'aint afraid."

"Nonsense," said the doctor, and certainly she did not look like a model nurse.

The other Polly said she had never heard such impudence in her life.

"I'll come with 'ee, Dick, if 'ee'll say the word," cried Polly Andrews again.

"I will not have my patient excited like this," said the doctor firmly.

Some of the women pulled her away. Dick was helped into the boat, and rowed out into the stream. He looked back at the little white town, clustering up the hill to the belt of wind-bent trees in the Vicarage garden. The river lay blue and wide towards the bar, the sand-hills were pinkily yellow against the sky, their ridges standing sharply out against their purple shadows. He shivered as the boat crept into the shade of the hulk.

It was early in the morning when they brought the news to Polly Beara that her man was dying. She could see him, if she wished, through a porthole, which served for window.

Mist lay thick and white upon the town and river, and the boat rowed through silent as a dream. A fishing smack with red, idly-flapping sails glided on the flowing river slowly into sight. To the east the sun hung like a red globe in a sky of pearl, and the boat, moving toward the hulk, parted water tinged orange by its reflection. Tregarthen looked flat and unreal, with that haze hung like a veil before the houses.

Another boat loomed out of the mist at their bows.

"'Tis that shameless Polly Andrews," said the wife.

She was quick to catch a rope and pull herself up the ladder to the porthole in the hulk's side.

"Let me see 'un," wailed Polly Andrews, standing below in her boat. "I'll bless 'ee for iver just for one look."

The other Polly at the porthole gave a screech, which might have been heard up at Tregarthen vicarage. Sobbing she plumped back into the boat. The man who had rowed her out clicked sympathy with his tongue against his teeth.

Polly Andrews was already upon the ladder, her face pressed against the glass.

"Dick, my lad, my dear, I'll niver forget 'ee," she whispered.

The other Polly sobbed, crouching in the boat. The doctor looked over the side of his hospital.

"It is all over, Mrs. Beara."

"Aye, but he seed me," said Polly Andrews. "He opened his eyes and seed me."

Her face was shining with happiness.

The mist rolled up as they rowed towards the quay; the hot day was fully come.



MISS E. L. KINAHAN.  
(Lia Fall Tea Garden.)



MISS N. DARLEY.  
(Dray & Co. Wicklow Stall.)



MRS. NORMAN THOMPSON.  
(Cigar Divan.)



MRS. ROBINSON.  
(Shuebo Stall.)

STALL HOLDERS AT THE "IERNE"  
BAZAAR, DUBLIN, IN AID OF SIR  
PATRICK DUN'S HOSPITAL. PHOTOS  
BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.





# GRAMMAR.

WE might have more patience with the slight puzzle-headedness that makes the greater part of a dull bad grammar, if we realised that it is but a survival of the innocent confusions of childhood. A little of their bad grammar children get by imitation of bad habits, but much from a simple incapacity for the smallest complication, and a childish unwieldiness of thought.

There is no child below ten years old who can give the conventional and perpetual messages and salutations to and from his aunts without losing his way amongst the few pronouns: "I send them their love," "They sent me my love," "I kissed their hand to me"; these are but variants of the inevitable mistakes of the little blunderers. If the child is stopped and told to get the words right, he cannot do it but by a visible effort.

His precedent might, therefore, win forgiveness for the politician who cannot remember whether he began his sentence with "people" in the singular or in the plural, and who finishes it otherwise than as he began it.

Other points of grammar which are merely points of logic, baffle a child completely. He is as unready in the thought necessary for these as he is in using his senses. It is not true—though it is generally thought—that a child's senses are quick. This is one of the unverified ideas that commend themselves, one knows not why. We have had certain experiments to test the relative quickness of perception between men and women. The same experiments with children would give curious results if they could be made; but they probably cannot, because the children would be not only slow to perceive, but slow to announce their perceptions, and the fractions of moments would go by, and the game be lost.

It is a matter of experience that children make an admirable audience for the more bungling kind of conjuring. Any hostess who wants to give real enjoyment to a party of small children should take pains to get her conjuring done by an amateur—an amateur prompted by a book, and not equipped with the results of much practice. This kind of conjurer will gratify all her feelings by the applause he will get from the benches. The children will never detect him in anything; he need not be in any hurry with his sleight of hand—they can be trusted to be staring hard at the thing he has just finished.

As to good conjuring, not only, of course, do they not see the thing done; they do not see what is doing. They do not see the point. When the surprise comes they cannot, for their life, see why it should not.

Needless to say, this is not defect of implicit power, but defect of experience. The child does not know that he is to expect the unexpected. He hardly knows how to look for the expected. And his mind is not nimble; it lacks practice, and turns stiffly. And nothing—not even amateur

conjuring—does so baffle its slow turning as does the smallest intricacy of grammar.

As for the bad habits caught from elders, how could we suppose that habits could take such roots in children, who have not—one would think—had time to form them? How is anything dignified by the name of a habit to be acquired—why, the word "acquired" itself is long with time—within the year or two that the child took to do it in? What roots can the paltry ill phrases have taken in the young vocabulary which, two years ago, had no phrases at all?

Nothing so much as this strength of habit proves, in fact, how long is time for children. They have a past, a legend, and a memory, though no grown man or woman could pack such perspectives into ten times those years. "Like you did" is founded in those years, as on a foundation of rock; "the idea-r-of" has the hold of antiquity. So has "If I hadn't have" done this or that. It is a bit of grammar that grips the very sources, as it were, of a child's speech. Say that it was caught up from a nurse in some brief three months. Three years of the vigilance of a mother's correction do not suffice to root it out.

Nevertheless, children vary. "If I hadn't have"—finds no *nidus* within the speech of some; others never contracted "Like you have." In others, again, the infection was "benign," and the cure speedy and perfect. But then there was no habit. It is when the habit is formed and fixed that we shall spend ourselves upon the attack in vain.

It is only by setting up a habit of hearing the phrase corrected that the habit of saying it is at all to be overcome. But as every year weakens the tenacity with which a new habit holds a child, the habit of correction is unfortunately the weaker. The grammatical mother is bound, therefore, to make amends by constancy. She must be alert, and make her erring child say, "As you did," twelve times, under whatever circumstances the need may occur, and "If I hadn't done so," until she prints the phrases even on the most indifferent memory.

But that question of habit might really bear looking into. The habit of pre-historic race has been cited as the only possible explanation of the fixity of certain customs becoming instinctive in mankind. But if the enquirers who appeal to that kind of sanction had ever dealt with children, they would have sought no further; they would need to search for no other antiquity, having found the antiquity of childhood. There is nothing stable, perdurable, stubborn, that it cannot account for. It is the traditionary time of life.

See, for example, the habits in settling to sleep which have children in their thralldom, or any personal habit which the parent is conscientiously bent upon overcoming. Has anything in later life such a remoteness of origin or such a stability? The child's own conviction of their high antiquity weakens your hands.

ALICE MEYNELL.



BABY MONICA.  
PHOTO BY MEN-  
DELSSOHN.



#### THE GENTLE ART OF TOURING AWHEEL.

THERE is a complaint made by Tacitus against the practice of extolling ancient things at the expense of the present time. The cyclist of to-day is scarce in need of such a caution. He has lived to see a revolution in his game to which there is hardly a parallel in the history of sport. The machine of ten years ago is named by him only for mockery. There are moments when he forgets that aged persons formerly laboured like snails, but willingly, upon tricycles. He laughs at the days when he thought ten miles an hour a fair average speed for the road. He pities a generation which knew nothing of pneumatic tires and Saracenic wooden rims. Hills which were a terror to him a decade ago make him quake no longer. The victory of the "safety" is supreme, unquestioned.

As the stage-coach was wiped out by the railway, so have the ordinary bicycle, the tricycle, and various alarming machines for self propulsion been wiped out by the "safety." But admitting this, admitting that the revolution of ten years ago, coupled with the invention of the pneumatic tire, has saved a sport from extinction, it is yet to be questioned if the old cyclist, returning to the game after a rest of many years, will not be tempted to extol some ancient things at the expense of the present time.

Speaking for myself, I had not ridden a bicycle for more than eight years when, at the beginning of this season, a lusty enthusiast lured me to an attempt upon a pneumatic safety. Such memories of the sport as I retained were mixed and uncertain. I remembered that, to mount the old machine, you were compelled to put your foot upon a step and to hop more or less the length of your street according as you were an expert or an incompetent performer. I remembered that, to climb a stiff hill, it was necessary to clench your teeth and pull upon your handle-bar until it seemed as though your eyes were coming from their sockets and your heart was bursting; I remembered that an encounter with a stone in descending an incline meant a disturbance of equilibrium so vast, that in your haste to set it straight you sat possibly upon your head, or at least upon that portion of your frame into which schoolmasters endeavour to instil learning by violence. And, added to these unwelcome recollections, were other memories of shady lanes and village inns, of unfrequented nooks in Surrey, of old-world towns and deserted hotels.

These latter associations led me to turn with a large hope to the "safety," properly equipped with Dunlop tires and Saracenic wooden rims, and after a few days of shy practice in a bye-way, to seek the green lanes of Surrey. The result was one of the most powerful disappointments I have known. Where formerly simple inns afforded their warm welcome, hotels with grinning bills awaited me; where in

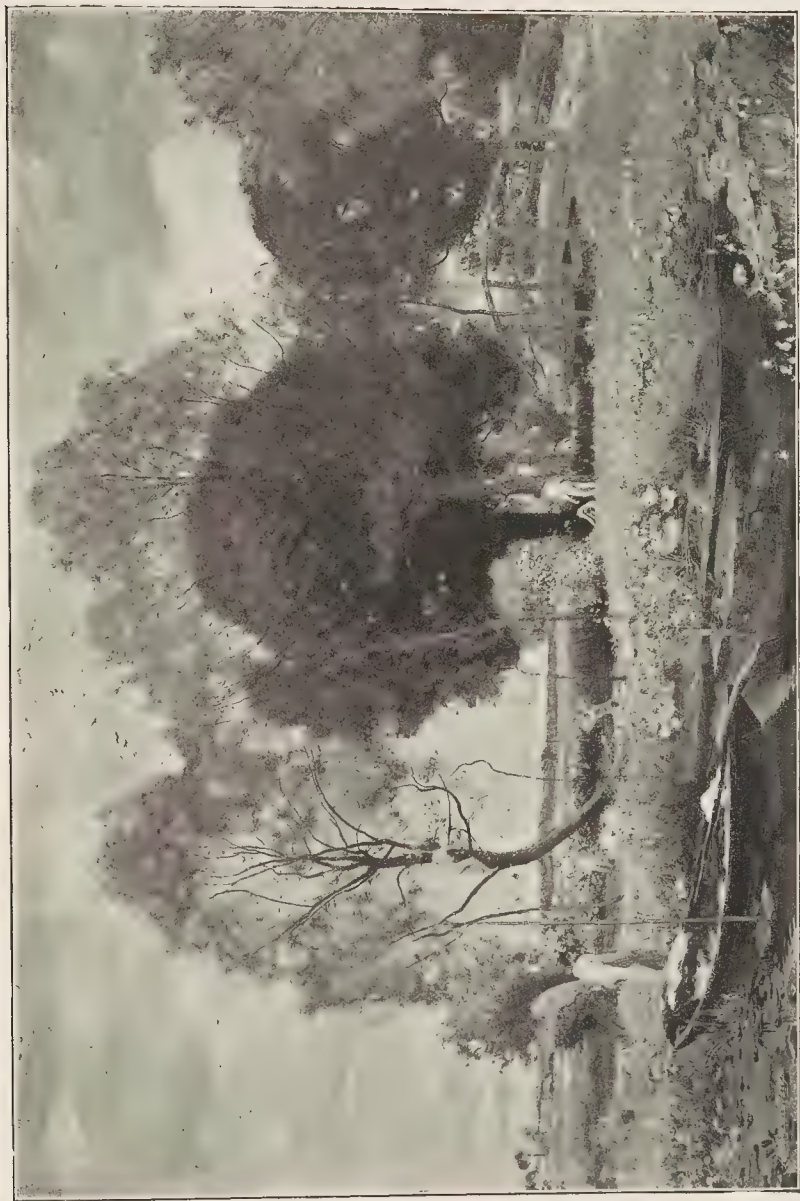
the old days I might have met perhaps a dozen wheelmen upon the road, I encountered hundreds, shouting, whooping, careering wildly, often pursued by police, imbued with such hearty notions of universal brotherhood that all the world was "old man" to them. The former spirit of the game seemed to have fled. Men with heads bent down, with backs arched, with breasts heaving, flew past me, possessed of the delusion that any delay would bring a visitation upon them. The dinners at the new hotels were served to perspiring throngs, who compared notes as to their times over the "level mile." Any unfortunate individual who had ventured to suggest to these men that God Almighty first planted a garden, would have been held up to scorn. The new cyclist does not ride—he races.

This impression above all others was the outcome of my first long ride on the modern bicycle. It seemed to me that the men of the hour do not know how to get the most out of their machines. Their propensity to herd is fatal to the old ideas. They flock to one or two notorious villages like farmers to a cattle show. They must ride in multitudes, dine in multitudes, sing in multitudes, race in multitudes. Neither ease nor dignity appeals to them. And yet, speaking as one of the men of ten years ago, I am convinced that the new game has delights which the old could never afford. The pneumatic tire, beyond question, has saved the bicycle from extinction. To ride upon it is a dream, a revelation. And the new machine, geared up to sixty-five or even to sixty-seven, will allow the comparative cripple to make his fourteen miles an hour with ease. I venture to think that any man who prided himself ten years ago that he could maintain an average of twelve miles an hour, will find when he buys a new machine (as he must at once) that he can now accomplish sixteen miles with the same effort. And being a sensible person, looking upon the "mount" as a mere addenda to pleasure, as a servant that shall carry him to those places in which they have fields, and trees, and shady lanes, he will laugh at any pace above the twelve miles in the hour, which he will cover with no more exertion than he could have covered six upon the "ordinary."

Wide and popular and exciting as the sport of racing awheel has become, it is in the possibilities of the quiet country ride that I foresee a future for the sport, of such a gigantic nature that no estimate of it is to be made. Once convince the greater majority of men that pneumatic tires have banished the risks of nervous prostration, once convince them that even the "cripples" may ride fifty miles on a "safety" without any overwhelming fatigue, and for every thousand riding to-day we shall have ten thousand. When that day comes, it may still be possible to find glades and glens, woods and thickets, which the mob does not penetrate, nor the man with the new hotel harass.

MAX PEMBERTON.





"IN SUMMER-TIME," BY DAVID MURRAY,  
A.R.A. NOW ON VIEW AT THE ROYAL  
ACADEMY.



THE violinist has often appeared in the pages of modern novels. Usually he has been depicted as gifted with demoniac genius, before which the art of the Pied Piper o' Hamelin "pales its ineffectual fires." Miss Fothergill introduced us to "The First Violin," and Miss Florence Warden made us acquainted with a skilful player in "The House on the Marsh." Lady Battersea—though few are aware of the fact—wrote, some years ago, the story of a young violinist, whose career is not dissimilar in some phases from that of our brilliant Madame Norman-Neruda. Mrs. Humphry Ward has drawn, with admirable accuracy, the portrait of a violinist which all readers of "Robert Elsmere" will remember. But, generally speaking, neither in fiction or fact, have violinists been well treated. The biography of Ole Bull was interesting, but hardly a work of consummate ability. Yet, one can imagine that a fine novel might be written with a fiddler for its hero—say, in the style of Mr. Du Maurier's "Trilby."

We have in the Supplement, given with this issue, sixteen portraits of some of the most renowned violinists whom the world recognises to-day. King of them all is Dr. Joseph Joachim, whose "bow" abides in strength, although half-a-century of fame lies behind him. He seeks the appreciation of lovers of classic music—not the popularity which hails the virtuoso—and Joachim has freely received the former. Lady Hallé may be placed in the same category, although she has managed to secure the admiration of both sections of the public. She is one of the first great instrumentalists who have visited "Greater Britain." The ease with which she plays, and the exquisite tone which she maintains, are the distinguishing features of her art, attained by arduous practice and extraordinary conscientiousness. The vast army of young ladies who now play the violin, and have penetrated even into the Handel Festival Orchestra, acknowledge Lady Hallé as their Field-Marshal with a bow for bâton. Fraulein Wietrowetz has, during two or three seasons filled the post of first violin at the Popular concerts with success. A pupil of Dr. Joachim, she has evidently high executant ability. Mdle. Frida Scotta, who is Scandinavian by birth, is another player who understands that the highest places in her profession are only attained by hard work allied to extraordinary genius. Mdle. Marianne Eissler hails from Brunn, the birthplace of "the little Neruda," as Jenny Lind called her whom we now know as Lady Hallé. Both she and her sister, Mdle. Clara Eissler, the harpist, have become very popular in many parts of Europe. I must give early mention to one of the latest visitors to London

concerts—Herr Willy Burmester, who suffers from a constantly-forced comparison with Paganini. He has so fine a mastery over the most intricate music that he needs no title of "Paganini *redivivus*" to add to his renown. In what might be called *diablerie*, Burmester has his equals in Sarasate or Wilhelmj, both of whom are too well known to require praise. Monsieur Tivadar Nachez has a "finish" in his playing as well as a fervour, which specially charm the fair sex. Mr. Carrodus hardly looks like a man who has played in public for fifty years, yet such is the case. He has eight sons, who all follow their father's profession. Both he and Mr. Betjemann are familiar to most frequenters of the opera and orchestral concerts. The latter has done good service in providing North London with first-class music. A modest violinist who has for many years been content to (literally) "play second fiddle" is Monsieur Ries, esteemed by frequenters of the "Pops." for his scholarly participation in concerted music. Assuredly, M. Ries has enabled many a leader to display to the best advantage gifts which needed a background, and has subordinated his own powers with artistic restraint deserving recognition. He has the credit, shared with his clever English colleague, Mr. Alfred Gibson, of being an excellent teacher of the violin. Monsieur Ysaye's professional duties at Brussels Conservatoire prevent his appearing very often in this country, but he is always sure of a hearty welcome from those who appreciate this brilliant pupil of Vieuxtemps. We have come to regard Señor Arbos as a Londoner since he joined the teaching staff of the Royal College of Music. His correct method and his undoubted talent remind one slightly of Mr. Willy Hess, whose association with Sir Charles Hallé's fine orchestra has had much to do with its renown. Monsieur Johannes Wolff fortunately resigned early in life his intention of following the legal profession, and the world has been the gainer. There are many competent lawyers, but few violinists as highly gifted as M. Wolff, who has charmed tens of thousands in all parts of the globe. We have purposely omitted the portraits of "prodigies" like Arthur Argiewicz, Bronislaw Huberman, or Ernest Toy, preferring to wait till those bright boys gain further experience and can be criticised without regard to their age. Those who have read W. D. Howell's touching story of the child violinist will sympathise with our attitude in discouraging premature appearance in public of those who ought to be enjoying a happy childhood far from the crowded concert-hall. Restriction of space has precluded our giving portraits of at least half-a-dozen eminent players, such as Mrs. F. Liddell (Miss Emily Shinner), Mr. Hans Wessely, Miss Kate Chaplin, Monsieur Sauret, Miss Louise Nanney, and others who have their respective admirers.

D. WILLIAMSON.

## Famous Violinists.



LADY HALLÉ.  
PHOTO BY  
BASSANO.

Wilhelmine Néruda was born at Brienn, Moravia, where her father was cathedral organist, on March 21st, 1840. Jausa, of Vienna, was her chief teacher. She early appeared as a prodigy in Russia and other countries. In 1849 she played in London at the Philharmonic Concerts and at the Prince's Theatre. After marrying, in 1851, Ludwig Norman, she lived in Stockholm, but re-appeared in Paris in 1858. Since that date she has become the best-known lady violinist in the world. She has regularly taken the first violin for part of the Popular Concerts season since 1859. Madame Norman-Néruda married Sir Charles Hallé in July, 1888, and has toured with him through Australia.





MONSIEUR EUGÈNE YSAÏE.  
PHOTO BY ELLIOTT & FRY.

at Lütlich on July 16th, 1858. He was a pupil of Wieniawski at the Brussels Conservatoire, and in 1881 was leader of Bulse's orchestra in Berlin. Since 1886 he has ranked as a concert virtuoso, and as such was extremely well received on his arrival in England about seven years ago. His performances in London he obtained the approval of Philharmonic, Crystal Palace, and Symphony Concert audiences. He has also toured in America with great success. Ysaye is one of the professors at the Brussels Conservatoire.



MR. WILLY HESS.  
PHOTO BY ELLIOTT  
& FRY.

Was born Jan. 14th, 1850, at Mannheim. His father, an able violinist, accepting an engagement with Thomas's orchestra, the family proceeded to America in 1865. The boy and his sister (a pianist) soon commenced concert tours. Returning to Europe in 1872 he, for two years, went through France, Belgium, and Germany, and also visited London. He studied two years under Joachim, in Berlin, before settling in Frankfurt as leader of the opera in 1878. During the succeeding eight years he spent most of his vacations in tours. In 1888 he took the post of leader in Sir Charles Hallé's celebrated Manchester band.



MISS FRIDA SCOTTA.  
PHOTO BY ELLIOTT &  
FRY.

*Daughter of a barrister, she was born in Copenhagen on March 31st, 1872. One of her first teachers was Professor Tofté; then she went to the Paris Conservatoire, under the tutorship of MM. Berthelier and Massart, and won the gold medal. In 1892, after a Continental tour, she appeared in London, where she made a success, since repeated at Philharmonic and other concerts. In Vienna she has played in the famous Röntgen performances. Parisians recently heard her at Lamoureux's concerts.*





MR. JOHN TIPLADY CARRODUS.  
PHOTO BY RUSSELL & SONS.

Born on January 20th, 1836, at Braithwaite, near Keighley, Yorkshire, his father was his first teacher. When twelve, he went to Stuttgart, and studied the violin under Molique. His first important debut in London was made in 1849. At the first Bradford Festival he played a solo. He has been leader for many years at the Royal Italian Opera and the Philharmonic Concerts. He has eight sons who follow in his steps as clever musicians. This year, the fiftieth anniversary of his first appearance was commemorated, and he received the freedom of Keighley.



SEÑOR SARASATE.  
PHOTO BY ELLIOTT  
& FRY.

born at Pampeluna, in Spain, on March 10th, 1844. When eleven years  
Paris Conservatoire, having M. Alard as his teacher of the  
successful Continental tour. His first appearance  
London was in 1874, at a Philharmonic Concert, since that date he has shone  
with great favour. Highly emotional.  
Señor Sarasate appeals to the heart more, perhaps, than to the head.



MONSIEUR TIVADAR NACHÉZ.  
PHOTO BY ELLIOTT & FRY.

Son of an officer in the army, he was born in Duda-Pest. He won, in 1867, one of the four scholarships created by the Emperor for the education of artists. He had previously, when seven years old, appeared at a charity concert given by Liszt. When fourteen, he went to study under Dr. Joachim, and very speedily attained to the popularity which has secured for him many honors. The Queen has often commanded his presence, and expressed warm admiration for his playing.





FRAULEIN GABRIELE WIETROWETZ.  
PHOTO BY LAVENDER, BROMLEY.

*A native of Laibach, South Austria, she had her father as first tutor of the violin when five years old. Then she studied under Professor Ferdinand Casper at the Conservatoire, in Graz. Thence, having obtained the Eller prize, she joined Dr. Joachim's class in the Hochschule, Berlin. She won the Menckelssohn-Darsholdy prize twice, and the approbation of her distinguished teacher. For the last three seasons she has appeared with success at the Popular Concerts, and has played in Holland.*



HERR JOACHIM.  
PHOTO BY RUS-  
SELL & SONS.

Born on July 12th, 1831, in a Hungarian village, he first studied the violin with Serovicski and Böhm. Then he went to Leipzig, and joined the Gewandhaus orchestra at the age of twelve; became its leader five years later, and a teacher at the Conservatoire. While at Leipzig he profited by lessons from David, Hauptmann, and Mendelssohn. Was next Director of the Concerts at Weimar, and in 1853 became Master of the Chapel Royal, Hanover. He first played in London in 1844. At the Popular Concerts and at the chief British musical centres he has been admired for many years as unsurpassable in classic music. Since 1869 he has been Director of the Royal High School of Music, Berlin. His compositions are famous.



MDLLE. MARIANNE EISSLER.  
PHOTO BY MENDELSSOHN.

Born at Brunn, in Moravia (birthplace of Lady Halle), she was born in 1864. Her father was a professor of science. When she was five years of age, she entered the Vienna Conservatoire, and remained there until she was fifteen. She then began a public career, travelling through Germany, Belgium, Denmark, and France. Her first appearance in England was at a concert given by Mr. Ganz in June, 1882, when she played the Adagio from Spohr's Ninth Concerto with the utmost success. With her accomplished sisters she has secured a high place in the favour of Royalty as well as of the musical public.





MR. G. H. BETJEMANN.  
PHOTO BY CLARKE,  
BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

*Received most of his early tuition from Mr. Doyle, who had heard him play at the age of eleven, and was struck by his talent. In 1838 Mr. (afterwards Sir) Michael Costa engaged him as second violin in the Royal Italian Opera; in 1860 he became répétiteur in the orchestra of the Pyne and Harrison Opera Company at Covent Garden. He learnt conducting from Alfred Mellon, and stage management from the father of Sir Augustus Harris. He ultimately became leader of the second violins at the Royal Italian Opera. In 1884 he conducted at Covent Garden, and also at Her Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Betjemann was with the Carl Rosa Company for some years. He is director of the operatic class at the Royal Academy of Music, leader of the Norwich Festival, and conductor of the High-bury Philharmonic Society, which has accomplished so much excellent work.*



HERR WILLY BURMESTER.  
PHOTO BY LONDON  
STEREOSCOPIC CO.

Born at Hamburg, March 16th, 1869, he played pieces by De Beriot and Rode at a very early age, and at ten gave in public Mendelssohn's Concerto. In Berlin he studied under Joachim, who thought very highly of his talent. After playing in several countries, Burmester went into retirement for three years at Helsingfors to labour undisturbedly at his art. On re-appearing in Germany he was enthusiastically received. For his debut in London, at the Symphony Concerts in March last, he chose (as on like occasions in Vienna, St. Petersburg, Dresden, Leipzig, and Berlin) a piece by Paganini, whose works he personally associates with luck.



SEÑOR E. FERNANDEZ ARBOS.  
PHOTO BY ELLIOTT & FRY.

*Born at Madrid on Christmas Day, 1863, he studied at the Madrid Conservatoire, and when seven years old appeared in public. The sister of the late King of Spain sent him to study at Brussels, where he had Vieuxtemps and Gevaert for tutors. Next he took lessons from Dr. Joachim, afterwards touring in Germany, etc. He was professor at the Hamburg Conservatoire, then at Madrid, and now at the Royal College of Music in London. He is specially fond of Bach and Brahms. He has written some Spanish dances, trios, and an opera.*





HERR LOUIS F. H. RIES.  
PHOTO BY RUSSELL & SONS.

Born in Berlin on January 30th, 1830, he first studied the violin under his father, Hubert Ries. His teachers in harmony and composition were Professors Rungenhagen and Grell. Leaving Berlin in 1852, he went to continue his education in Paris under Henry Viénotemps, and came with him to London the following year. Herr Ries was a member of Professor Tilla's Musical Union Quartett. He became, in 1858, a member of the distinguished quartett connected with the Popular Concerts, and has long been appreciated as the efficient and gifted holder of the second violin at these renowned concerts.



M. JOHANNES WOLFF.  
PHOTO BY RUSSELL &  
SONS.

Was born at the Hague in 1863. He was led to the violin by hearing Wieniawski play, and pursued music and the law together by parental wish, passing all the necessary examinations for the latter. When fourteen he gained the King of Holland's scholarship, and this enabling him to travel, he studied in several foreign schools. He spent some time in Germany and France, making his debut in Paris at one of the Paderloup concerts. He has successfully toured in South America, Spain, Portugal, and Northern Europe, and has long been a popular artist in this country.



AUGUSTE EMIL DANIEL FRIEDRICH  
VICTOR WILHELMJ. PHOTO BY  
ELLIOTT & FRY.

Is a native of Usin  
after studying with Fisc  
cordial reception in Switzerland, Holland, and in London in 1865-66, resu-  
s to Paris, Denmark, and Sweden. He led the orchestra at the Wagner  
at the Albert Hall in 1877, and has spent some time in America and  
Australia. Besides rare gifts as violin executant, he has earned distinction as  
a composer for the instrument.



# The Album

*A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.*

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 20.

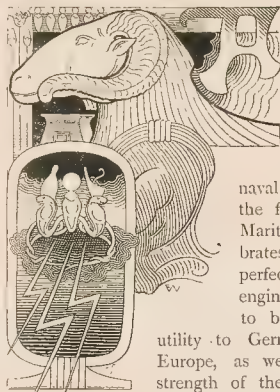
JUNE 17, 1895.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post 6½d.



H.I.M. WILLIAM II., GERMAN EMPEROR.  
PHOTO BY RUSSELL & SONS.

## The North Sea and Baltic Canal.



GRAND state ceremony is to be performed on June 21st by His Majesty the German Emperor, William II., accompanied by many Princes, and attended by naval squadrons representing the fleets of nearly all the Maritime Powers. It celebrates the completion, with perfect success, of a great engineering work, calculated to be of much commercial utility to Germany and to Northern Europe, as well as to augment the strength of the Federal Empire that of Prussia more especially—for warlike operations. It is also likely to afford new facilities for British and foreign trade with all the Baltic ports.

Holtenau, on the inlet of the Baltic which terminates in Kiel Harbour. The Eider Canal, by its dimensions, and with its numerous locks and sluices, and the frequent turns and windings of its course, is quite unsuitable for the passage of modern sea-going steamships. Since the annexation of those provinces to the Kingdom of Prussia, in 1864, plans for a sufficient Ship Canal have been devised with official encouragement. A Hamburg merchant and shipowner, Herr Dahlström, latterly sought permission to form a Company for the execution of an improved design. This was adopted, with modifications for the requirements of the Imperial Navy; and in May, 1886, obtained the assent of the Reichstag at Berlin. The cost was estimated at 156 millions of marks, or £7,800,000 sterling. The old Emperor William I., on June 3rd, 1887, at Holtenau, laid the first stone of the great work now finished.

The North Sea entrance to the canal is in the broad estuary of the Elbe, at Brunsbüttel, on the Holstein shore, some fifty miles below Hamburg. The Baltic entrance is at Holtenau, a few miles below Kiel, on the northern shore of the inlet which is the usual station of the German fleet.

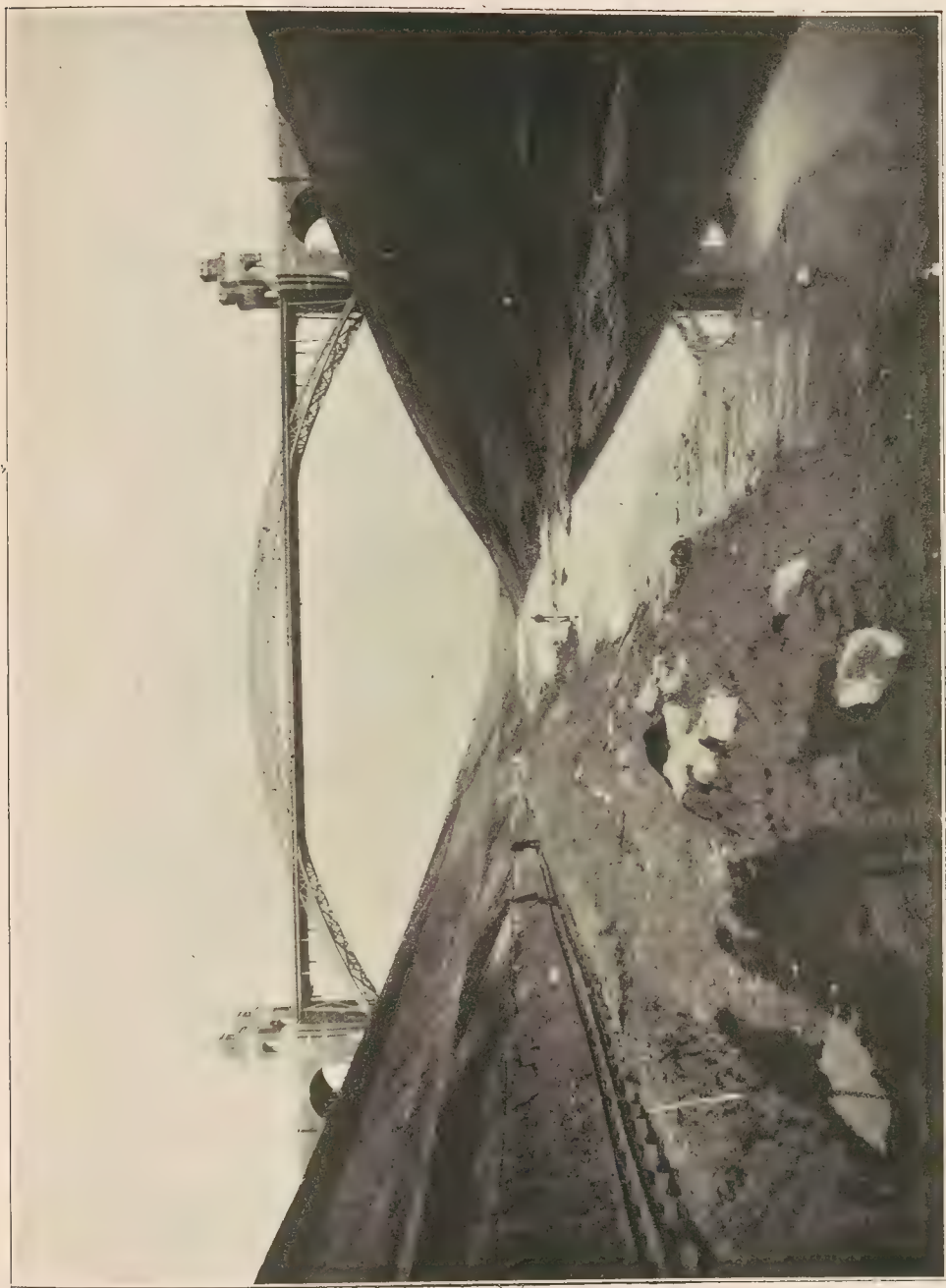


THE BALTIC CANAL. BRUNSÜTTEL-SLUICE GATES OF THE CANAL, SEPTEMBER, 1891.

At different periods, since the sixteenth century, projects for the construction of a ship canal uniting the North Sea navigation with that of the Baltic, have been propounded. In the last century, between 1777 and 1785, King Christian IV. of Denmark, to whose dominions the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein then belonged, made the Eider Canal from Tønning, on the west coast, to Rendsburg, using the channel of the river Eider, and from Rendsburg cutting an artificial water-way to

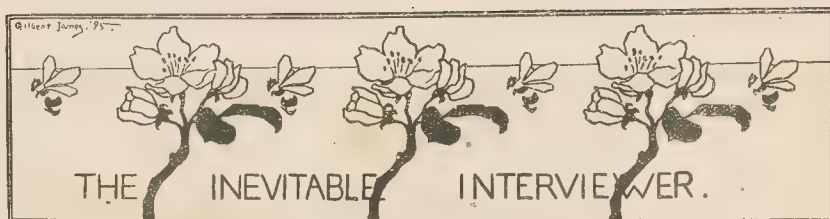
This Ship Canal will save vessels in the passage from London to the Baltic about two hundred nautical miles; and vessels from Hamburg or Bremen to the Baltic will be saved 380 miles, besides avoiding the circuit of the northern Jutland peninsula, through the Skagerrack and the Kattegat, where two hundred vessels have been wrecked in one year. The Baltic navigation will henceforth not be closed in winter.

R. A.



THE BALTIC CANAL. HIGH-LEVEL  
RAILWAY BRIDGE AT GRÜNENTHAL,  
DECEMBER, 1864.





A CHAT WITH SIR DONALD CURRIE,  
K.C.M.G., M.P.

THE opening of the Baltic Canal has provided the opportunity for another interesting cruise on the part of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, and Mrs. Gladstone, with Sir Donald Currie, M.P., in one of the ships—the “Tantallon Castle”—of his extensive fleet. These trips are so interesting from an historical point of view, that I ventured to call upon Sir Donald and to question him on various points connected therewith.

“I should so very much like to have particulars as to these former trips, Sir Donald.”

“The first occasion on which I had the distinguished and venerable statesman as my guest, was on the mail steamer ‘Dublin Castle’ in a cruise along the south coast of England, on which trip Mr. Gladstone accompanied me to Exeter and there made his famous first public declaration in favour of the assimilation of the borough and county franchise in a speech delivered to a large crowd, after a torchlight procession. At that time Mr. Gladstone was more than usually popular by reason of the deep interest he had taken in the affairs of Bulgaria and Bosnia. Mr. Gladstone’s second cruise with me was on the ‘Grantully Castle’ round Ireland and Scotland immediately after his recovery from a serious illness. The visit of the ‘Grantully Castle,’ it will be remembered, was the cause of much excitement and interest to the people of Ireland at a time considerably in advance of the famous declaration in favour of Home Rule.”

“Yes, I remember the circumstances. And the third cruise?”

“The third was on board of the new Castle steamer ‘Pembroke Castle,’ of 4,000 tons, built by the Barrow Ship-building Company, in which the Duke of Devonshire was largely interested, and on this voyage, which lasted about a fortnight, I had the companionship, not merely of Mr. Gladstone, but of Lord Tennyson. The ‘Pembroke Castle’ visited the West Coast of Scotland and Kirkwall in the Orkneys, where Mr. Gladstone received the freedom of the city, the vessel thereafter proceeding to the coast of Norway, to the port of Christiansund, and thence to Copenhagen. There I had the honour of entertaining, in company with Mr. Gladstone and Lord Tennyson, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, and their family, including the present Emperor, who was Cesarewich, the King and Queen of Denmark and their family, the King and Queen of Greece and their children, the Princess of Wales and family, with others, in all 29 Royal personages with 14 Ambassadors and Admirals of the Fleets assembled in Danish waters.”

“How very interesting. And now you are about to revisit with a large and distinguished party, including Mr.

and Mrs. Gladstone, the coast of Denmark, in addition to taking part at Hamburg and at Kiel in the celebration of the opening of the Baltic Canal, I believe?”

“Yes, we hope to get away on Wednesday, and I am quite longing to be off, as is also Mr. Gladstone, I expect.”

It is well known that Mr. Gladstone has had a unique enjoyment in these sea voyages. He appreciates the comfort of a steamer of large capacity and speed, and on this occasion he will not be disappointed on board the “Tantallon Castle,” which has a tonnage of nearly 6,000 tons and a speed of 15 to 16 knots.

“By-the-way, how did your friendship with the ex-Premier commence?”

“Well, my friendship with Mr. Gladstone began as long back as 1873. The grant by the Liberal Government for an extension of the Mail Contract to the Union Steamship Company provoked so great an outcry in South Africa in favour of the Castle Line, as to check the popularity of Mr. Robert Lowe, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was blamed at the Cape for the extension of the Mail Contract, which had then three years more to run, and upon the same onerous terms of 1s. per half-ounce. Mr. John Holmes, M.P., was the Advocate of the Cape in Parliament in opposing Mr. Gladstone’s ministry for this course of action, in connection with the Zanzibar Mail Contract, the final result being that the House of Commons, having appointed a committee to enquire into the matter, cancelled the proposed Cape Mail Contract. Shortly afterwards Mr. Gladstone, in visiting the Docks, went on board one of my steamers, and I met him, since which time a friendship has been maintained between us, independently of political circumstances, such as those with regard to the Home Rule Bill of 1886.”

“It must be a liberal education to travel in Mr. Gladstone’s company?”

“Indeed, it is; and a great pleasure. Mr. Gladstone not only enjoys these sea trips, but makes good use of his time while aboard. No one knows better than he how to economise time, and make the best of every passing day in study and in observation.”

“How long will you be away?”

“From the 12th to the 24th of June. There’s a photo of the ‘Tantallon Castle,’ if you like to take it away. She is about 450 feet long, with a beam of 51 feet, and is the latest addition to the Castle fleet, which has now a tonnage of between 60,000 and 70,000 tons. The intention is to reach Hamburg from the Thames, on Thursday the 13th, to spend Friday and Saturday there, and to proceed thereafter without delay to Copenhagen, and thence to Kiel for the opening of the Canal.”

T. H. L.



SIR DONALD CURRIE, K.C.M.G., M.P.  
PHOTO BY JOLIOT.

# THE WELL DRESSED WOMAN



WE may not pursue our career of fashion unchecked. Plaid is the order of the Parisians' day, and we—obedient sheep that we are—are going to follow in

their merry wake. Large plaids, small plaids, middle-sized plaids, all of them are to receive our attention, but they are to be of no recognised colours which ever delighted a Scotchman's heart, or clung to his knees. They are to be plaids essentially New (with a capital N), showing combinations of colour, such as plum and white and black, green and white and black, and blue and violet and white, set into squares measuring about an inch and a quarter. They are to form entire dresses, the inevitable blouse, and occasionally they will be permitted to make sleeves and skirt, with a bodice of grass lawn, without which our fashionable life is not at the moment complete. By the way, what a lot of varieties of grass lawn there are. There is a grass lawn worthy of its name; there is a grass lawn unworthy of any name, excepting rubbish. The best of its kind looks best when used with yellow Valenciennes lace; the worst of its kind should be relegated immediately to the rag-

bag. Grass lawn, even under its most superior circumstances, is an ephemeral joy. It gets *chiffonné* immediately, which is certainly trespassing on one of its rivals, by the way.

Three girls are here chattering in my room whilst I am writing. Even the most desperate and determined of authors could not under such circumstances give forth

truths to the world of women in Academic English, while such scraps of conversation as "I will tell you what really happened" . . .

"My new dress is going to be made of" . . .

"He sent me some flowers and a letter which said" . . . are

certainly distracting to the feminine ear. I want to turn round and gossip; I don't want to write at all; and yet I feel it my duty as a well-dressed woman to impart the interesting news that the latest novelty in hats is guileless of flowers, trimmed merely with a huge ruche of ribbon right round the crown; that the newest boating blouse has one hundred gilt buttons upon it, and that the ideal gown for the Park is white muslin trimmed with black lace, worn with a black hat trimmed with a ruche of black chiffon, edged with white lace, and two white feathers at one side. Those wise Parisians wear a good deal of black and white at the present moment, even those plaids, to which I have just alluded showing these attractive colours—or want of

colours I suppose I should say. And very well indeed a black and white plaid looks, made with a bodice of tucks of white muslin striped with white lace,



A BLUE CRÉPON TEA-GOWN WITH FICHU FRONT.



elbow sleeves of the check, and a skirt of the check. A blue and white checked bodice worn with a blue serge skirt and blue serge sleeves, and braces of blue serge buttoned with steel buttons over the shoulder, makes a



A BLUE AND WHITE PLAID BODICE WITH BLUE SERGE SKIRT AND SLEEVES.

delightful boating dress; not, perhaps, for the woman who boats energetically, but for the woman who boats at ease, who sits in the stern with the ropes in her hand, under a blue and white checked parasol, and who talks continually, whilst her apologies for leading her boatman in the way he should not go are voluble enough to lead to the suspicion that she has had to make them often. The more active boat-woman may take unto herself a shirt of holland, with the front and back striped with tucks of white muslin and cream coloured lace, white muslin collar turned down round the neck with a broad checked ribbon tied beneath it into a bow at the back, and muslin cuffs at the wrists of the large brown holland sleeves. This sort of shirt could be worn with that same blue skirt, or its prototype in red serge; and red serge always looks so nice on the river. But let me leave the river and get back to the park, where elbow sleeves are *de rigueur*, usually trimmed with three little frills on the edge, and accompanied, of course, by long gloves. They are pretty enough, but their outlines when absolutely French resemble nothing but those of the common or garden Chinese lantern. Which reminds me that happily Henley is an event to be seriously considered, and to be met, if you

are wise in your generation, and know your Henley, with one serge dress and one cotton one. Further elaborations are unnecessary, always excepting, of course, as many tea-gowns as your income will permit, or even more, and a silken bodice to wear in the evenings.

Silken bodices are not having it all their own way just now; the printed muslin ones with silken linings being their most serious rivals. These, however, at the present are only to be found at the best dressmakers; those which are ready made bear the very slightest kinship to them. Talking of tea-gowns reminds me of that one illustrated here, which is made of hyacinth blue *crépon*, with a fichu front, and sash of white Liberty silk. It is one of Liberty's designs, and was fretting its hour in their window but yesterday. Now it reposes, peacefully, I hope—at any rate decoratively—in the recesses of my wardrobe, and is eminently becoming; so becoming that I feel tempted to commit the solecism of dining in that tea-gown; tempted, alas, but I shall not fall—not at the present moment, at least—for every night brings some festive gathering in its train—or my train.



A HOLLAND SHIRT.

#### ANSWER TO LETTER.

"JA-MINE."—The loveliest hats for Ascot—not phenomenally cheap, I confess, but phenomenally charming—are to be found at Josephine Hayhurst's, 9, Old Burlington Street. Ask for Miss Wild and tell her to show you a Tuscan hat lined with pink chiffon, which I admired immensely. I am sure it will suit you.

PAULINA PRY.



LADY GERARD does many things well and wisely, but she hunts to a miracle, and takes a fence or a five-barred gate with a grace and ease that Diana might envy, if there were room for the sentiment in her mythological bosom. Since the season began she is often to be seen in the Row with Lord Lonsdale or other sporting friend in attendance—a notably graceful figure amongst many heavily outlined horsewomen. Eastwell Park, in Kent, which Lord Gerard has spent large sums in improving, is exchanged at the moment for 31, Portman Square, where Lady Gerard is entertaining, hospitably as usual. Garswood is another fine property, which their only son, Frederic, will inherit. Lady Gerard's pretty daughter, Ethel, who is just fourteen, has inherited that love of sport which distinguishes both sides of the house, and owns some doggy pets of very rare and curious breed. Lady Gerard is a daughter of the late Mr. Beilby Milner, of West Retford, and a sister of the present Lady Durham.

There are few, even amongst our hard-worked Royalties, who toil so continuously and cheerily at the eternal "inaugural function" as the kind-hearted Duchess of Teck. I went to see her open a much-needed new ward at the Chelsea Hospital for Women the other day. She had brought flowers from White Lodge for the poor patients, and passed from one bed to another with a posy and a few kind words for each. After this the Duchess's own turn came, and, following the opening ceremony, she was presented with a golden slipper, filled with "Lady's slipper" orchids, by Sir Algernon Borthwick, who, with Lady Borthwick, Mr. Burdett Coutts, Hon. Mrs. Elliot, and many others were present. Someone asked the Duchess once if she did not get tired of the perpetual round of her official good work? "Not at all," was the answer, given with characteristic unselfishness; "because I have formed the habit of enjoying it."

At parties it has now come to be generally felt and occasionally acknowledged *sotto voce* that songs and recitations are less interludes than interruptions, while the duologue comes as a boon and a blessing to bored humanity which has lost the way of amusing itself. This was specially noticeable at Lady Cadogan's last evening party, where Miss Ellaline Terriss scored such a pretty success in "Papa's Wife," which she played with her clever young husband, that the Princess of Wales specially sent for her to express the pleasure which she had received in hearing it.

The duologue's the thing decidedly. Our present mood does not ask to be harrowed, or melted, or moved, or anything else, in fact, but amused, and the sooner hostesses grasp that frivolous fact the better.

Mrs. E. M. Ward's studio tea, to meet H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany, was a very pleasant and smartly-

attended function. The Duchess arrived shortly after 3.30, accompanied by her little daughter, Princess Alice, who is a pupil of Mrs. Ward, and went round the picturesquely-arranged studio. The Duchess of Abercorn, Lady Henry Bentinck, Mrs. Reiss, Lady Adela Acheson, Mr. Byng and Mr. Leslie Ward were amongst those present. Many clever drawings were included in this little exhibition of the pupil's work, notably a few Italian landscapes, and some flower paintings. Mrs. Ward undoubtedly possesses the gift of imparting her art to her pupils, as the high standard of merit reached easily shows.

It is some time since Clarence House has been so thoroughly *en fete* as on Tuesday, when after a big dinner to Royalties and exalted others variously, the Duke and Duchess of Coburg received a numerous party of guests in the beautiful rooms, which were turned into bowers of tropical greenery for the occasion. It is hopeless to attempt the list of names, seeing that nearly everybody with a claim to being received was present. There is no more suitable house in all London for entertaining than Clarence House, and the pity is that it is not used for such pleasant purposes more often. The long wide hall made an excellent overflow for the crowded reception rooms, and the gardens hung with coloured lights were much frequented during the evening.

Lady Cathorpe's dance clashed with Lady Londonderry's on the 12th, which was rather to be regretted for the former function, as many who would like to have shown up at both found the fascinations of Londonderry House impossible to set aside. It was indeed a record occasion, even in a record season of dancing. Everybody made a point of going, as the long invitation list, and few absentees, showed. Lady Helen Stewart, in white satin and pearls, made a very sweet-looking queen of the revels. Lady Beatrice Butler and Lady Susan Beresford had trains of eager partners for every dance. What a happy inspiration, by the way, to have abolished programmes. But this is an aside. Amongst the brides whom one always notices is Mrs. Curzon. She is everywhere, and seems to look prettier each time than the last.

Lady Eglinton and Winton's dance kept society in its inmost sense pirouetting until very small hours on the 7th, being one of the few nights this summer when no other gathering of any social importance took place. The penalty exacted for being in the swing consigns one too often to "looking in" at three or four gatherings and enjoying none; but in a season composed of ninety days and nine hundred invitations, more or less, what is one to do? Lady Eglinton and Winton was fortunate in her date, and in a very successful ball besides.

VERA.



LADY GERARD.  
PHOTO BY RUS-  
SELL & SONS.





# IN A BACKWATER.

THE long days of June would be considered, I suppose, the real beginning of the Thames season so far as that season concerns the mere dilettante oarsman. It is towards the end of that "flowery month" that he makes it his business to get a fine coat of flannel at "six-and-nine" or thereabouts, and a straw hat with a ribbon which shall resemble very closely the ribbon of some boat-club to which he does not belong. These, also, are the days when he goes out to "do it;" and, having hired a boat for the day, is not content unless he has sculled himself twenty miles or more. To such a one the delights of the backwater are unknown. He would consider it mere waste of time to laze all day under a canopy of leaves, shutting out the sights and sounds of the greater river, and avoiding, if that be possible, the company of man. He does not fail to impress it upon you that there is something the matter with his liver, a something which will be mended by a twenty miles row and the imbibition of an uncertain quantity of effervescing liquid. Rest as the chief factor of river life is unknown to him. Has he not his coat (at six-and-ninepence) to display before the multitude? And how will he have value for his money if the skiff he has hired remain all day moored to the root of a tree or to the bushes of an islet more or less distant from the stream of the madding crowd?

This spirit is easy to be understood. Only after years does the oarsman learn how to get the most out of the river. I have heard the art described as the "sublime art of messing about." Vulgar as the description is, it seems to fit the case. That man who really enjoys his holiday upon the Thames will use his skiff only for purposes of loafing. The last thing he will think of doing will be to row her about. When he needs exercise, he will get it swimming in the mill-pool, or punting violently down the shallower reaches, or exploiting himself in a Canadian canoe. He knows well that a skiff was not built to be rowed. Rather, she was cunningly designed with seats for him to sleep upon, and stretchers to serve for dining tables and cushions for couches. That she possesses rowlocks is easily accounted for—since a man must get from backwater to backwater—and when there is no wind to fill his Japanese umbrella and so to help him, he may accomplish his purpose with a paddle boat-hook ingeniously twiddled from one of those same rowlocks. If you told him that his craft was thus put to strange uses, that it was meant for the display of the oarsman's art, he would laugh at you; urging rightly that there can be no art in lugging a tub about, and that those who wish to qualify themselves in the niceties of watermanship should betake themselves at once to racing craft and racing ways. These will never be learnt in the skiff—designed by a wise Providence for the exploration of backwaters and the apotheosis of the *laissez faire*.

The chief attributes of an ideal backwater are that it should be beyond the reach of the day-tripper, that it should be sufficiently narrow to make mooring easy, that it should be canopied over with leaves and boughs, and that it should display an intimation that trespassers will be prosecuted. The latter is useful in warning off those timid people who have not yet absorbed the doctrines of free trade in land; it serves also, if it be set up upon a post, as a capital hold for the painter. But the other qualities are indispensable. Rest is impossible, if your ship be drifted away from the bank by every breath of wind and ripple of wave; to read is difficult in a glow of sun and heat. The perfect idleness is found only in those places which are beyond the hope of the man with the cheap return ticket. This can scarce be said of any backwater below Henley; but I have spent many glorious days behind the islands of Shiplake; and thence upward to Oxford. The river abounds in leafy havens, which must satisfy the most enacting dreamer.

Perhaps of all the backwaters of the Thames, one of the best is the little lane of water below Goring. The entrance to it is so hid by the bushes that few wayfarers discover it. Come rain or sun, there is perfection of shelter; no stream troubles and when the river without is bubbling over with waves, and the trees are bending to the wind, your skiff lies snug and motionless. The water itself is narrow, and allows you to moor without difficulty. You do not need to mutter something every ten minutes, as your boat breaks away, and you find your feet in a bush and your head knocking against a tree. And added to all this is the warning to trespassers, which is one of the fiercest and most aggressive that I know. But the pillar upon which it is placed is of seasoned oak, and you may lash a painter to it in the sure and certain hope that nothing ashore will give way.

Once come to a backwater, the man who would rest has many things to do. He must, as I say, moor his boat with care, both at the stem and the stern, using the tiller lines for the latter purpose. He will then displace the stretchers and employ them as boards upon which his lunch is to be spread. In the stern he will carry an old biscuit-tin which will contain his kettle and lamp, his tea, his sugar, and his milk. The bow cushions will help to make a comfortable couch, and the elevation of the feet, which will rest upon bow's seat, will add to his content. Having done all this—having prepared pouch, and matches, and pipe—he may well turn to his books and forget the existence both of the new woman and of the "old man."

I have said nothing in this article of the "sociable skiff," or of those moments when "great souls by instinct to each other turn"—upon the river. Though love in a backwater is a pleasing subject, it is scarcely within the scope of this discussion. And it is a subject into which only the impertinent eavesdropper would pry.

MAX PEMBERTON.



"THE SEA WILL EBB AND FLOW."  
BY PETER GRAHAM, R.A. NOW ON  
VIEW AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



# MUSIC AND CRAFT.

THE alliance between art and craft is now on the road to disappearing altogether. A rash "civilisation" has hurried us on from the time when the artist was deeply concerned in the mechanism of his instruments to a time when he knows nothing about it at all. It may be argued that the artist has all the more time to devote to the art itself, now he is completely separated from the craft which is its humble corner-stone. A painter ought not to paint any less well because modern conditions release him from the necessity of making his own paints and brushes. Perhaps, to look at it the other way round, brushes and paints do not suffer because those employed in making them know nothing of the art for which they are designed.

The great craftsman has indeed passed into history. It gives an ordinary modern mind, then, the stranger thrill to come in contact with Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, an Elizabethan musician-craftsman, who lives, notwithstanding in 1895, in Queen's Square, Bloomsbury. Mr. Dolmetsch until three years ago was comparatively unknown. His cult was confined to a few enthusiasts, who used to brave the lingering dalliance of a suburban railway for the sake of hearing music of the past played on instruments of the past, at his little house at Dulwich. Now there is danger of the prophet becoming popular. From recent signs it would seem that Mr. Dolmetsch and his harpsichords, and lutes and viols, are likely to be a fashionable craze. The other day he gave three lectures at the Royal Institution, and widened the circle of his converts. A Royal Institution audience, accustomed to discourses in good set terms from *savants* on the newest gas or the newest microbe, might have been expected to look on Mr. Dolmetsch's informal talks, with their informal illustrations, as beneath their dignity. On the contrary, the scientific folk were lost in admiration. The spirit of the "spacious times of great Elizabeth" was too strong for science.

It was almost by chance that Mr. Dolmetsch took up the work which is now inseparably connected with his name, and which makes him a unique figure in the musical world. While he was at Brussels studying music and giving lessons on the violin, Zöller, a great player of the *viola d'amore*, died. Mr. Dolmetsch, whose interest in old instruments had already been excited by the purchase of an ancient square piano, bought Zöller's *viola d'amore*, and this was the nucleus of his collection of viols, lutes, clavichords, and harpsichords. Later on he grew dissatisfied with the way the dealers from whom he bought the instruments repaired

them. He felt certain that the beauty of their original tone could be restored, and his own peculiar gifts directed him at last to the way. At the present time Mr. Dolmetsch is the only man who can really give back life to the dead instruments of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. More than that, he can make them with his own hands. This year he finished a clavichord, which is a wonderful example of the perfection of his craft. Its tone is beautiful, but not more beautiful than its external workmanship. To see its case after a modern piano is to realize that Mr. Dolmetsch has a heritage of talent from past centuries which is his inviolately solitary possession.

The antecedents of a man of such rare originality are of course interesting. The Dolmetschs are supposed to be a Swiss family, but students of proper names believe that the word is a corruption of the English "Tollemache," which, if true, would account for Mr. Dolmetsch's extraordinary sympathy with old English music, and his delight in Shakespeare. There are records of many musicians in his family. His grandfather was inspector of music at Zurich, and his uncle, Frédéric Dolmetsch, was a well-known *virtuoso* pianist of the Thalberg type. But he was something better than that. The nephew remembers going to see him in France, when a boy, and hearing Bach's concerto for three claviers played at his house. This was nothing less than phenomenal at that time in France, where Bach was held in light repute, and it shows that Frédéric Dolmetsch had stuff in him more precious than that of which musical mountebanks of the Liszt pattern are made.

In restoring old instruments, and recovering the right methods of playing them, Mr. Dolmetsch has had to combat modern vanity. Moderns have their pianos and their organs, and their complex modern music, and they don't like to be told that their musical instruments of two centuries ago are anything more than phototypes of those which exist to-day. They look on a harpsichord as an inferior kind of piano, forgetting its variety of tone, its diminuendo and crescendo lid, and the wonderful effects of colour produced with the help of its double keyboard and five stops. You may as well call Bach an inferior sort of Wagner! But this contemptuous attitude of critics is rapidly disappearing.

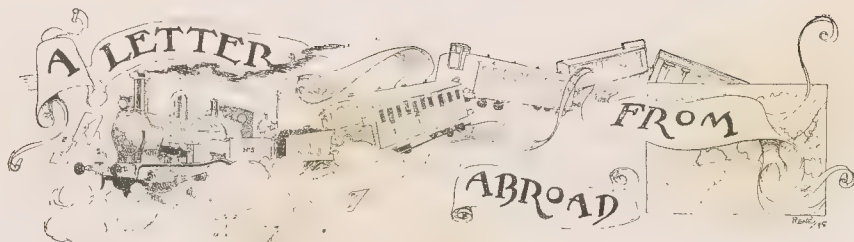
As for the true lover of the "wiry concord" of harpsichord and clavichord, and the weird sweetness of lute and viol, he can only bless the fate which brought an Elizabethan into the Victorian era, to wake these sounds for him which otherwise had passed into silence for ever.

R. C. SAVAGE.





MR. ARNOLD DOLMETSCH AND  
HIS INSTRUMENTS. PHOTO BY  
MARTIN, PUTNEY.



# SEVILLE.

I BEGIN to write this letter in the wonderful gardens on the left-hand bank of the Guadalquivir. The sun is just rising, the last guests leaving the St. Telmo Palace where the Duchess of Montpensier has been entertaining, and where the lights in the salon look pale and faint in the glow of early morning. From a thick copse a few yards distant, nightingales are in full song, the air is redolent of perfume, a mingled perfume of orange, lilacs and roses. This is the coolest and most pleasant hour in the twenty-four: it seems to give a finishing touch to the charm of a city which must, after Florence, rank as the loveliest in Europe.

Who shall do Seville justice? The Moors did their best once upon a time, but their monuments are unknown to the world at large and loom silent and decaying among people who scarcely heed them. The painters whose names are linked with the town seemed to have no eye for Nature. Murillo himself dreamed but of priests, virgins, and children; and among the efforts of the minor lights of the world of Art, one looks in vain for a landscape to bear witness to the beauty of the Andalusian scenery.

I have spent long hours in the Cathedral, whose wealth of decoration would require a volume and a genius to adequately describe. I have seen the marvels of the Muses and the Alcazar, the views from the Giralda Tower; I have visited the ruins of Italica, where Roman Emperors were born. And, coming back time after time from contemplation of the most impressive sights, I have walked through the Sierpes, Seville's principal street, and seen the upper classes whiling away their time by the open windows of their clubs, smoking and drinking, avoiding alike physical exercise and mental work, living years behind the age, without any seeming interest in life outside the bull-ring, cock-fighting, and kindred dissipations. Meantime strangers come from England and Germany, map out railways, construct waterworks, and instal electric light, while the men to whom the country belongs sit quietly in their easy chairs and make no sign. Only the visitors seem to enjoy Seville as she should be enjoyed, and are able to befit themselves for pleasure by a course of regular work. They enjoy to the full extent a perfect climate; they find in the lower classes intelligence, elegance, and poetry; they see the barbaric splendour of the national pleasures, the gipsy dances, the almost pagan rites practised in the Cathedral protested against by the Pope himself—the weekly encounters in the Plaza de Toros, where an average of a dozen horses and half-a-dozen bulls are "butchered to make a *Spanish* holiday." The native, roused from his apathy for a few moments, sinks back again when the entertainment of the hour is over, nor does he bestir himself until its successor is due.

There is a common saying that nobody sees the interior of a Spaniard's house, and the remark is intended to severely criticise Spanish hospitality, but I venture to think that the criticism is somewhat unjust. Over here, the upper classes often do their shopping after dinner and go to bed shortly before daybreak. They do not appear till the afternoon, or rather do not dress before then. The first event of the day is a drive between the hours of five and seven in the evening. This drive is by the side of the gardens and the rivers; it is in the Row of Seville, and the height of native ambition is to shine here. Hospitality to people of a different country must be rather difficult under these circumstances, and really the intense heat makes life out-of-doors an absolute impossibility, between ten in the morning and four in the afternoon. Even now, in the middle of May, the thermometer has been registering eighty-five degrees (F.) at mid-day in the shade of the Plaza Nueva.

For the visitor there is plenty to do. The sights alone will occupy a week or more of a first visit, and after that a regular and enjoyable routine may be followed. For the early morning, a walk or ride along the Guadalquivir, with sufficient pause on the bridge to see the gipsies coming from the Triana to market, and the girls going to the huge Tobacco Factory, well-known to opera goers, in connection with Bizet's *Carmen*. The morning, after ten o'clock, had better be given to indoor occupation, and a siesta may well follow breakfast at noon. Towards the evening the drive I have already mentioned, and after dinner there is a fair selection of places from which to choose.

There is excellent Spanish dancing at one or two dubious cafés; there are theatres and an opera house; there is a famous *venta*, or inn, right out of the town, with delightful gardens and cosy retreats. From about eleven o'clock in the evening it begins to fill up, and the tinkling of the guitars is heard till daybreak, interspersed with snatches of song, and unceasingly accompanied by the crickets in the tree-tops. Everybody sings, from the five-year-old beggar child in the shadow of the Caridad to the toothless old washerwoman at work on the housetop.

In short space it is impossible to treat one aspect of Seville adequately. The life is unlike that of any other country, the people are so strange a mixture of good and bad qualities. From the dusk of her own decay Seville calls Europe to repose, to give up labour and thought, to come to Lotosland and dream life away without effort of any sort. In reply to the call the nations are hastening down upon Seville, and stripping her of her old-world charm, as though they feared lest she might by her example arrest the progress of the years.

THEOCRITUS.





SEVILLE.—THE CATHEDRAL AND  
THE TOWER OF GOLD.



A GENERAL VIEW  
OF SEVILLE.





"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST."  
BY J. MACWHIRTER, R.A.  
NOW ON VIEW AT THE  
ROYAL ACADEMY.



MISS KATE SERJEANTSON.  
BY P. R. MORRIS, A.R.A.  
NOW ON VIEW AT THE  
ROYAL ACADEMY.



PLAY.

THERE is no way but that of experiment. The plans laid by elders for the amusement of children may or may not be charged with the preparation of success. The originators can guess as little whether it be so or not, as the theatrical managers, who wait, impartial and unprejudiced, upon inscrutable fate. And is the publisher of novels upon surer ground? Is he ever certain—reasonably certain that a foolish book will be popular? Not he.

Either the kind of foolishness is subtly and imperceptibly different from the kind that makes for fame, and a promising story fails; or else a novel in which lurk signs of talent conceals also some little unsuspected secret of popularity. Thus every adventure is a complete experience, which teaches nothing except that nothing can be taught.

In playing with children there are, happily, few failures to be made, but those few come oftenest from too much forethought. Take hide and seek, for instance. It is a simple pleasure; and young children do not want it played too carefully. It is only after a certain age that cunning hiding-places give any delight whatever. A child of four or five plays the game as a kind of drama. He wants to see where the hider hides, and to pretend to be surprised at finding him.

This seems to be an invariable rule, and the secret of the pleasure to be found in this dramatic game is quite out of reach of the grown person. Only let him abstain from trying to put a more intelligible delight in its place. He will find that the children have a manner of substitution also, and that they will put half-hearted laughter in the place of the impetuous clamours of their own applause and humour.

They will see the hiding, and their pretence of not seeing it is pure art, and not illusion. They have no intention to deceive. They find it unwearyingly amusing to act their unconsciousness, and to feign an immense astonishment when they see in the cupboards precisely what they hid there. Why do they not enjoy a real surprise much more? That is impossible to answer. What is certain is that the enjoyment of a real surprise does not come until they are years further on in their childhood.

And yet the ignorant elder, before making his experiment, might have supposed that the little child would enjoy the real hiding and seeking, and that the older child, if any, would best appreciate the drama of the sham game. It seems incredible that such little creatures should deliberately enjoy playing upon their own imaginations. This is, however, indubitably what they do love. If to the drama of the imagination you will add a little shock to the nerves, the game is a full success. Let the hiding be a perfect sham, and yet let the finding come with a rush and a shock. The child who has "jumped" at the appearance of the expected is a child beaming with joy and gladness.

Play is not for every hour of the day, or any hour taken at random. There is a tide in the affairs of children; and their own hour for play is dusk. Civilisation is cruel in sending them to bed at this most stimulating time. Summer dusk, especially, is the frolic moment for children, baffle them how you may. They may have been in a pottering mood all day, intent upon all kinds of close industries, making or mending, or breathing hard over choppings and poundings. But when late twilight comes, there comes also the punctual wildness. The children will set forth, and run, and pursue. There is immediately a tempestuous rush in their playing. The tide of life is at its invisible flood.

A little more study of young children would surely have led—when science was still prevalent—to some speculation as to the inherited habit of an awakening of the senses and spirits at even-fall. What remembrances does it imply of the hunt, what of the predatory dark? The kitten grows alert at the same hour, and hunts for moths and crickets in the grass. It comes like an imp, leaping on all fours. And the children pursue one another, lie in ambush, and fall upon one another in the mimicry of the chase.

Their sudden outbreak of action is complained of as a defiance and a rebellion. Their entertainers are tired, and the children are to go home; but, being children of their own nature, they are under the impulse of the inspiring dusk. With more or less of life and fire, they break loose and strike some kind of blow for freedom. It may be the impotent blow of the ineffectual child, or the stroke of the conqueror; but something, something is done under the early stars.

This is not the only time when the energy of children is in conflict with the weariness of men. But it is less tolerable that the energy of men should be at odds with the weariness of children, which happens at some time of all their jaunts in common.

It is by no means necessary, in playing games of cards or other games of that sedentary kind, to play down to the capacity of children. Any child old enough to play at all can play up to the level of the ordinary inexperienced grown person. Even in chess, the ordinary play of an everyday outsider is easily matched by a practised child; and no child can possibly enjoy a game that is not played on equal terms. A child is much more amused by whist than by beggar-my-neighbour.

Children, "by the good luck of innocence," make the most delicate mistakes. Three tiny girls, on a rainy day, were to be taught "old maid" for a game to beguile the time. One of them, the nut-brown child of five who leads the way, was persuading her mother to play at the freshly learnt game. "Oh, come mother darling," she said, "and play with me at new maid."

ALICE MEYNELL.





MADLINE.  
PHOTO BY  
MENDELSSOHN.



## IN THE AZALEA GARDEN AT KEW.

By MARY CHRISTIE.

DO you believe in presentiments? I did not a week ago. I do now.

I met her at a big ball—no matter where. She brushed past me as I was hanging about the door of the dancing-room. She dropped her fan, and I picked it up for her. As she took it, she said, "Thank you *very* much." That was all. But her voice thrilled all through me and her eyes met mine. I don't know whether she is tall or short, she is what I should call the right height. Her hair is dark, and soft, and it grows low on her forehead, not in a fringe—I hate a fringe. Hers really grows—and you can see the parting—a sunk line between the waves of hair, that goes up in an arc like a path on a hill side. She has blue eyes, very white teeth which show just a little when she smiles—she smiled on me when she took her fan—her complexion is warm and creamy with a glow over it, and there is a sort of wavering warble in her voice.

I never could describe girls' clothes, but I know she had on something blue and cloudy, and that there were pink azaleas in her hair and near to her throat.

I don't dance and I have no small talk, so nobody ever introduces me to girls. Moreover I am miserably and incurably shy, and I hate asking to be introduced. Still I would have done it this time, if it hadn't been for a string of unlucky accidents. At least six times in the course of the evening I went up to my hostess, meaning to say to her, "That's an uncommonly pretty girl over there in the pale blue frock with the azaleas. Will you introduce me?" But every time something happened to put me off. Either there was an arrival to be greeted, or a departure to be speeded; or there was the sort of noisy man I hate, speaking to her in a loud voice, and she listening with the ridiculous respect women always pay to men who talk loud; or somebody spoke to me and confused me; or—this was what happened the sixth time—a fool of a footman with a tray jogged against me and emptied a cream-jug over my trousers. After that I could only go away without even saying good night.

I dreamt of her all night. I saw her before me like a vision all the next day. I was sure I should meet her again. But where, how, when?

It was Saturday and I had a clear afternoon. Of course it would be only civil to call on my hostess of the evening before. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon, therefore, I presented myself at her door.

"Not at home—the family have gone out of town for Whitsuntide—left at half-past eleven this morning."

Baffled again!

I strolled into Piccadilly and was making my way towards Onslow Gardens, where I live. Happening to look up, I saw on the top of an omnibus, a cloud of blue gauze and a straw hat with yellow and pink flowers in it. It must be she. I waved my umbrella—the omnibus stopped. I clambered up.

It was not she! How could it be? What less likely than that I should find on the top of a vulgar omnibus the beautiful creature I had seen last night in Lady H——'s ballroom. But having got up, I could not very well get down again at once. There was an empty place just behind the girl in blue gauze, and I sat down in it.

She had a young man with her—probably her lover, for his arm was round her waist, and on the third finger of her left hand, which he held in his, was a smart, cheap-looking, ring, with a big blue stone in it. They were vulgar lovers, but I envied them because they were together. They talked in whispers, and I could not hear what they said.

"Where shall I find her?" kept repeating itself in my mind. When the omnibus stopped at Sloane Street, I thought the question jumped out of my mouth and sounded loud. The man said, "Good-bye, dear," and left his place. The girl turned round to see the last of him, and called after him as he disappeared down the ladder: "In the Azalea Garden at Kew. Five o'clock sharp. Don't forget."

He was already out of sight and hearing. She looked at me as she said "Don't forget." Then she turned her back upon me and sat down in her place again.

She had not thought of me, that was certain. Still more certain it was that she had not spoken to me. But for the life of me I could not get it out of my head that her words were the answer to my question, and that I should find the girl I was looking for in the Azalea Garden at Kew. Next time the omnibus stopped, I got down. I went home and dined early. I had meant to go to the play, but I did not go to the play.

Immediately after dinner, I jumped into a hansom and drove to Kew.



SCENES NEAR FLORENCE AFTER  
THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE.



As I crossed Kew Bridge, purple shadows lay on the river. Evening was closing in, only the western sky was still rosy with the after-glow.

My cab stopped at the great gilded gate of the Gardens. Closed!

Fool that I had been to forget that Kew Gardens close at sunset. Fool also to forget that the oracle on the omnibus had said "five o'clock sharp." Of course she meant to-morrow, Sunday afternoon. I must come again to-morrow at five o'clock sharp.

Sunday morning broke fair. The sun, at any rate, shone on my endeavour. By four o'clock in the afternoon, I was once more at the gate of Kew Gardens.

All the world seemed to be there all a world, that is to say—I could not quite stifle a doubt whether it was exactly the world to which she belonged. I would not listen to it, however. I would trust the oracle—till five o'clock.

I had an hour to while away before the mystic hour would strike. I lingered by the round pond and laughed at the grotesque floundering of the pelicans. I heard the musical cry of the black swans, and saw the cormorants dive and come up again. Then I looked at my watch—ten minutes to five. I made for the Azalea Garden, past the palm-house which I had no thought of entering, through the shrub-garden with the clipped yew-hedge, out into the pleasure with its broad green walk inviting to the river.

A warder had given me my marching orders. "When you get past the yew trees, keep straight on, and you'll see the azaleas to your right."

I scented them before I saw them; the aromatic odour of these delicious shrubs was borne to me on a warm breeze. I turned to the right and saw what might have been Nature's glorified translation of the ball-room scene of two nights ago. Shrubs ablaze with every imaginable shade

of Indian-red, brown, yellow, pink, and cream-colour showed through the openings of the glade. I hurried on and found myself in the middle of the gorgeous scene. Many people were there, and among them my omnibus lovers. But *she* was not there.

The clock of Kew Church struck five. I turned my eyes from the blazing azaleas to the little beech-wood on the other side of the mossy path a cool paradise just now of fading blue-bells, flickering shadows, and twittering birds. I tried to forget the loveliness I was seeking in the loveliness I had found.

A group of men and girls were coming towards me through the trees. They were laughing and talking, and the colours of the ladies' dresses added to the brightness of the scene. Suddenly a mist came over my eyes. That girl in front with the grey frock and the blue ribbons in her hat—surely I was not mistaken. And the voice—*her* voice with the warble in it, calling to one of the men. "Oh, Freddy, look, it is quite the loveliest thing I have ever seen."

I thought so, too, and was rushing forward to tell her so. But how could I? We had not been introduced. Baffled again!

"Hulloa, old man, you here! who'd have thought it?" and somebody slapped me on the back.

It was Freddy Deverill, the best fellow in our office, and the ladies were his wife, her sister, and his own. The introduction was made in a moment, and she and I were soon walking together along a path between high banks of rhododendrons, which I have been told since is called the Happy Valley. Deverill made me dine with them at the Star and Garter, and I went home that night the happiest man in England. I have been so ever since.

It seems impossible that it was only last Sunday that it happened.

## Our Art Supplement.

WITH this week's issue of *The Album* we publish a Special Supplement, consisting of nineteen pictures of some of the chief vessels, English and Foreign, which are to be present at Kiel this week, on the occasion of the opening of the North Sea and Baltic Canal by the German Emperor. The descriptive letterpress accompanying the plates is from the pen of Mr. W. Laird Clowes, one of the greatest living authorities on naval affairs.



"OLD CRONIES."  
PHOTO BY LAVIS,  
EASTBOURNE.



FROM many points of view Madame Sarah Bernhardt is, or has been, the finest actress of our time.

Beyond all doubt she is the most striking figure on the modern stage, the centre of a legend if not of a myth, the idol of all the civilized populations and of some of the semi-civilized—a “great fact” like the Eiffel Tower and the German Emperor and the Manchester Ship Canal. She is, nevertheless, in danger of becoming a bore. Every year she brings to us some fresh piece by M. Sardou which in all essentials is found to resemble every other piece by M. Sardou—because all these Sardou pieces are constructed with the same object, to show off the talent of Madame Bernhardt in its various phases, and to show it off in a particular environment—an atmosphere of “exotism,” something bizarre, unfamiliar, drawn from some twilight period of history, or some out-of-the-way corner of the universe. We have had *Théodora* and the Byzantine Empire, *La Tosca* and the Italy of the Directoire; now we have *Gismonda* and mediæval Athens. The formula is always the same. Laborious archæology about which nobody (in the theatre) cares a straw, “local colour” which may or may not be correct but is certainly (in the theatre) a mere nuisance, aimless conversations between a crowd of minor personages all as a background to Madame Bernhardt rapidly getting off her well-known “effects” in the centre of the stage. We used to be thrilled by these effects—the linked sweetness, long drawn out, of the melodious voice in the earlier scenes; the scenes of fire and fury; the scenes of serpentine coiling and clinging; the scenes of idol-like impassivity; the inevitable scene with some lethal weapon (a hair-pin in *Théodora*, a carving-knife in *La Tosca*, and now an axe in *Gismonda*); the inevitable scene where some lover is cajoled, and caressed, and hugged, and rumped. But (I speak for myself, of course), these effects, after too frequent repetition, are beginning to pall; and the play, which is the vehicle for them, is always such a worthless play, so mechanical, so artificial, so full of trick, so obviously a puppet-show—in a word, so tiresome! It is not, at least, I hope it is not—I do not want to be thought more stupid than my neighbours that I am incapable of understanding the talent of M. Sardou. I think I can see where it is and what it is. I can admire his ingenuity, his gift for imagining an imposing, or picturesque, or quaintly “curious” *mise en scène*. But these things only make the essential vulgarity and cheapness of his drama the more apparent to me. I know that the admirers of M. Sardou always have their answer ready. If you object to the incoherence of his personages, they reply that there is no question in his plays of character-drawing; if you point out the improbability of the situations, you are told that it is part of M. Sardou’s art to make people swallow these improbabilities (but if I don’t?); if you remark on the puerility of

his historical research, you learn that it is the method of M. Sardou; and if you ask why this master of the “well made” piece turns them all out on the same model—irrelevant talk in each act leading up to some violent *coup de théâtre*—the answer is, it is M. Sardou’s way. . . . Well, I can only rejoin that I do not like that way; it is a way that bores me. Look at *Gismonda*. There are four barons, “suitors to the duchess” they would have been called in old playbills, who come on at the beginning of each act, take up the same positions on the stage, and stand there talking twaddle until Madame Bernhardt has had time to change her dress, and make her entry for effect No. 1, No. 2, etc. These barons are dressed with a rich quaintness; for one scene their costumes amuse me; but for five scenes! Then all the personages have queer names—suggestive at once of classic Greece and a *nouvelle* of Boccaccio—Pericles, Zaccaria, Thisbe, Cipriella, Dom Bidas, Basiliades, Mataxas, Sophron; but which is which, and what they are all doing in that galley, I cannot make out. Why all this strange environment for the drama? And note that the environment is mere surplusage; it does not really condition the drama. Were all the personages Red Indians out of a novel of Fenimore Cooper, or Huguenots, or Jews, Turks, and other infidels, the drama, such as it is, might equally well be enacted among them. *Gismonda* has vowed to marry the man who shall rescue her child from the tiger’s cage. Here’s a chance for the barons! But not one of the quartet budges (evidently he is afraid of losing the “fixed point” assigned to him on the stage). The rescuer is one Almerio, a base-born falconer, and the struggle of the duchess to avoid the fulfilment of her vow at once begins. Possibly a good play might be made out of this struggle—an inner drama of will against will—showing the final victory of the strong, calmly resolute man over the impulsive, emotional woman. As a matter of fact, however, we get no such play, but a common melodrama, with the orthodox melodramatic scene—“The ruins by moonlight”—an attempted murder of the hero by the villain, and the braining of the villain by the heroine with his own hatchet. The only point of departure from the usual Sardou formula is at the close—which is not a death scene, but a marriage. As the marriage takes place (very properly) in church, there is an opportunity for a procession, incense, organ-music, and all the rest of the business so familiar after *Much Ado* at the Lyceum. I forgot to mention that there is a real tree in *Gismonda* this year, just as there was a real tree last year in *Leyl*. And of course Madame Bernhardt wears some wonderful robes, and gets every note out of her wonderful voice, and performs all her wonderful tricks. What a pity that so wonderful a woman should exhibit herself in such tiresome plays!

A. B. WALKLEY.





MISS CYNTHIA BROOKE.  
PHOTO BY LAFAYETTE,  
DUBLIN.

Miss Brooke, who is now appearing at the Adelphi Theatre in "The Girl of the Year," made her first appearance in the Spring of 1889, at the Adelphi Theatre, in the play "The Girl of the Year." She subsequently appeared under Mr. Willie Edwards's management in London and the provinces in "Nipke," and other farcical comedies. She was engaged to play the part of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," on tour, and has gained considerable reputation by her rendering of the character throughout the provinces and at the outlying London Theatres.



THERE is a phrase so commonplace that I hardly dare mention it. The trite theme, however, is threadbare only on the artificial side. The natural lights of London never exactly repeat themselves, so one may hope to say a word upon them without giving too much offence to Athenian novelty-mongers, or to the laureate of the artificial lights of London, who is neither an Athenian nor a novelty-monger.

They are of infinite variety, these natural lights, but they have necessarily some broad, permanent characteristics, due in great measure to that everlasting atmosphere of smoke. But thanks to that same smoky pall, one obtains in London some unique effects, particularly in summer sunsets. The wonderful rich crimson, verging almost on brown, that floods the west in June and July; what is it but the transfiguration of the same particles that, on November days, descend into our dwellings and, unhappily, into our lungs? But of these things we think not, as we pace the humming streets in the warm twilight, hearing the sunset say, "This is London, the brilliant London of the season," whereat we rejoice. We forget how recently the fog said, "this, too, is London," whereat we did *not* rejoice.

But atmospheric effects sometimes exercise a weaker charm than the lights of man's making. The other evening, in the deep twilight, I lingered long on Westminster Bridge, for sheer delight of the scene. Summer was in the air and a seasonable softness was over everything. The ground-tone of the picture was an ethereal grey, that in the deeper shadows merged into blue, while the loftier buildings near Charing Cross showed high-lights that were sometimes almost white, the last reflections of the dead day. Jupiter hung in the west, crystal-clear, and a practical philosopher, planting his telescope at the end of the bridge, invited all men to forget this world in contemplation of the moons of Jove, for the sum of one penny. For my part, I found the earthly lights more engrossing—the chains of stars that glittered on the embankment, the moving lamps on the bridges, the warm glow from the windows of the Parliament House, and the wakeful gleam of the lantern in the Clock Tower. For the moment I preferred the region of the known to the field of dim celestial speculation.

All kinds of speculation, however, are appropriate to Westminster. Speculation terrestrial may find most favour on the Bridge, but in the Abbey earthly (and earthy) thought is inevitable; though, considering the proximity of so much sacred dust, a more heavenly strain of contemplation is not only possible, but imperative. There is a purifying influence

in the place, as Addison attests in that famous "London Letter" of his. "When I look upon the tombs of the great," he writes, "every emotion of envy dies within me." And such, for the most part, is the feeling of the truly devout present-day pilgrim to Westminster, with, perhaps, one notable exception. A little envy rises beside one tomb, and that resting-place, curiously enough, is Joseph Addison's own. The humble London letter-writer of to-day cannot, in nature, help envying Addison his perfect English style. Yet this jealousy can scarcely be termed an impure passion; for, after all, it is more an aspiration than a grudge, so the character of Westminster as a place to inspire high thinking is sufficiently vindicated.

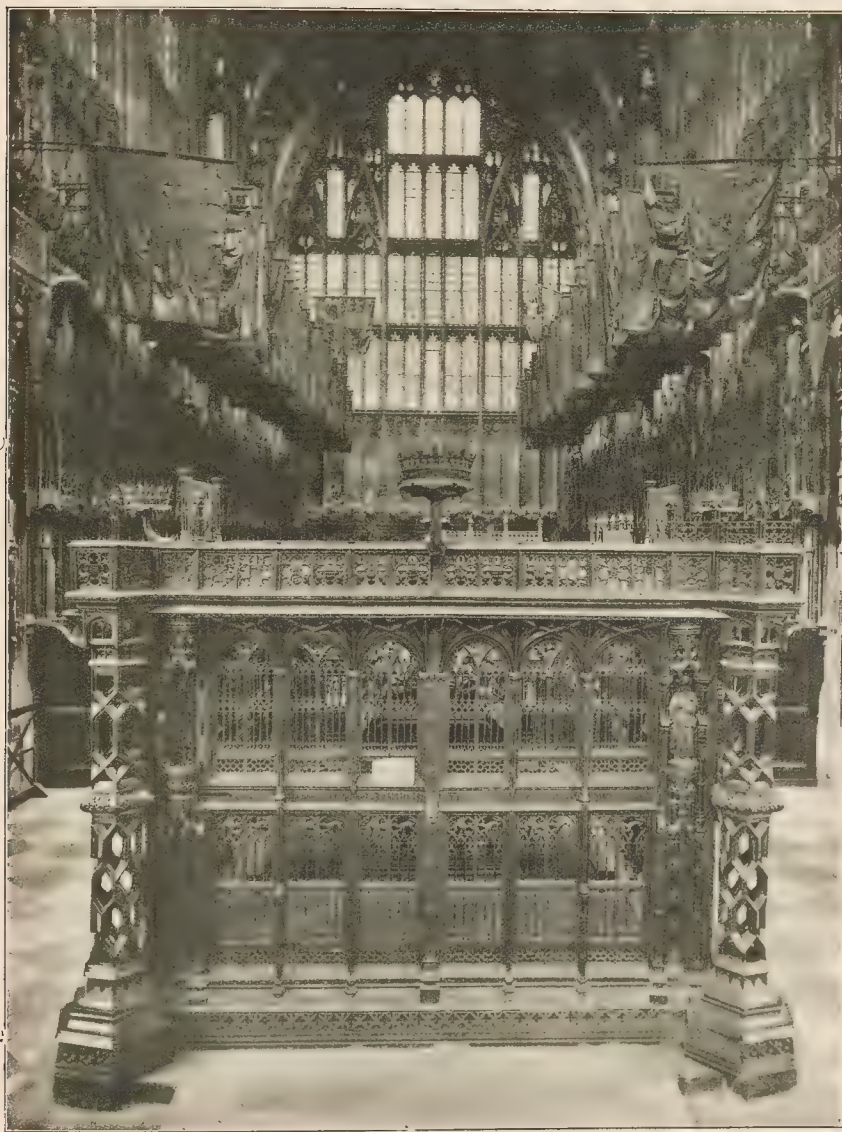
Addison's simple epitaph in the North Aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel draws us, then, a little away from the emotion, or lack of emotion, to which he confesses. Beside the elaborate Founder's Tomb in the Nave, we get back to the *Spectator's* position, but only so long as idle curiosity and alien circumstances are held at bay. And herein lies one of the misfortunes that hedge the visitor to Henry VII.'s Chapel. Were it possible to go there quietly and alone, all the ethical value of the sanctuary would assert itself, but one must perforce walk round with a "familiar," after the manner pursued at wild beast shows, whereby anything like a proper frame of mind is rendered almost impossible.

When subjected to this infliction one envies, righteously of course, those bands of working-men who used, on Saturday afternoons, to visit the shrine under the learned and sympathetic conduct of Dean Farrar himself. Then one would have been spared the ill-timed and unconscious joke of the hiring Cicero, as thus:—"Here is the tomb of Margaret, Countess of Richmond, who founded St. John's College, Cambridge, and many other notable Charities!" There is, of course, a proper spirit of inquiry that ought not to be repressed, but it seems just a little probable that the gaping bevy of sightseers, who are requested "not to stray from the guide," are in danger, it may be, of going astray in mind, if in body they dare not.

It would be beautiful, were it practicable, to linger at one's sweet will in the Chapel, celebrating with oneself spiritual feasts of greater or less exaltation, as the occasion served. Only now and then could one rise to Addisonian heights; on tamer days the drier page of fact could be unfolded. Then one could con minuter points of interest—the vicissitudes of noble bones that, like Cromwell's, were denied repose; the quaint customs of the place, such as the choristers' right to levy "Spur-money;" the significance of armorial bearings on Founder's Tomb and window-pane, where the Red Rose is blent with the White and the banners and arms of the Knights of the Bath, whose Chapel it is. On days, too, when curiosity was very keen, King Henry's Tomb, that miracle of "Tabernacle-work," the six years' labour of the Florentine Artist, Pietro Torrigiano, or the unique fan-traceried pendentive stone roof, might be persuaded to tell the story of their emblems. Such quiet visits may be compassed by special licence from the Dean, but the process of obtaining a permit steals away all the spontaneity, without which those pilgrimages are nearly worthless. Had we only a public that could be more readily trusted, so that droning "guides," with their apathetic or gaping following, should be no necessary adjunct of historic sanctuaries, Henry VII.'s Chapel would, indeed, be one of the greatest "lights of London."

JOHN A' DREAMS.





HENRY VII.'S CHAPEL,  
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.  
PHOTO BY YORK AND  
SONS.





THE power of an artist in fiction is best attested by his capacity to impress the fundamental qualities of character on your mind. If you call up the personages in novels who really inhabit your memory, you know them by virtue not of any charm of story-telling; it is no grace of their creator's style, no elaboration of analysis, that has made them take root in your mind; they live there simply because their personalities are as real and articulate as those you have actually known in the flesh. Becky and Amelia, Jos Sedley and Rawdon Crawley, Major Pendennis and Barnes Newcome, are as vividly present to me always as if I were intimate with such people in real life. Thackeray's philosophy may be as conventional now as some people say; he may not be a thinker or a seer; but his characters continue to flourish in the immortal region of the mind's eye. When I look through my census of the inhabitants I do not find many who can produce baptismal certificates signed by living writers; but I see very distinctly one figure whose creator is still amongst us. This is Esther Waters; and by her side is the shape of a new-comer from the same hand—another woman, who is known to readers of Mr. George Moore's new book as Mildred Lawson.

In "Celibates," Mr. Moore gives us three stories designed to illustrate one idea from different points of view. Mildred Lawson, John Norton, and Agnes Lahens are celibate for diverse reasons. Mildred is by far the most striking study of the three; indeed, I do not believe that John and Agnes will ever find any enduring habitation in the mind's eye. Agnes is brought home from a convent to find that her father, mother, and a dissolute nobleman are carrying on a *ménage à trois*. Major Lahens, whose mind has been unhinged by the loss of his money, is a sort of fantastic lodger in his own house. Agnes is brought from the convent because the Major has a vague idea that the domestic arrangement in which he has acquiesced for seven years may be destroyed by his daughter's innocence. But Agnes is not a *Una*, and her mother's visitors do not quail under her virginal gaze. They become so obtrusive that she yearns for the convent again, and her father, stirred by her unhappiness to an unwonted exercise of authority, drives the sinister crew out of the house, and takes his wife by the throat. A tragedy is prevented by the daughter's intervention, but she goes back to the convent, leaving this strange household to its own devices. The interest of this story is comparatively slight, not because Agnes has no individuality to speak of, but because her father's imbecility fails to move you. Poor silly Mr. Dick, who cannot keep King Charles's head out of the memorial, is always amusing; but the witless husband, who thinks he can retrieve his social position by earning five shillings a week with a typewriter, touches no deep spring of pity, and leaves us cold.

Though not exactly a failure in this sense, John Norton is a shadowy being, despite the pains Mr. Moore has bestowed upon him. He has the soul of a mystic struggling with earthy instincts; impelled towards monasticism in one mood, and racked by the sense of imaginary sin, he is subdued in another by the innocent charm of womanhood; in a third he is absorbed in architecture; and in a fourth he displays a keen aptitude for business. This complexity is drawn with great skill, but I admire the skill without feeling that John Norton is anything more than a phantasm. His manhood asserts itself when, in a sudden impulse of passion, he surprises Kitty Hare by taking her in his arms, and asking her to marry him. At this point we are plunged into a most tragic complication. The girl is assaulted by a tramp, and the horror of the outrage disturbs her reason, so that when Norton next approaches her, he takes in her delirious vision the likeness of her assailant, and she throws herself from a window. Her suicide remains inexplicable to the mystic, till he remembers that he had kissed her by force, and with the terror of this perfectly imaginary responsibility in his mind, he becomes a monk. Here Mr. Moore deals with mental states so far removed from ordinary experience, that the tragedy produces bewilderment, though the girl's agony, passing into madness, holds you by the masterly narration.

Very different is the impression left by the story of Mildred Lawson. In this Mr. Moore has seized a type, more common than may be supposed, of the woman who is chastely immoral, who is degraded simply by her incapacity for love, who has the instincts of domination and cruelty, whose life is a prolonged artifice. Mildred has an insatiable appetite for lovers, who are jilted and cast aside. She is fascinated by the idea of men dying for her, and the death of one lover is her most cherished triumph. She studies art in Paris without success; but she is for a while the centre of an artistic and literary circle, in which she is defrauded of her money. A cheap social prestige is soon dissipated, and she returns home with a hungry longing for something still unattained. A discarded admirer renews his attentions, and a sort of desperate satiety impels her to accept him; but even this barren refuge turns to bitterness when she discovers that he is animated by sordid meanness. The end is tragic. "She threw herself over and over in her burning bed, until at last her soul cried out of its lucid misery, 'Give me a passion for God or man—but give me a passion. I cannot live without one.'" Mildred lives for me, however, with an intense reality, chequered only by Mr. Moore's strange lapses from the English language. I wish he would leave "transpire" to the newspaper reporters, and learn that there is no such word as "honourability."

L. F. AUSTIN.

"Celibates." By George Moore. Walter Scott.



MR. WILLIAM WATSON.  
PHOTO BY THE LONDON  
STEREOSCOPIC CO.

Was born in Wharfedale, Yorkshire, and early in life devoted himself to literature. His first volume of poems, "The Prince's Quest," won the approval of Rossetti, and other distinguished critics, and in 1892 he gained a more considerable recognition by his volume entitled "Wordsworth's Grave." In 1893 he published "Lachrymæ Musarum," which contained a fine tribute to Lord Tennyson's memory. His other works include "Epigrams of Life, Art, and Nature," "The Eloping Angels: A Caprice," "Excursions in Criticism," a volume of prose articles reprinted chiefly from the SPECTATOR, and "Odes and other Poems," published in December, 1894. He has also edited an anthology called "Lyric Love."



IT must be admitted that the floor covering is the foundation of furnishing. In Persia to this day the carpet and a few ornaments in niches in the wall are the whole furniture, save when there is a border of felt—the “numud” of camel’s hair and wool decorated with inlaid devices and two fingers’ thick. Happy Persians, if their carpet is of pure old Kurdistan, such as those from the famous Goupil collection, one of which, seven feet by six, was sold for £1,300, and if the ornaments be of Rhodian ware with the inimitable red on the jars in which the blue-toned cypress and carnations embrace on a ground the colour of the sclerotic of a Norwegian peasant!

Certain it is that the first thing is to have a good floor, and if you get Howard’s Parquet flooring a few fine rare rugs will make you happy. A friend of mine, a mad mediævalist, tried the experiment of imitating our ancestors, merely strewing rushes. What a strange mixture it must have been in those rush-strewn floor days: splendid furniture and floor of foul rushes, the hiding place of bones cast from the table; gorgeous dresses, and but snuffing tallow dips, or rush lights as illuminants; brave jewels on beautiful women and bold men, and washing a practice decidedly unfashionable! A peacock in a pig-stye, a pig in a palace, seem figures that illustrate the times.

Now, you must get your few fine rugs from some place, to say nothing of stair carpets, bedroom carpets, linoleums, etc., and when I turned my mind to the question I felt horribly perplexed. To one great house I would not go, for they sold to a friend of mine, two years ago, a Persian carpet that was but a nest of moths’ eggs and speedily in ruins, yet refused to make any compensation. The recollection of the fact that Alderman Treloar, by successfully fighting for the Sunday opening of the Guildhall Picture Gallery, has done great service to Art, determined me. Why not go to the legitimate descendant of the merchant princes of the City of London, to whom for centuries past the nations of the earth have sent their finest treasures, and to the man who is fighting the battle of Art?—reserving to myself, of course, the right of going elsewhere if my eye were not pleased. So to Ludgate Hill I went, and in due course groaned over the hideous railway bridge that spoils the view of St. Paul’s—the something “really pretty” that the railway company promised to build.

I do not know that I could have got the rushes at Treloar’s, but certainly every other kind of floor covering was to be found, down to the animal skins and plaited plant stems, which are supposed to have been the earliest mats. There are carpets for all tastes and all purses. Personally I am narrow-minded in carpets, and doubt anything that is not of Persia, Turkey, or India; vegetable dyes and handwork alone please my eye, and there is something fascinating to me in the curious irregularities

at which the machine mocks. I am suspicious, too, on the subject of adulteration, and readily suspect jute or cotton, even to the extent—before buying—of pulling out threads and lighting them to see whether in burning there is the smell and ash of wool that differs strongly from the vegetable impostors. Luckily I had a friend with me—dear good soul, without a whim, humour, fancy, or prejudice, save a superb belief in the superiority of British things; I believe had she been of the weaker sex she would have smoked British cigars rather than Havanna.

Between the two of us we played Jack Spratt and his wife, and went right through the place, beginning, on her suggestion, with useful but uninteresting floorcloths and linoleums. By-the-bye she was rather surprised to find that what she thought was a sample of very good parquet flooring, was simply a piece of indurated linoleum. It was certainly a wonderful imitation of wood work, and as the pattern is not printed on the surface, but goes right through the material, it practically lasts almost for ever. A large collection of Cheviot, Shetland, Paisley, and Kernal seamless carpets next attracted the notice of my matter-of-fact friend; and though I yearned for a closer inspection of a wonderful old Persian praying mat that was hanging some distance off, yet with her I patiently went through piles of “useful,” but certainly not unornamental, carpets, for though ridiculously cheap in price, most of the designs and colours were very pleasing. They are all-wool carpets, and made in sizes from 9 ft. by 7 ft. 6 in. upwards. However, my friend really had her mind bent on Brussels—probably of all known carpets the most popular in these islands—yet she spoke with distrust, since she complained bitterly that a best Brussels that she bought not long ago from a West-end firm had worn very badly; or, to use her ridiculous phrase, had “become bald very young.”

However, we were told that because, unfortunately, the fact that “best Brussels” was at one time a term that really signified a particular quality, it is now employed recklessly as a term of recommendation for any kind of trash which unscrupulous shopkeepers are seeking to get rid of. In fact, the word “best” is used in a way that reminds me of the old story of the Holborn grocer who advertised “the best tea in London for 2s. 6d. a pound; superior ditto, 3s. a pound.” We were informed that some houses actually advertise a “best Brussels” at 2s. 11d. a yard—a price considerably lower than that which Messrs. Treloar have to pay to first class manufacturers for a Brussels of good wearing quality. Nor do the famous Ludgate Hill firm keep any Brussels, or rather any of the “Ludgate Brussels” at a price lower than 3s. 9d., whether in squares bordered all round, or in the piece. By-the-bye, somewhat against their own interest, they strongly recommended her to shift the Brussels stair-carpet a few inches at



a time as often as possible in order to make it wear equally.

Really I find I have not space conscientiously to discuss the Axminster and other English carpets that were shown to us; for to tell the truth, excellent as they are and greatly as they delighted my friend, they were hardly for my money. However, after her wants were settled, we went into the question of the Oriental carpets, for which I was yearning. I had set my heart on Persian carpets—there were thoughts in my mind of the three exquisite carpets in the Salting Collection at the South Kensington Museum, and of the coloured plates from the illustrations of the Goupil Collection I had seen. Nevertheless, I knew that the ancient carpets of such value as to

he wanted to get a striking carpet for it. After much deliberation I made him a design representing a river starting with a kind of overflow mere at the top floor and widening into similar ponds on the landings. It showed conventional fishes and rushes, and aquatic birds. The whole was to be "without repeats." He was delighted with the design, and declared that he would have it executed in Persia, since he believes that the finest carpets in the world come from Kurdistan. For six months he was negotiating with Persian agents and manufacturers. At last he made arrangements with a firm, and had to pay a big sum in advance as a deposit. He has not got his carpet yet. The question I asked was as to the difficulty of getting orders executed. I was told that the unspeakable Turk is growing



CARPET WEAVING IN THE EAST.

come under the cant designation of "Collector's specimens" were not within my range. Somewhat to my surprise, I was told that, putting aside the "collector's specimens," Turkey carpets hold their own even against Persians. You can buy a Turkey cheaper than a Persian; but if you are prepared to pay as much for the Turkey as you would for the Persian, you can get a finer quality so far as workmanship and merit of material are concerned.

The recollections of the difficulties of a friend of mine caused me to ask a question of Messrs. Treloar. Two years ago he consulted me about a carpet. My friend had taken a splendid house in the country with a wide winding staircase round the well, the bottom of which was the hall. The staircase was very well lighted, and

very business-like, but that dealings with the Persians are exasperating beyond human endurance. Messrs. Treloar, as far as Turkey is concerned, are in regular communication with several well appointed factories, and now do a large business in the way of giving definite orders, and can get carpets manufactured according to requirements, and sent over from the land of Turkish Delight and Armenian Atrocities in about four months. As for the Persian carpets, they simply leave their agents to buy according to their discretion, and have given up all hope for the present of getting specific orders executed. Certainly the carpets chosen by their agents are very beautiful, and some long narrow strips of old Persian rugs, with jewel-like colouring, scarcely dimmed by age, quite fascinated me.

GRACE,



"TROOPER AND TRUMPETER."  
PHOTO BY GREGORY & CO.,  
STRAND.



H.M.S. "ROYAL SOVEREIGN"—  
BRITISH BATTLESHIP. PHOTO  
BY WEST & SON, SOUTHSEA.





H.M.S. "RESOLUTION"—BRITISH  
BATTLESHIP. PHOTO BY SYMONDS-  
& CO., PORTSMOUTH.



H.M.S. "BELLONA"—BRITISH CRUISER.  
PHOTO BY SYMONDS & CO., PORTS-  
MOUTH.



H.M.S. "BLENHEIM"—BRITISH CRUISER.  
PHOTO BY WEST & SON, SOUTHSEA.

## The Opening of the North Sea and Baltic Canal.

By W. LAIRD CLOWES.

### THE WARSHIPS AT KIEL.

THE Royal Naval Exhibition at Chelsea, in 1891, was full of instruction to the layman, and of suggestions to the "expert"; but it was sadly deficient in one important respect. It included not so much as a single ship. For, as our American cousins might term it, a real live Naval Exhibition, one goes, not to the picturesque grounds of the Royal Hospital, but to some such scene of international fraternisation as was afforded three years ago when the

well. At the New York Columbian Celebrations of 1893, only nine Powers participated; and although that was a more comprehensive display than had been previously seen, the present one so far exceeds even it that it includes representative craft from no fewer than fourteen countries, all of which, save one only, are European. These countries are Great Britain, Austria, Hungary, Denmark, France, Italy, Norway, Portugal, Russia, Roumania, Spain, Sweden, Turkey, the United States, and Germany, as host of all the rest.



H.M.S. "REPULSE"—BRITISH BATTLESHIP.

*Photo by Symonds & Co., Portsmouth.*

squadron under Admiral Gervais came to Spithead; or two years ago, when squadrons of all nations went to Genoa and to New York; or when the Russian squadron, under Admiral Avellan, visited Toulon. A far better occasion than any of these—indeed the very best occasion that has ever offered itself since modern fleets of iron and steel came into existence—is afforded by the assemblage of warships at Kiel, in honour of the completion and opening of the North Sea and Baltic Canal. Not only are the vessels exceptionally numerous, they are also exceptionally powerful; and so far as the vast majority of them are concerned, exceptionally new, and representative of the very latest word that has been said by the naval architect. Moreover, the countries taking part in the display are exceptionally numerous as

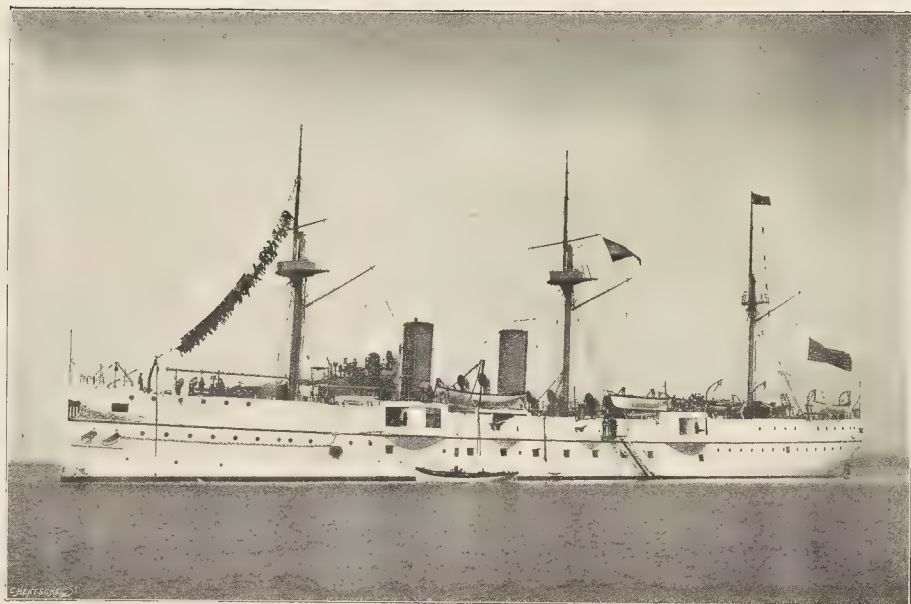
To picture all of the one hundred and twenty or more ships and vessels assembled at Kiel would, even had it been otherwise desirable, have called for at least a double issue of *THE ALBUM*; and we have therefore contented ourselves with showing a few typical craft. These may be briefly dealt with in their chronological order, since, thus looked at, they convey a fairly perfect historical lesson on the progress of naval architecture during a generation.

One of the oldest ships illustrated is the German sheathed iron frigate *Stein*, which was built in Germany between 1877 and 1879, and which is now obsolete so far as purely fighting business is concerned. But such obsolete vessels are useful in other ways. They serve as training ships, and, being comfortable,





"NEW YORK"—U.S.A. ARMoured  
CRUISER. PHOTO BY SYMONDS  
& CO., PORTSMOUTH.



"SAN FRANCISCO"—U.S.A. CRUISER.  
PHOTO BY SYMONDS & CO., PORTS-  
MOUTH.



"COLUMBIA"—U.S.A. CRUISER.  
PHOTO BY SYMONDS & CO.,  
PORTSMOUTH.



"HOHENZOLLERN"—GERMAN ROYAL  
YACHT. PHOTO BY SYMONDS & CO.,  
PORTSMOUTH.



spacious, and heavily rigged, they do admirably for the purpose. None of them ever had a speed much exceeding about 13½ knots, yet they may be fairly regarded as the immediate progenitors of the fast cruisers of to-day. A more modern cruiser is shown in the Italian *Stromboli* built in 1886, and capable of a speed of 17 knots. She has partial protection in the shape of a thin horizontal-curved steel deck; but when she was launched, that principle of protection was still in its infancy. A development of it is to be seen in the French *Surcouf*, which dates from 1888, and which has a speed of 19½ knots, and again in the Italian *Etruria* which, though a little later, is a little slower. To somewhat similar types belong our *Bellona*, and the United States cruiser *San Francisco*,

about 20 knots. The regular battleships shown, and in fact all now in existence, are considerably slower. The French *Le Hoche* and the Italian *Ruggieri di Lauria* are fine ships of this important class, but an Englishman may say, without boasting, that they are very far inferior to our own *Royal Sovereign* and *Resolution*, which belong to a type of which we send four specimens to Kiel; and that even the *Royal Sovereign* is inferior to the newer class of battleships, of which we have nine examples in various stages of construction.

Representatives of yet two other classes of vessels are shown. The German *Blitz*, dating from 1882, stands for one of the very oldest specimens of the torpedo-cruiser; the Italian *Partenope*, for one of the latest; and the German



"BLITZ"—GERMAN DESPATCH VESSEL.

Photo by Symonds & Co., Portsmouth.

Then come the larger, more fully protected, and in all respects more formidable cruisers, our own *Blenheim*, with her speed of 22 knots; the Spanish *Infanta Maria Teresa*, and the United States ship *Columbia*, which, on account of the kind of service for which she was designed, was, during her construction, often unofficially spoken of as the *Pirate*. She is very fast and extremely powerful offensively; but defensively she is less formidable than the two other cruisers of which we give portraits, the French *Dupuy de Lôme*, and the United States *New York*; for these are armoured cruisers and as such are capable at a push of taking their places in the line by the side of regular battleships. They are the latest things in foreign cruiser construction, and each can do

Imperial yacht, *Hohenzollern*, around which all the festivities afloat must centre, shows one of the fastest, finest and most modern of a class of vessels which serve as the sea palaces of crowned heads, and which, as regards splendour, comfort, and even spaciousness, compare favourably with many a lordly residence on shore.

The unrivalled naval display at Kiel suggests many reflections, most of which can scarcely fail to occur to every leader-writer on the subject. One less obvious, yet not less interesting reflection, concerns the enormous debt which some of the most successful exhibitors at this most splendid of all Naval Exhibitions owe to England. We have had no part or lot whatsoever in the training of the French Navy, and very little in the building

of it, but, excepting the Navy of France, there is no Navy represented at Kiel that has not been fostered and taught by us; and that is not, to a far greater extent than is commonly supposed, our creation. Among the non-British craft at Kiel that were actually built in this country, there are but few important specimens. The most noteworthy are the Roumanian cruiser *Elisabeta*, the gunboat *Mircea*, belonging to the same Power, the Turkish yacht *Fevâid*, and two or three of the older German craft. But to merely provide a Government with ships is not to help it far upon the way towards obtaining a respectable Navy. We have done much more effective service in other directions to most of our naval rivals. We have allowed them to send their young officers to train in our ships; and we have lent our officers to knock

In conjunction with Mentschikoff, Sievers, and Seniavine, they organised the new fleet which Peter had built, and in 1723, at a review at Cronstadt, the five flag-officers manned the oars of the Tsar's barge. Again, in the middle of the last century, among the very small number of Russian flag-officers, figured the names of Lewis and Kennedy, and the senior admiral, although a Russian, had received his training in the British Navy. A little later, Captain John Elphinstone, R.N., was allowed by the Admiralty to enter the Russian Navy, in which he served as rear-admiral under Alexis Orloff and Vice-Admiral Spiridoff in the great victory over the Turks at Tchesme, on July 5th, 1770. Under him were Samuel Grieg, Captain Dugdale, and other British-born seamen, and it is everywhere admitted that the



"STEIN".—GERMAN TRAINING SHIP.

Photo by Symonds & Co., Portsmouth.

their men into shape, and to lead them often to victory. And among the Powers which have in this manner most benefited by British assistance are Russia, Germany, and Italy, Powers which, after France, are to-day our closest competitors.

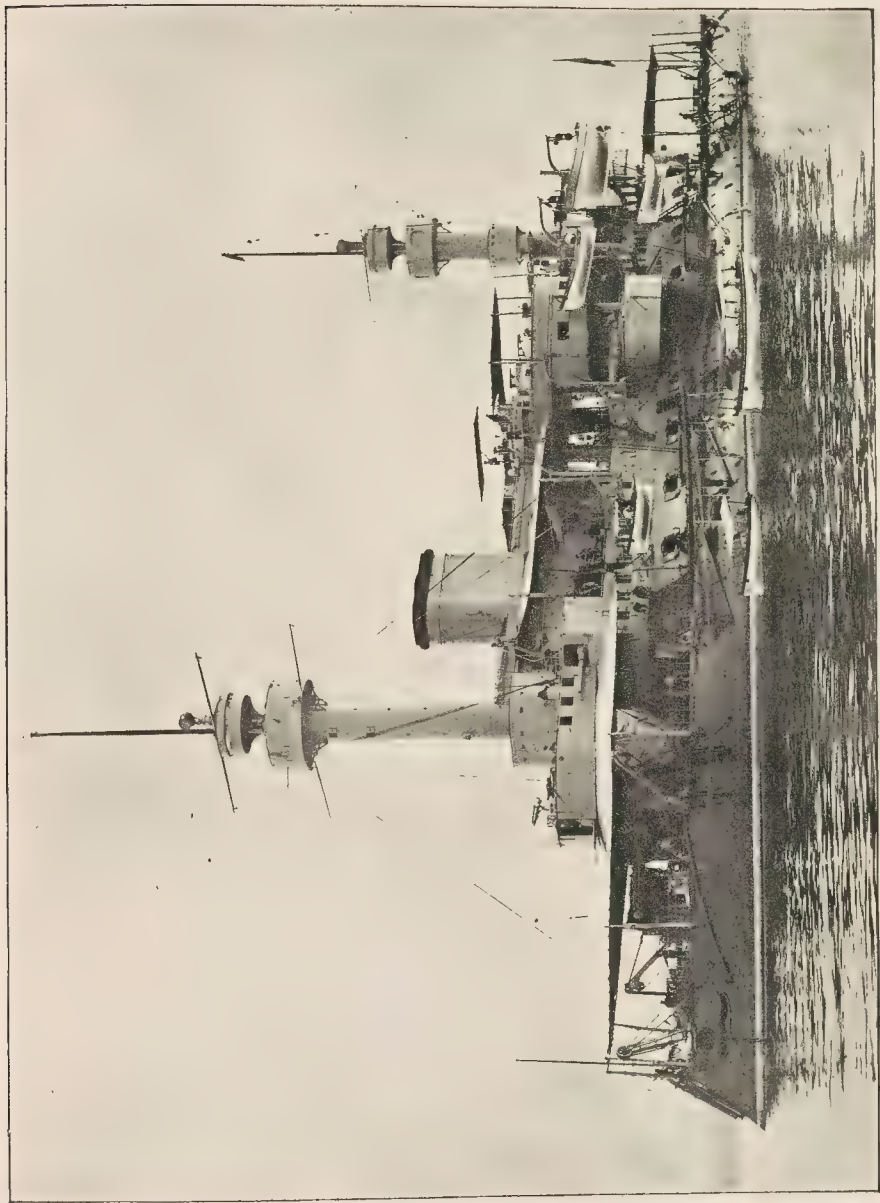
When Peter the Great, anxious to create a Navy, visited Deptford, and caused so much inconvenience to the worthy Mr. Evelyn, His Majesty doubtless made the acquaintance of several of the young English naval officers who, at a later date, accepted an invitation to enter his service. One of these, was Thomas Gordon, a post-captain of 1705; another was a lieutenant named Sanders. Both went to Russia at about the time of the death of Queen Anne, and the Tsar made one a vice-admiral and the other a rear-admiral.

Russian success was mainly owing to Elphinstone's exertions and gallantry. One of the latter's sons also entered the Russian Navy, and married a daughter of the gallant Russian Admiral Kruse. At about the same time Admiral Sir Charles Knowles occupied at St. Petersburg a position similar to that which is held in England by a First Lord of the Admiralty. In 1780, among the captains of a Russian Fleet commissioned to support the armed neutrality were Dugdale, Gibbs, Denison, Burke, Buchan, and M'Kenzie; and in the Russian Service in 1789, all commanding ships, were, in addition to several already mentioned, Tate, Candler, Thesiger, Dawson, Trevenen, Marshall, Miller, Eliot, Brown, Scott, Boyle, Rose, Dunn, and Ogilvie. Of thirty-six British officers engaged by the Russians for that



"BADEN"—GERMAN BATTLESHIP.  
PHOTO BY SYMONDS & CO.,  
PORTSMOUTH.





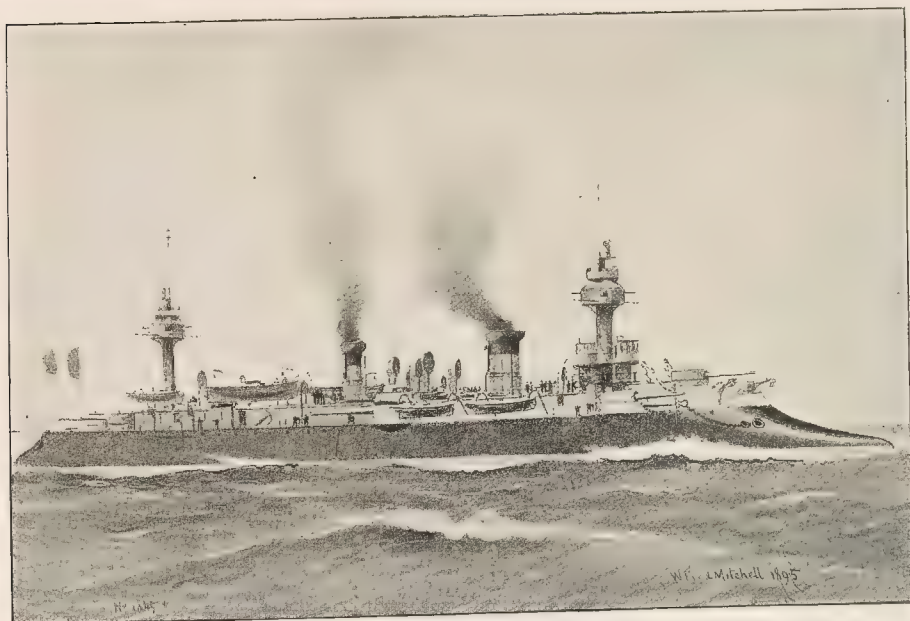
"LE HOCHÉ"—FRENCH BATTLESHIP.



"SURCOUF"—FRENCH CRUISER  
PHOTO BY SYMONDS & CO.,  
PORTSMOUTH.



"PARTENOPE"—ITALIAN TORPEDO VESSEL. PHOTO BY SYMONDS & CO., PORTSMOUTH.



"DUPUY-DE-LÔME"—FRENCH ARMOURD CRUISER. REPRODUCED, BY KIND PERMISSION, FROM A DRAWING BY FRED MITCHELL, PUBLISHED IN LORD BRASSEY'S "NAVAL ANNUAL."





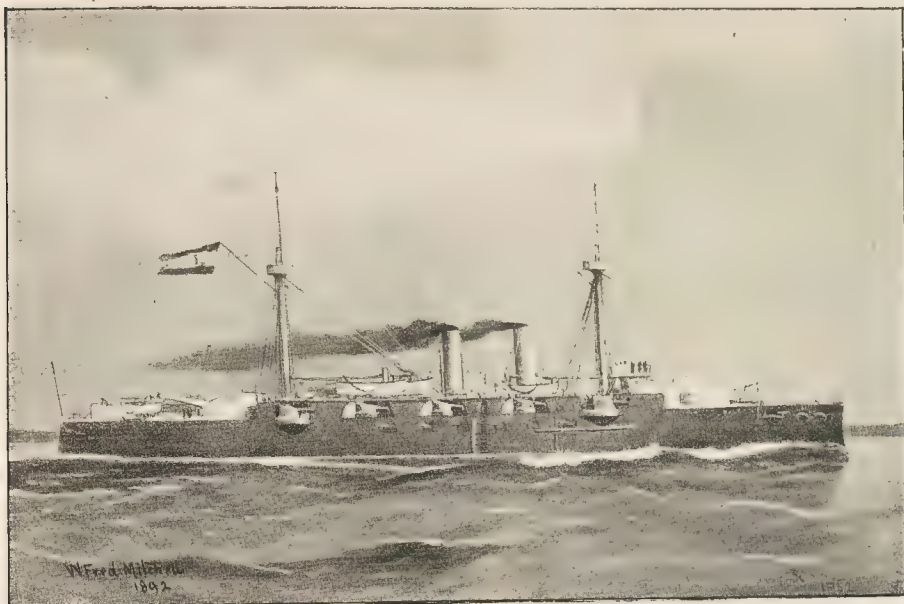
"STROMBOLI"—ITALIAN CRUISER.  
PHOTO BY SYMONDS & CO.,  
PORTSMOUTH.

war, fourteen were killed or wounded in less than two years. Aitkin, the son of a well-known actor of the period, was wounded when the Swedes were driven into Viborg; Miller was wounded on the same day; and Marshall went down in his ship, while her colours still flew. Robert Crown, who distinguished himself by capturing the Swedish *Venus* (42) and *Rhetvisan* (60), succeeded Tate as senior active admiral of the Russian Fleet, and died in 1841, aged 89. Even now there are Crowns, as well as Boyles, and descendants of other heroes of the Swedish War, in the Russian Service. Samuel Grieg had a son, Alexis, who also became a famous Russian admiral, and the family name is to-day worthily borne by a Russian coast-defence ironclad.

One of the most popular of the modern naval heroes of

that most of the modern Italian ships are built after English models, and that all the guns in the Italian Navy are of Elswick pattern, built chiefly at Messrs. Armstrong's branch establishment in Italy. Nor should it be forgotten that the famous Caraccioli, whose execution Nelson thought it his duty to order, had previously fought under Lord Hood at Toulon, and under Hotham off Genoa.

Numerous German officers of distinction similarly received their early professional training in British men-of-war. In 1854 several cadets were sent on board the British Channel Squadron, in which they subsequently proceeded to take part in the war against Russia. One of these was Count von Monts, later Admiral commanding the German Navy; another was Rear-Admiral Przewisinski, who served



"INFANTA MARIA TERESA"—SPANISH ARMOURD CRUISER.

Reproduced, by kind permission, from a Drawing by Fred Mitchell, published in Lord Brassey's "Naval Annual."

Italy was, undoubtedly, Giovanni Bausan. He saw his first service in a British ship, the occasion being Lord Howe's victory of "The Glorious First of June," 1794, and the vessel being the *Marlborough* (74), Captain the Hon. George Cranfield Berkeley. The entertainment and instruction given him did not prevent him, however, from presently joining the enemies of England, for we find him, in 1809, as captain of the Franco-Neapolitan frigate *Cerere*, fighting the British ship *Cyane* (Captain Thomas Staines), which, though of vastly inferior force, nearly took the Italian. It may be added that the English Roman Catholic family of Acton has given many officers, including several admirals, to the Italian Navy of the last and present generations;

in the *St. Jeanne d'Acre*, Captain (now Admiral of the Fleet, Sir) Henry Keppel; and a third was Count Waldersee, who, having previously been in the German Army, seized this opportunity of familiarising himself with naval affairs.

And what is true in this respect of Russia, Italy, and Germany, is true also, to a greater or less extent, of Austria-Hungary, of Norway, of Sweden, and, of course, of Turkey. But to dwell upon the connection in all these cases would occupy too much space, and might be tedious. Enough has, perhaps, been said to indicate that here is an interesting field for British research, and a splendid reason—possibly too much lost sight of—for foreign gratitude to perfidious Albion.



"RUGGIERE DI LAURIA"—ITALIAN  
BATTLESHIP. FROM A SPECIAL  
DRAWING BY FRED T. JANE.



# The Album

*A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.*

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 21.

JUNE 24, 1895.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post 6d.



FRÄULEIN ILKA VON PALMAY,  
NOW APPEARING WITH THE  
DUCAL COURT COMPANY OF  
SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA  
AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.  
PHOTO BY KRZINANEK, WIEN.



# AMATEUR BOWLING.

THE statistician has been very busy with cricket facts this year, and some of his statements are amazing enough for the most exacting man. He has not yet told us, however, if, in the history of the game, so many runs have been scored heretofore in the months of May and June as in this astounding year, 1895. Did one speak at a guess, one would answer unhesitatingly that nothing like the record of this season has been known. The mere century is now a performance which calls for the shallowest notice. A total of three hundred attained by a team leads immediately to the assumption that its chance of winning the match is poor. Performances which in normal years would lead to eulogistic paragraphs are passed over as unworthy of comment. A man scores fifty runs in a match and gains thereby rather the sympathy of the critic for *failure*. Meanwhile the unfortunate bowlers are worn out with incessant trundling, and are anathematising alternately the wickets and the weather.

Whenever there is a spell of lasting sun and fiery pitches, I notice that the man in the stand turns angrily upon the poverty of amateur bowling. He cannot well find fault with the professionals when he sees even the greatest of them failing to get wickets. But for the weak attack of the perspiring amateur he has only contempt. "Why," he asks, and there is fury in his voice, "can the gentlemen produce no bowler who is fit to tie the shoes of Richardson, or Lockwood, or Mold, or Pougher, or Woodcock? Why do amateurs think this side of the game beneath their notice?"

The Inter-Varsity match provides him with new opportunities to rail and rave. He almost has a fit while he sits out the "Eton and Harrow;" and the annual meeting of Gentlemen and Players moves him to exceeding wrath. Yet the years pass and amateur bowling is no better. Here and there a Woods, a Kortright, a Steel, a Jessop, permits a momentary hope that matters may mend. The hope is shattered almost at its birth. We go, as it seems, from bad to worse, until at the present moment there are not three fine amateur bowlers in the country.

Many people, when discussing this extraordinary failing, endeavour to set it down to deep and hidden reasons. In reality, the first cause of it is as plain as the dome of St. Paul's. Amateur cricketers come in the main from the public schools and the universities. They are taught, while mere infants, the meaning of a straight bat and a good length ball. A generous club provides a professional to bowl at them, and to teach them the rudiments of the batsman's art. Being only human, their vanity steps in at an early date, and points out to them the glories of a fine performance at the wicket. They sit in the stands and help to applaud big boys who have made good scores in great matches. Bowling is not a science which appeals in any way to their conceit or their ambition. After all, are there not ground men to bowl? Why should the gentleman

occupy himself with such a degrading pastime as shying at a practice wicket? Such boys hope by and-by to get a place in 'varsity or county teams—for batting. The thought that a similar honour might be offered to them for skill with the ball never enters their heads. Grace, they say, is a magnificent all-round man, so is Stoddart; but bowling came to these by accident. Any man who tries can bowl, and no one thinks much of a bowler, anyway.

Thus it comes about that amateurs cannot bowl. Their very ability to pay ground men robs them of the opportunity of making themselves all-round cricketers. When you do come across an amateur who can trundle, you will find, as a rule, that he hails from some small local club which cannot afford a professional. Or he may have had the good sense to choose a cricketing father like the great Doctor did, and have been encouraged to bowl since he was "so high." Such schoolboys as succeed with the ball are mere accidents. Many of them would have made really brilliant performers if a professional had taught them. But a school professional never thinks of that. He has been hired to teach boys to bat. If they are to be taught bowling as well, a second "pro" must be engaged. Some day this will be done, and every great school will pay as much attention to hitting the wicket as to defending it. When that day comes, we shall be on the way to attain a perfection of cricket to which our present standard is mere mediocrity.

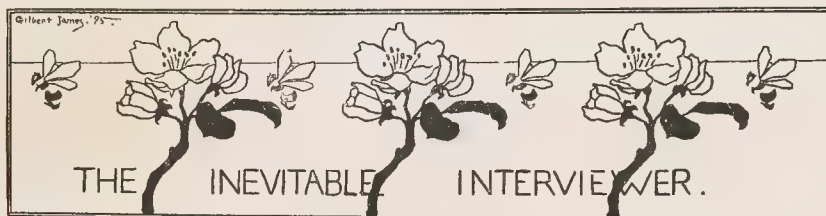
I am perfectly well aware, when making this indictment, that there are a number of players who aver that it is impossible to teach a man to bowl. Others, however (and there are many great names among them), meet the objection with the negative direct. Mr. Brockwell, in an admirable paper published in this month's *Windsor Magazine*, declares that the teaching of bowling is perfectly possible and absolutely necessary. He admits, at the same time, that it is infinitely more difficult to lay down first principles for the bowler than for the batsman. Obviously, the first thing to make a youngster do is to bowl straight. If he cannot get command enough of the ball to hit the sticks, he is not likely to achieve greatness. And when he has been taught to bowl straight, it is possible, surely, to show him the meaning of good length and pitch. The niceties of break are hardly to be taught; but when a man has grasped the initial ideas he is far more likely to develop a head for bowling than the haphazard ignoramus whose one idea is to "shy them in." Even if one admitted that fine bowling is not to be taught, it is obvious that a man cannot succeed without practice, and it is just because public school boys and amateur bowlers generally get so little practice they are lacking in cleverness. The subject is a great one, as it is one of vital importance. The neglect hitherto shown to it is nothing short of astounding. But it would be well if some of the leaders sounded a note of warning, and made their voices heard in all the playing-fields of the country.

MAX PEMBERTON.



SIR DONALD CURRIE'S LINER, THE  
"TANTALLON CASTLE," ON WHICH  
MR. & MRS. GLADSTONE WERE AMONG  
THE GUESTS FOR THE OPENING OF  
THE NORTH SEA AND BALTIC CANAL.  
PHOTO BY MACLURE & MACDONALD,  
GLASGOW.





# A CHAT WITH THE CHIEF OFFICER OF THE METROPOLITAN FIRE BRIGADE.

"THE *raison d'être* of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade is to prevent small fires becoming large ones. On that one and simple principle the entire organisation of the force, which is being continually brought to greater and greater perfection, rests," remarked Captain James Sexton Simonds during a visit I paid him at the headquarters of the Brigade in Southwark. "Even the saving of life is only incidental to the primary reason of our existence. And we have cause, I think, to feel some pride that from 1866, when the Brigade was formed, the number of serious fires has steadily decreased from 25 per cent. to 5 per cent., a decline which is all the more remarkable when one considers the immense growth of the metropolis during the last thirty years."

"It would be interesting to know the extent of area which the Brigade takes under its charge."

"Well, there you have it on that large map on your left."

I turned to inspect a network of 565 fire-alarm call-points, marked by dark blue spots—sometimes accompanied by a red triangle, denoting a fire-escape—and 61 stations, including 4 floating stations, denoted by prominent red spots, the district stations being still more conspicuously depicted.

"My charge extends over 122 square miles; 16 miles from east to west, and 12 miles from north to south in other words, from Plumstead to Roehampton, and from Highgate to a mile below the Crystal Palace," Captain Simonds went on to say. "It comprises 5 unequal portions, for each of which a superintendent is responsible under me. Our force numbers about 933 persons, made up of 791 officers and men, 75 coachmen, 17 pilots for the floating fire-engines, and a number of recruits in course of training."

"May I venture to ask you to describe the working-out of the organisation which would be brought into play on the occasion of a fire?"

"Every fire, you must understand, presents special features of its own, so that the initial steps would not be identical in every case. For instance, if we got a call from a suburb we should act differently to getting a call from the heart of the city—say from Wood Street. In the former case the local stations would only be called upon, but in the latter the whole district would hurry up, for we would rather risk being called ninety-nine times needlessly than be slack in giving the assistance required on the one hundredth. Well, now, suppose this fire-alarm here in King Street, Hammersmith, is pressed by a policeman or some other person, the bell rings immediately at Hammersmith Fire Station. In that station a metal flap falls, revealing 'King Street' on its front. The fireman on duty at once presses a button acknowledging the signal, then pulls down a switch, which calls all the men of

the station to quarters; he next rings up his district station—i.e., one of the five chief ones—and then rings up the telephone. A few seconds are sufficient for these operations, and almost by this time an engine is ready to start. We can send one out from head-quarters under a minute, while the regulation average time allowed for turning out must not exceed two-and-a-half minutes. In secondary stations the time is within three-and-a-half minutes. Directly the superintendent at the district station gets his message as to the locality where the fire is, he uses his discretion as to ordering out engines from other stations within his own district; but in every case he reports at once, by wire, to head-quarters. Now let us for example accompany the first engine to the site of a fire. It drives at about the rate of 12 miles an hour—free of every obstruction it would attain to 14 miles—but we can't in England run over anyone with impunity, as they are allowed to do in America, without being liable to be indicted for manslaughter when called to a fire. The men dismount and ascertain the nature of the outbreak, and report accordingly, by means of the alarm bell, whether any further help is needed. Now, it may surprise you to hear that, although London is double the size of any city in the United States, yet the expenses of the maintenance of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade amount to no more than those of any third or fourth American city. The reason is that we are more economical in employing fewer men and in employing simpler, and less costly appliances."

"You have been in the Brigade some time, I think?"

"I joined in 1881 when a second chief officer was for the first time appointed by the then Metropolitan Board of Works, and when out of 126 competitors I was selected, possibly from my experience in engineering work. In 1891 Sir Eyre Massey Shaw resigned, and I was appointed chief officer."

"I hope the London County Council has backed you up in sanctioning all the reforms which you have deemed desirable and necessary?"

"I think the Council has given its best attention to all the suggestions reported to it by the Fire Brigade Committee, which passed nearly every one of the proposals I submitted soon after my appointment as chief officer. Probably among these reforms the public will reap much advantage from that which establishes sub-stations. These will be provided with a hose-cart (without horses) only, and will be for purely local use. It has frequently happened on the occasion of a big fire, that a district has been quite denuded of its engines, from their having been called away."

"I suppose mineral-oil lamps are a constant source of danger by fire?"

"Yes, indeed; and legislation, I think, should be brought to bear on the sale of wrongly constructed lamps, as well as dealing, as it does, with the sale of dangerous explosive mineral oils."

T. H. L.



CAPTAIN J. SEXTON SIMONDS,  
CHIEF OFFICER OF THE METRO-  
POLITAN FIRE BRIGADE. PHOTO  
BY LOMBARDI, PALL MALL.



# ENGLISH OPERA.

BOHEMIA dates her musical renaissance from her first school of operatic composers. Smetana, in the truest sense of the term, the first Bohemian composer, turned to opera for the expression of his genius. The establishment of the Interims Theatre was due to him, and a series of national operas, opening with his "Brandenburgs in Bohemia," has been produced there. The *libretti* turn to account patriotic legends and the humours of peasant life. The music is founded largely on national melodies. Prague, naturally, has not attained the importance in our eyes of Dresden or Vienna, and, no doubt, Smetana's operas would seem artless and immature after Wagner. Yet Mr. Hadow, in his interesting study of Dvorák, does honour to Smetana's "Bartered Bride," speaking of it as "an achievement which would do credit to any nation in Europe." Certainly, if it has anything like the power of the Symphonic Poems by the same composer, it must be remarkable.

Now the example of Bohemia might act as a tonic to the flagging hopes of English musicians for an English musical renaissance. Smetana utilised the abundant material of folk-song which was to be found in every village of the country-side. Perhaps the coming English composer will find his masters, too, "among the porters at the hay-gate," and those English peasant tunes, of which so much has been heard lately, will form the foundation of the first great English opera. But with all the patriotism in the world, it is difficult to believe in the possibility. Frankly, those English country songs, skilfully arranged by Miss Broadwood and Mr. Fuller Maitland, are not good tunes. They display no wealth of strikingly characteristic melody. The great English opera, when it comes, will find little material there.

Quite lately there has been another patriotic experiment in music. The production of *Harold* at Covent Garden has been acclaimed as a "step in the right direction." But why? If an opera with libretto by Sir Edward Malet, and music by Mr. Frederick Cowen, is not intrinsically good, the fact that it is the work of Englishmen, and that it is given in the vernacular, is no matter for congratulation. Congratulations, indeed, in the case of *Harold*, must be reserved for Sir Augustus Harris, who mounted it with such splendid magnificence in general, and such historical accuracy of detail in particular, that if it were possible to live in the eyes alone at Covent Garden, *Harold* would have been a brilliant success instead of a weary failure.

It is mere affectation to beat about the bush. *Harold* has gone to join *Esmeralda* and *Ivanhoe* and *Signa*. To fail and straightway be forgotten in England is not, indeed, damnation. Mr. Henry James's *Guy Domville* failed, yet it was a subtle and emotional comedy of the highest

order. That was one of those failures which are better than the triumphs of meaner men. The palate of the general once more revolted against *caviare*. But in *Harold* the caterers have not provided anything which can be said to be unacceptable on account of its complexity. Take the libretto. Sir Edward Malet has at least one merit. He knows how to set forth an intelligible plot. The only bad blunder in the mechanism of the book is the scene in Bayeux Cathedral where William the Conqueror sings a conventional aria about ambition in the foreground while a religious service is going on behind him. But what is definiteness and coherence of drawing worth, when the outline is filled in by such feeble and impotent colour as Sir Edward Malet's? All strictures on Charles the First's weaknesses as a sovereign have been met by references to the amiability of his private life, and no doubt the ability of Her Majesty's ambassador at Berlin, as a diplomatist, will cover the multitude of his sins as a rhymester. The quality of the lyrics may be tested by

Through the soft and sylvan glade  
The birds are calling,  
Like a shower of silver made  
The fountain falling.  
Oh! bind the flowers and hang them fair  
In fragrant posies,  
Fill all the bower and scent the air  
With Norman roses,

and the narrative part by such a line as

Already streaks of dawn light up the sky.

It is all very nice and pretty and obvious, but is it literary?

Mr. Cowen has done his best to undo Sir Edward Malet's work. Where the librettist is pretty pretty and weak the composer is ugly and unintelligible. Mr. Cowen can produce very good melodies of a hymnal character—witness "The Better Land," and "The Children's Garden." In *Harold* he has resolutely forsworn melody altogether. He is at such pains to escape the charge of writing an ear-catching tune, that there is no twist or contortion he will not make in his orchestration to make it sound odd and unexpected. Never did one know what was coming. Yet the perpetual surprises always fell flat. By avoiding simplicity, Mr. Cowen has not avoided dullness.

Simplicity, it is hardly necessary to say, does not imply triviality. It happens sometimes in great music that we come across a phrase that is neither unusual nor recondite, and yet when we hear it we feel it could have been written in no other way, and will never be written precisely like that again. Such a phrase is worth "a wilderness of monkeys." It is better than all the bewildering and bizarre endings which have been employed in *Harold* with such reckless profusion.

R. C. SAVAGE.





SCENE FROM MR. F. H. COWEN'S NEW  
OPERA, "HAROLD" (LIBRETTO BY  
SIR EDWARD MALET), PRODUCED AT  
COVENT GARDEN, LONDON. FROM  
A DRAWING BY A. FORESTIER.

The scene from the opera "Harold" is in Act II. of the opera. It is a scene of great interest and beauty. The scene is set in a grand interior, and the costumes are of the most beautiful and elaborate. The scene is a masterpiece of the art of the stage, and it is a scene that will be remembered for many years to come.

# THE WELL DRESSED WOMAN

THE thing we are pleased to call "the season" is in full swing, and our days are turned into our nights, our nights into our days. We spend our hours in visits

to the dressmaker—poor overworked dressmakers—at afternoon parties, and that eternal ride or walk or bicycle in the park. Bicycling in the park is not an unmixed joy. After you have been dancing till 3 o'clock in the morning, to be forced by the rules of the powers that be to be up at 8 o'clock, robs the concession of half its charms. An intelligent young doctor of my acquaintance tells me that bicycling is the worst possible exercise for women; that she who is a bicyclist to-day will be an invalid to-morrow; and that even the most attractive of costumes, the lightest of machines, and the most bloated-looking of wheels are not to tempt *Poulina Pry* into their service. However, that intelligent young doctor seems to be alone in his generation, for by some mysterious means the medical profession appears to be very much in favour of the new craze. Still, as on the one occasion that I did attempt bicycling I was not a brilliant success, I propose in future to confess my inactivity due to medical prohibition. That way may I earn commiseration, instead of exciting the just contempt that waits upon the woman who does not, at the hands of the woman who does—anything upon which Fashion smiles.

Fashion is smiling on a good many things just now, most of them very extravagant things. Soft, delightful frivolities of lace and muslin pursue their

popular career to the utter annihilation of the quarter's cheque. Every really well-dressed woman wears in the mornings a shirt of embroidered batiste, liberally frilled with lace, and a skirt and coat of alpaca, either alpaca of grey or alpaca of blue. A young girl I met yesterday was wearing one of the latter colour, with the coat made in the Eton style, the skirt very full, and a pale pink and white striped batiste shirt of the finest quality, with a large sailor collar trimmed with a beading, edged with a frill, outlined again with a narrow edge of real Valenciennes lace. Soft frills edged with the Valenciennes lace meandered straight down the front, and the shirt was set upon a tight silk lining. Muslin blouses how simple they sound!—are the greatest extravagances of the hour, with their plentiful frillings and their silken linings. It is the custom to wear these with black crepon skirts, no matter how light in colour they may be; but, personally, I think they look much better worn with white alpaca skirts. Indeed, a white alpaca skirt, made very full, with the seams stitched on the outside, by a band of white satin fastened with diamonds, or their equivalent, with the bodice of white muslin checked with black flowered



THAT FRENCH EVENING DRESS.

induced to tidiness at the waist



with many colours, made with short elbow sleeves (every worthy sleeve reaches but to the elbow nowadays) crowned with a white rice straw hat, draped with white, silk-edged chiffon, and trimmed with many-coloured roses, is the ideal



A PLAID-SILK GOWN.

costume for the afternoon—one afternoon. Of course nobody could wear any costume for two consecutive afternoons.

As usual, I am interrupted whilst I am writing; this time by a visit from my best friend, who brings with her a very charming French girl in a very charming French frock. Such a French frock! Made of silver-grey crepon with a roseate silk lining gleaming through it, with a bodice covered with a short bolero of white lace at the back, and in the front one soft mass of grey-kilted chiffon frills, through which the pink lining gleams again. Her hat is black chip and Tuscan, with quantities of black feathers waving over the crown, one large chou of black chiffon one side and white chiffon the other, sitting each side securely of the well-coiffed head. The hat is worn well forward over the brows in the way that the Frenchwomen do wear their hats nowadays, and in the way to which we Englishwomen seem very loth to grant the sincere flattery of imitation. My two visitors stopped a long time; I insisted that they should, and they talked chiffons to me in various languages. My imagination was fired by the description of an evening gown of flowered silk, cut off the shoulders, edged with a ruche of chiffon, and showing a vest of cream muslin and lace; fired

to such an extent that I made up my mind to send for my faithful artist and describe to him its every detail. My best friend insists that she is tired of elaborate clothes, and proposes to devote herself entirely to the plain cloth gown. Furthermore, she urges the advantages of a cape over a coat. I had to listen to her, although the cape really has no advantages over a coat. However, she assures me she has a very successful dress in the lightest shade of biscuit coloured cloth, almost cream colour, with two strappings set very high up round the full skirt, a plain cape treated in the same way, which she wears with a bodice of white *crêpe de Chine* striped with cream coloured lace, and tied round the neck with a white ribbon.

The ribbon bow round the neck is ubiquitous, too ubiquitous, alas, to be attractive. That which everybody wears nobody wants, should be one of the principles of the art of dress. Another principle of the immediate moment should be the purchase of a piece of checked silk or cotton, and its manipulation in such a style as that illustrated here, with the bodice made of white silk ribbon joined together with pieces of cream-coloured lace, and full sleeves reaching only to the elbow. It is positively intrusive of any sleeve to extend below the elbow at the moment. "Thus far sha't thou go and no further!" should be writ in the Book of the Laws of Etiquette devoted to sleeves.



MY BEST FRIEND'S GOWN.

#### ANSWERS TO LETTERS.

"ALICE."—A capital sailor hat, absolutely simple, you can get at Hyam's, 134, Oxford Street, for 6s. 6d. It is known as the Club sailor. I prefer it in the ordinary white, but it is also to be obtained in burnt straw.

PAULINA PRY.





THAT romance, like the immortal worm, never really dieth, is endlessly proved even in our prosaic to-day, though it is not given everyone to spend halcyon honey-moon days in the charmed environment of a 13th century castle. Castell Loch, which has just been lent by the Marquis of Bute to Sir Henry and Lady Bellingham for this purpose, stands in one of the loveliest bits of Wales, and has, at great cost, been recently restored and re-furnished by Lord Bute. All the Catholic world, from the Duke of Norfolk onwards, was in evidence at the pretty little church in St. John's Wood for this wedding, and afterwards at St. John's Lodge, where Lord and Lady Bute held a reception. Miss Clifton looked very sweet in her bridal bravery. She is a cousin to the Marchioness of Bute on both sides, and sister to the present Lord Grey de Ruthyn, who represents one of our oldest Baronies, which carries with it the hereditary office of "Bearer of the Gold Spur."

Royalty itself does not often receive such a frantic ovation as that which greeted Patti's reappearance at Covent Garden in the part which she of all others has created. Every tier was aglitter with diamonds and the stalls brilliant to a miracle. Such a tribute of flowers surely no one has ever received before. The stage was covered, and one could easily have realised that nothing bigger than a buttonhole was left between the florists. A large supper-party, to which many of the prima donna's friends were bidden, followed the performance, at which Patti's perennial gifts were once more toasted with fervour.

The Grand Prix is a feast of unreasoning gaiety—that I usually find it impossible to deny myself, and this year more than ever. Longchamps rewarded one with a more than ordinarily well-frocked light-hearted mob of pleasure-makers. Such hats! and still more—such dresses! It would have taken a hundred eyes to realise a hundredth part of the millinery masterpieces in the reserved enclosure alone, where ladies were admitted, by the way, at 10 frs. A great display of blue and gold liveries appeared during the second race, when M. and M<sup>de</sup>. Faure drove up in the famous Elysée landau with four horses and sky blue postillions, followed by members of the Cabinet, in full war paint, too. Comte Florian de Kergerlay met the Presidential party to the accompaniment of a very enthusiastic demonstration, and conducted them to the Grand Stand.

Lady Dufferin's garden-party at the Embassy brought quite 2,000 guests to the lovely gardens in the Faubourg St. Honoré on Saturday week. M<sup>de</sup>. and M<sup>lle</sup>. Lucie Faure, who arrived at 5 o'clock, being conducted to specially

reserved seats on the lawn. M<sup>lle</sup>. Faure wore a silk crépon in pale tan colour with a very smart mauve hat trimmed with orchids and black tulle. The Princesses de Sagan, Jeanne Bonaparte, de Polignac—and, in fact, every family of "Old France"—was represented; and I heard a stately Marquise tell her daughter that Lady Dufferin's brilliant gathering recalled memories of a time when Eugénie de Montijo led the revels of the merriest town in Europe.

Curious that in France, most highly civilised in some respects of all other countries, the married woman should practically remain as dependent on her husband as we were 80 years ago. Her property is managed by "Mon Mari." She cannot bind herself or perform any act legally without his consent, and the men have, in fact, an excellent time matrimonially and otherwise; while the daughter of France, however *fin de siècle* in other respects, is still what we should now consider a mere chattel in her husband's château. I only made this surprising discovery on the marriage of a well-endowed friend recently, and the bridegroom, to whom I explained my views, laughed heartily at what he called our "mistaken arrangements." Naturally!

It would be charming if, as I hear whispered, Baron Echarstein gives a ball. He has the faculty of doing things so admirably. One of his recent little dinners of sixteen, had amongst the guests seven of the prettiest heiresses in London. How interesting for the men of the party! The Baron is one of those invaluable persons, also, who dance with enjoyment—or seem to. At Lady Londonderry's ball, he "took the floor" with admirable perseverance and vigour. Count Gleichen, the Duke of Marlborough, and Lord Doneraile were amongst the waltzing men. In fact, that ancient superstition of superiority which prevented "the 10" and many others from "ever dancing," seems to have died the death; and one may now rely on most of one's bachelor friends at a pinch—or even without it—to do something more than lounge under palms, and allow themselves to be gently amused.

Mrs. Hertlet's second small dance at Courtfield House on the 17th went excellently well, Miss Skipper seconding her mother's efforts at "placing partners" and looking after the well-being generally of their guests. Sir Edward Hertlet, Sir Julius and Lady Raines, were amongst those present. Mrs. Hertlet is following the excellent plan of giving a series of small dances this season, and so taking her large circle of friends in several much enjoyed sections.

VERA.



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.  
PHOTO BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.



THE "ALCESTIS" OF EURIPIDES AT  
BRADFIELD COLLEGE.

WITHOUT precisely knowing what the word "idyllic" means, we imagine it would be the one to apply to the Greek Play at Bradfield. A June day, an old chalk-pit (in which, parenthetically, the present writer may mention that he bird's-nested forty years ago), dogroses, buttercups, "flowers thine Hellas knew not," the British thrush cutting in at intervals; and, in the midst of all, a stage designed after the best Greek specification, an altar on which real incense is burnt, an orchestra equipped with wind and string instruments made upon Greek models, a chorus robed according to the patterns shown on Greek vases, and English schoolboys reciting the lines of a dramatist who died more than two thousand two hundred years ago. There is nothing quite like it to be seen elsewhere. Other seats of learning have performed Greek plays often enough of late years; but it has been in modern theatres and by artificial light. Bradfield scorns these subterfuges. You do not for a moment feel as if you were "at the play." How far you really feel as if you were a Greek at the Dionysia may be a question, but no doubt you feel that you are at a very unique and beautiful entertainment; and if you are anything of a Greek scholar, you probably learn something that you did not know before about the works which have made the little country in the corner of Europe the queen of the world's literature.

This particular work, the *Alcestis*, is an eternal problem. It ranks among tragedies, yet it ends happily. From a very early time this anomaly was observed; and as it occupied the last place in the group of four dramas, which every dramatist who competed for the prize was expected to send in—a place which was usually occupied by a burlesque—it was felt that some idea of the burlesque must have been in the author's mind. Herakles is a distinctly comic figure; and the only fault we should be disposed to find with the Bradfield rendering is that this point is not quite enough emphasized. The Herakles of Mr. Lomas is, as a rule, a little too restrained. At his first meeting with Admetus we might have had a more boisterous greeting; and surely the wooden wine-cup, which he brings in his hand in a later

scene, need not have been so obviously unused. Hair, beard, lion-skin, club, are all a little too spick and span. As to Admetus himself, we criticise with some hesitation. The part is taken by the Headmaster, and so far as voice, action, and general delivery go, is excellently performed. But he does not, somehow, bring us much nearer to understanding what Euripides meant us to think of Admetus. So far as the action of the play goes, the man is rather contemptible. He whines over his wife, who is dying in his stead; he rates his father who, after all, has only objected to take upon himself a disagreeable duty which he was perfectly free to decline; he obviously thinks much more of what "people will say" than any self-respecting man ought to do. There are indications that he is apt to be peevish with his servants; and yet the great true-hearted Herakles seems to like him, and he is permitted, in vulgar phrase, "to eat his cake and have it too." The thing can hardly be elaborate satire; yet is very hard to explain otherwise.

Pheres, the father, though he has more justice on his side, is not a personage with whom one can feel much sympathy. There is some truth in the argument of Admetus that, if some member of the family was to die, the one who had least to lose might gracefully have sacrificed himself. One sees, too, that the author more or less took this view. The tone adopted by Pheres—first oily, then venomous, lastly violent—is rendered doubly repulsive by the fact of his speaking in the presence of the corpse. It would have been quite easy for him to have defended his position with dignity. But here again it must be said that he is not unnaturally irritated and driven to the *tu quoque* by the needless brutality of Admetus.

In the last scene a very pretty bit of business deserves to be noted. When Herakles has persuaded Admetus, who, we like to think, is now honestly contrite and thoroughly realises his own meanness, to take the veiled lady into his house as an act of kindness to a friend, and the veil is withdrawn from her face, the husband holds aloof, incredulous, and, it may be, conscious of his small desert; but the children, who have nothing to reproach themselves with, run forward, undismayed, and clasp their recovered mother without a moment's hesitation.

The short part of the boy Eumelus, it may be said, was excellently done by the boy to whom it was allotted. We have said nothing about Mr. Wood-Hill's Alcestis. Of course no lad of eighteen or so can really throw himself into the part of a dying wife and mother; it is a task which would baffle all but the very greatest actresses. But, within his means, Mr. Wood-Hill did as much as could fairly be required. His chief fault was that at one point he moved with rather more energy than was quite consistent with the character of a person at the point of death; but when he came to the actual death-scene he played it with a quiet dignity which was all that one had a right to expect.

A. J. BUTLER.





THE DEATH OF ALCESTIS.



THE "ALCESTIS" OF EURIPIDES AT BRADFIELD COLLEGE. THE CHORUS. PHOTOS BY HILLS & SAUNDERS, OXFORD.



BY a careful study of Gustave Flaubert's books and letters, Mr. Tarver has produced a very readable and discriminating essay on the genius and character of that great writer. Flaubert was not of much account to his immediate contemporaries, to Maxime Ducamp, for instance, who tells some entertaining tales of him, or to the brothers Goncourt, who sneered at his literary method. In the Goncourt Journal you find a jest about Flaubert, because he raved at the discovery of a "double genitive" in his style. Ducamp seems to have been less impressed by Flaubert's talent than by his predilection for practical jokes. On one occasion, when Ducamp lay ill in bed, he heard a strange sound on the stairs. Presently the door was burst open, and in came Flaubert accompanied by a sheep with five legs. He thought this monstrosity, which he had picked up at a fair, would be a pleasant surprise to his old comrade. Ducamp relates how Flaubert's friends found him a story for his first and most famous book, "Madame Bovary," on which he spent six years of constant toil. Mr. Tarver says that Ducamp never understood the real character of that masterpiece, and entirely miscalculated the value of the material which set Flaubert about his task. "Madame Bovary" is a satire on vice, a satire which strips from immorality every shred of romance; and that Flaubert should have been subjected to a prosecution in the interests of morality and religion, a prosecution instigated by the most corrupt influences of the Second Empire, was a stroke of irony which surpassed the book itself.

Flaubert's letters do not disclose an intellect of the most philosophical cast, for he was before all things an artist. His views about the supernatural sanction of morality are not so interesting as his struggles amidst the torments imposed by his own style. "What a quaint mania it is," he says, "to pass one's life wearing oneself out over words, and sweating all day long over arranging sentences; there are occasions, it is true, when one rejoices hugely, but this pleasure is bought at the cost of how much discouragement and bitterness!" There is no suggestion of this anguish in Flaubert's books, except, perhaps, in "Salammbô"; and in "L'Education Sentimentale," a novel which is little read, there is a positive ease of narration. If the Second Empire had little reason to love Flaubert, the Republic had even less, for the elements which made the revolution of 1848, especially the vague inflammatory sentiment of the Parisian students, are described in "L'Education Sentimentale" with a piercing observation. Flaubert had an uncompromising vision for the real proportions of things, and it may have been this which led him to introduce the sheep with five legs into the bedroom of Ducamp, who failed to see the point of the joke. As for the style which cost such agony, it attains its greatest effects in the best work of Maupassant, who was Flaubert's

pupil, and who served an apprenticeship of seven years before he was allowed to publish a line. Maupassant wrote nothing equal to "Madame Bovary," but he surpassed his master in variety; and the unfailing dexterity of his hand is stamped upon so many phases of life that it is difficult to face any actual dilemma without recalling an apposite illustration from his writings.

Historians of the French Revolution are pretty well agreed that Barras was a monumental liar. His Memoirs do not discourage that conviction, but they are none the less a valuable contribution to the philosophy of keeping your head on during the sanguinary caprice of a reign of terror. The story of Robespierre is intensely dramatic in these pages. Nothing I have ever read gives so vivid an idea of the fright inspired by this extraordinary man, as the anecdote of the delegate in the Convention, who happened to put his hand to his head, but quickly withdrew it when he found Robespierre's eye upon him, lest he should be supposed by the dreaded despot to be "thinking of something." Barras had no love for Napoleon, and his venom against a greater man touches the lowest deep of meanness in the chapter about Josephine. While professing his devotion to the principles of chivalry, Barras contrived to suggest infamies against Josephine solely for the purpose of degrading Bonaparte. The story of Bonaparte's wooing has been told by Frédéric Masson with at least a more plausible semblance of truth. There was no sentiment on Josephine's side, but a genuine passion in her "little General," who can have had no conception at that time of her incapacity for fidelity. Barras represents him as consenting to unspeakable indignity for the sake of advancement at the hands of a powerful member of the Directory. Spite of that kind does not injure Napoleon's memory, but it gives unquestionable piquancy to memoirs. Perhaps it is safe to assume that everybody who ever wrote memoirs lied more or less. Barras lied more, but he can easily be forgiven for the sake of his portraits, which, if not strictly accurate, are marvellously graphic. There is a description of Fouquier-Tinville, probably the most bloodthirsty of the Terrorists, throwing off the cruelty which had become a routine, and exhibiting a genuine satisfaction in striking names from the list of condemned. He was bored by blood, and found quite a relish in mercy! It is in these extraordinary personal contrasts that the real interest of the Barras Memoirs lies, rather than in any serious contribution to our political knowledge.

L. F. AUSTIN.

"Gustave Flaubert." By John Charles Tarver. A. Constable & Co.

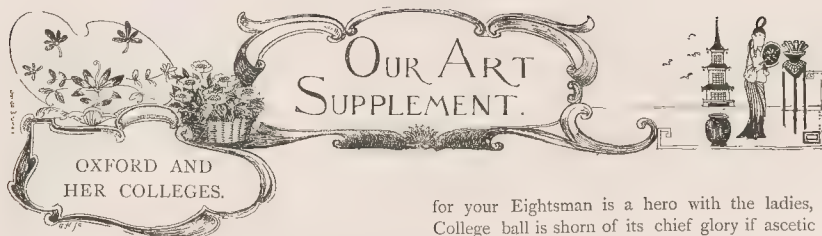
"Memoirs of Barras," Vols. I. and II. Edited by George Duruy. Translated by C. E. Roche. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.



MR. BARRY PAIN.  
PHOTO BY RUS-  
SELL & SONS.

Commenced his career in literature while a Cambridge undergraduate by contributing to The Granta. Continued to write short and amusing essays during the period when he was tutor at a school at Guildford. His first book was "In a Canadian Canoe," followed by "Playthings and Parodies," and a serial story for Chums. For The Idler and Black and White he has written much; in the latter his "In the Smoking Room" has attained popularity. He married Miss Lehmann, and, like her brother, has amused readers of Punch.





OXFORD AND  
HER COLLEGES.

THIS week *The Album* celebrates the Oxford Festival of Commemoration by presenting its readers with a Supplement consisting of views of "the City of Dreaming Spires." A brief foreword may be desirable as to the method followed in selection. To give a really representative series of Oxford views within the space of our Supplement would be impossible. Choice has, therefore, fallen on some of her external aspects only.

The result, with this one limitation, recalls many such glimpses as must make even the most casual of visitors less forlorn. The summer term affords not the most appropriate of seasons for the exploration of the more antiquarian interests of the place. The average Eights-week or Commemoration visitor has no time to pause before memories enshrined in sculptured rearedos or richly-tinted window. A more leisured opportunity is necessary for a right appreciation of such beauties—a golden October day, perhaps, when the Virginia creeper swatches the venerable walls in its crimson mantle; or a wind-swept day in early spring. But, for the nonce, it is midsummer, and the average sensuous man is content to enjoy the mere external magic of the place, of its rivers, its gardens, and gallant walks, with their wealth of fresh, cool greenery. To the lover of Oxford, the summer term is indeed a procession of delights—a veritable golden pomp, ushered in by the old-world grace of the Eucharistic Hymn and its quaint May-day morning ceremonial on Magdalen Tower. It is then that comes in the sweet o' the year for all who

"... know what white, what purple fritillaries,  
The grassy harvest of the river fields,  
Above by Ensham, down by Sandford yields,  
And what sedged brooks are Thames's tributaries."

Then, too, the nightingale sings in Bagley Wood, and the whole world's heart is uplifted. The summer term, indeed, provides for the tastes of all sorts and conditions of undergraduates. The fine frenzy of the Football field is for a time gone after the snows of yester-year, and the O.U.D.S. has ceased its mumming for a space, but the more strenuous spirits find solace in Cricket, Tennis, or the River, and the lazier ones can idle to their hearts' content while the trail of the picnic is over the land. The joys of Eights-week and Commemoration are perhaps a trifle garish, but they are joys nevertheless. They are not exactly academic, but they are charmingly undergraduate and perennially youthful. At one time there was threatened an unnecessary rivalry between these two seasons of entertainment. There have been those who have wanted to merge the two into one—to put the College balls in Eights-week or the Eights in "Commem." This would indeed have been to eclipse the gaiety of nations,

for your Eightsman is a hero with the ladies, and your College ball is shorn of its chief glory if ascetic ideals are keeping him in training. Moreover, many a care-worn scholar and anxious pass-man has to spend the term beneath the sombre shadow of imminent "Schools." Not for such, before the term is over, are the flutter of chiffon, the *dolce far niente* of the Cherwell, the rhythmic movement of the waltz, or the perils of lobster salad. Besides, the summer term is all too short: laugh while he may, man hath no long delight, and the better part is surely "to peiseth the time, to eke it, and to draw it out" by renewing the pleasures of Eights-week with a difference at the end of the term. The programme for this year's Commemoration is not lacking in attractions. Monday sees the Masonic Ball, Oriol College Ball, and the small dance in which Wadham indulges for the sake, apparently, of a yearly reiteration with no enforced interval. Tuesday is fixed for Magdalen, Worcester, and Exeter College Balls, and Wednesday is reserved for Vincent's. The Flower Show will be held at Trinity, and the Masonic Fête in Worcester College Gardens, which have already been occupied by the usual Pastoral Plays. As for the *Encania*, one may safely conjecture that the earlier part of the "Commemoration of Founders" will be celebrated to the accompaniment of the melody which is associated with hair of a certain tint and of a pendulous habit. Yet perhaps it is rash to prophesy. The musical undergraduate is ever fickle.

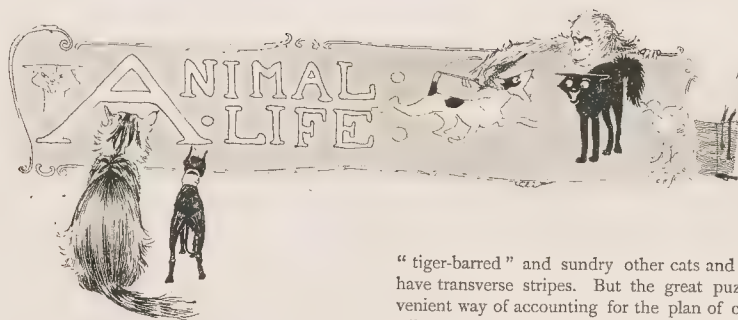
Space forbids any detailed account of the many colleges represented in *The Album* Supplement, but as the Sheldonian Theatre is the scene of the ceremony from which Commemoration takes its name, some mention of its associations may not be out of place. The building was given to the University by Gilbert Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury, shortly after the Restoration. The yearly ceremony, in Commemoration of Founders and Benefactors of the University, had previously taken place in St. Mary's Church, where it must have been somewhat less uproarious in character. In the mere nature of things there seems to be no definite reason why the reading of the year's prize poems and essays, the conferring of honorary degrees, and the Commemoration of deceased members of the University should be the occasion of such merciless chaffing of all the powers that be, from the Vice-Chancellor downwards, by the youthful blood. The custom, however, is probably a survival of the license granted to a recognised buffoon in bygone times. Evelyn records the excessive indulgence shown to such clowning which on occasion became offensive.

Modern undergraduate banter, on the other hand, is essentially good-humoured and shocks no one save a stray foreign visitor or two. Perhaps the best description of these yearly scenes is that given by a witty American writer, who has summed up the situation as having its nearest counterpart in some still unwritten opera by Mr. W. S. Gilbert.



MISS MARGUERITE MACINTYRE.  
PHOTO BY WALERY.

*Is a daughter of General Macintyre. First studied music at Dr. Wyld's branch of the London Academy of Music at Brighton; then went to Signor Garcia at the London Academy, and won the bronze medal in 1883, the silver medal in 1884, and the gold medal in 1885, receiving the next year the diploma of associate. Her debut was in July, 1885, in a performance at St. George's Hall, of "La Nozze de Figaro." Sang the soprano soli in "St. Elizabeth" before its composer, Dr. Liszt. Had further vocal instruction from Mesdames Valle and Leclercq. Sang with great success as Michaela at the Royal Italian Opera, on May 15, 1888, and subsequently appeared at the Royal English Opera House in "Ivanhoe." Sang at the Handel Festival, 1891. Has been prima donna at La Scala, Milan, for eighteen months.*



THE WILD ASS.

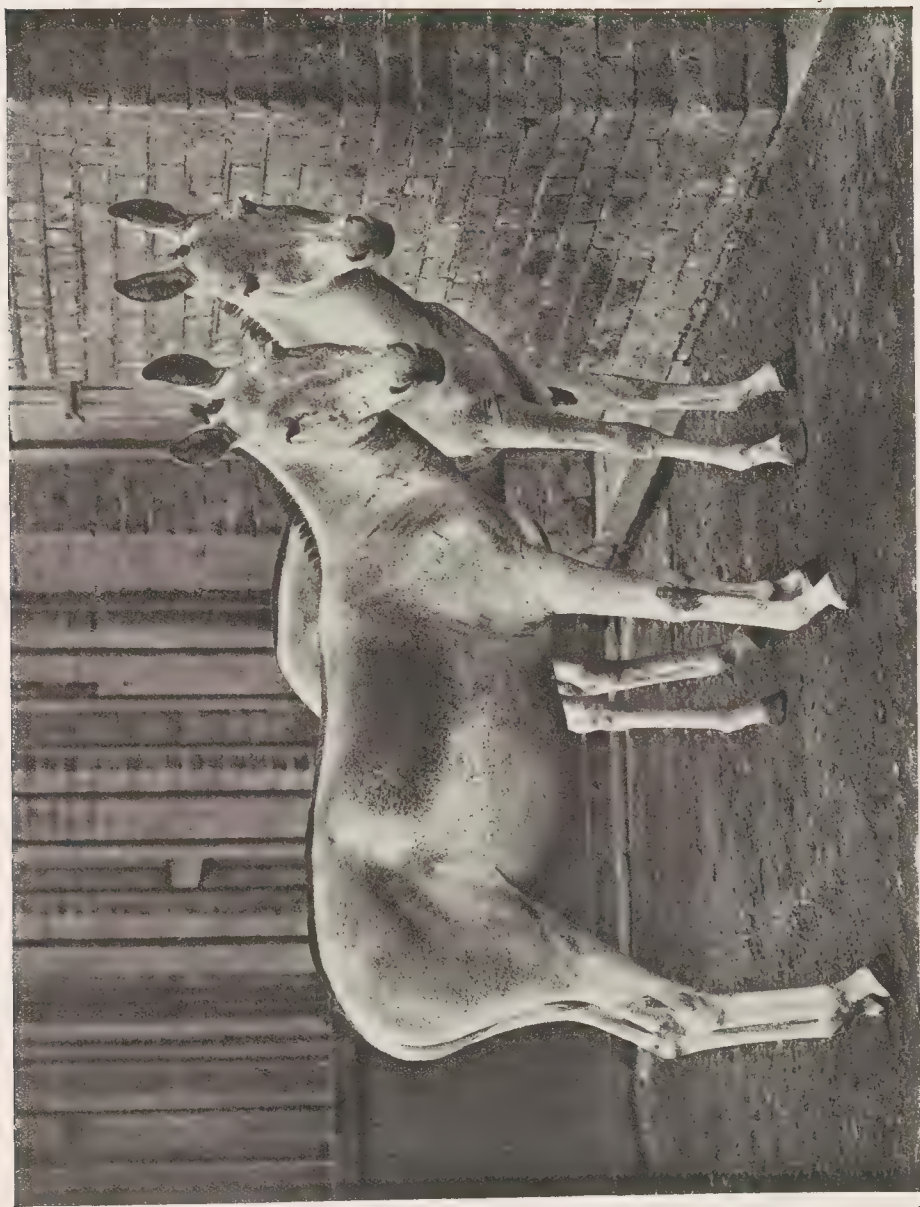
THE asses and the zebras form a remarkable series of gradations in colour. The animal which forms the subject of our illustration, the Asiatic wild ass, is self-coloured without the faintest trace of any striping; a uniform tawny grey tints it throughout, except upon the mane and in a few other places where the colour changes to black. Occasionally, the onager has a cross stripe upon the shoulder; this, however, is rare, but is the rule with the African wild ass, the parent of our domesticated Neddy. Mr. Slater, the well-known Secretary of the Zoological Society, brought before a meeting of that Society some ten years ago a remarkable skin of an African wild ass from Somali land, in which the cross stripe upon the shoulder was not present, but both pairs of legs were copiously marked with transverse bands of black. The next stage is offered by the nearly, if not absolutely, extinct quagga; in this rare animal the head, neck, and shoulders are as plentifully striped as the same parts of the body in a zebra, but the hind-quarters and the legs are devoid of black markings altogether. The so-called Burchell's zebra, of which there are specimens in the Zoological Gardens at the moment of writing, are a step forwards; but the common, or mountain, zebra (really rarer—at least, in menageries—than Burchell's zebra), has much more abundant as well as darker bands; finally, we have a newish species of zebra, not very well known at present, which was called in honour of one of the recent presidents of the French Republic—Grevy's zebra, in which the striping is carried to the maximum. This is a very curious state of affairs. Mr. Francis Galton and others have commented upon the unexpected fact that the apparently conspicuous zebra is in a state of nature not by any means so obvious to the view as would seem to be necessary from the sharp contrasts of its colours. Standing in tall grass, the downward stripes harmonise in direction with the herbage, and the result is a large degree of "protective" colouration.

On the other hand the "desert-coloured" onager, like the lion, harmonises in tints with an arid plain upon which it is often to be found. This particular harmony of nature is more frequent than the other. The asp of Cleopatra, the tawny antelope and the little jumping mice are a few out of many possible examples of animals which have a tone of colour identical, or nearly so, with their surroundings. But the tall grass of tropical countries does not seem to have, as it were, left so marked an imprint upon its inhabitants. The

"tiger-barred" and sundry other cats and a few antelopes have transverse stripes. But the great puzzle to this convenient way of accounting for the plan of colour of the ass tribe and of many other animals is obstructed by a consideration of the fact that in this group, as in so many others, there are transitions. The quagga reminds one of the ingenious Japanese mermaid, which was constructed out of the fore-quarters of a monkey neatly glued on to the tail of a salmon; for it has the fore-quarters of a zebra, and the hind-quarters of a plain donkey. On the other hand, the undoubted fact that if it is not actually extinct it is well on the road thither, tells in favour of the fatal effects of stopping at the half-way house. To some naturalists, however, the harmony of colour and environment is not so impressive as it is to others; they seek to discern a progressive development of colour, starting from longitudinal stripes and going through spots to transverse stripes and thence to uniform colour. It is certainly a fact that many self-coloured animals have young which are striped or spotted; the purely desert-coloured puma of America produces kittens which are as spotted as any pard. In this case the onager is at the top of the tree in the donkey line, the final product of nature so far as the present inhabitants of the world are concerned. Whatever may be ultimately decided in this matter, it is abundantly clear that the onager compares favourably with other donkeys in strength and character; it is so fertile and abundant that it has differentiated itself into at least three races, which many regard as even distinct species. We have first the onager, secondly the hemippe, and thirdly the kiang (termed in technical language *Equus hemionus*). A specimen of the onager, not one of those now in the Zoological Gardens, was captured by a gentleman after over three hours of an exciting chase; during this period he estimated that forty miles were traversed by himself and two horses, ridden one after the other. Mr. Tegetmeier, however, in his recently-published work, "Horses, Asses, Zebras and Mules," casts a slur upon the supposed endurance and speed of the animal; he quotes from the sporting proclivities of an Indian Rajah, whose chief amusement was to run down onagers, facts to the effect that the beast can be run down with one horse in the appropriately-named Runn of Cutch, where the onager abounds. His Highness the Rajah thought that twenty-five miles was the outside of the distance traversed in such a chase. The variety called the kiang is not so well known as the others; what is known of it is largely its disfavour with the sportsman; it has, like some antelopes, an unbounded curiosity, which causes it to interfere sadly with anyone who is carefully stalking some shy game. No advantage is to be got by revenging oneself upon the ass, for it is quite worthless when dead.

F. E. BEDDARD.





ONAGERS—ASIATIC WILD ASSES.  
PHOTO BY MR. GAMBIER BOL-  
TON, F.Z.S.



## A WAITING GAME.

By B. A. CLARKE.

WHY I should have told my troubles to the waitress at the Pure Bread Shop, I cannot think. The men at the office would have derived more amusement from the recital, and the Rev. Flood Hebditch, who had established fatherly relations with every young man in his congregation, would have been more prodigal of advice. It was partly, no doubt, the force of example that sent me to the damsel who waits upon me at lunch. What a wealth of confidence I had seen entrusted to the same keeping! Brainy lads described to the Pure Bread girl the symptoms of their intellectual complaints. Grave men, who in the ordinary way regarded female attendance with suspicion, called this waitress "Maud," and kept her posted in the details of their good works. Married customers brought up photographs of their children, and bachelors portraits of their sister's friends. On this particular occasion the attendant's sympathy was deficient. She hummed unconcernedly in the middle of a most moving episode, and my feelings towards Miss Gwendoline Richards (I think Gwendoline is the name), were analysed to an accompaniment of rattling plates.

"Is her father then so very well off?" she enquired, when I had finished.

"He is a deacon," I replied, gloomily

"And you?"

"Philanthropists shake hands with me without waiting to be introduced," I answered.

The Pure Bread girl came a step nearer.

"I did not know it was so bad as that," she said, compassionately.

"It's only the father," I groaned, "the other obstacles could be overcome."

"And the rivals?"

"There are scores," I said magnificently, "but——"

"You have confidence in her good taste?"

"It sounds conceited, of course, making so certain, but you should see how Miss Richards lights up when I appear at the week-night services, and she presses my hand, coming out of chapel."

"As the other philanthropists do?"

"Certainly not," I replied, angrily.

The suggestion was disquieting. It was a fact, now I came to think of it, that the most marked pressures had followed services evangelical in tone.

"You question her love for me," said I, "because you can't credit a rich girl with the pluck to show preference for a poor man."

"Pooh," said the waitress. "Poverty to her is a part of speech. It's a hundred times braver for one of us to be unmercenary, and you don't give that a thought."

"So far I have not had occasion," I remonstrated, mildly.

"And never will," she said, turning away. It was evident that she was put out. "If you really wish to succeed,"

she said, when she made out my bill, "you must show the father that you have him under your thumb."

I laughed. Mr. Richards is a stout man. The picture called up was irresistible.

"He will bluster at first," she said; "but when he sees that you know everything he will come to you upon his knees."

"Why he should adopt such a method of locomotion I cannot conceive."

The Pure Bread girl made a gesture of impatience.

"Of course he has done something he wouldn't have made public for the world."

"Capital!" said I. "And the crime?"

"You will make it your business to find out."

I groaned. The deacon was one of the best men in our body. He saw harm and moral danger in nearly everything.

"I am afraid it is no go."

The Pure Bread girl puckered up her brow.

"There was a gentleman," she said, "who went to the same chapel as my uncle. He was a very good man most of the year, and gave out the hymns, but went to music halls when he was at the seaside. It led to his having to resign his church membership."

I shook my head.

"Mr. Richards wouldn't be guilty of a thing like that."

"There's his business then to be looked into. He is very rich. Some, at least, of the money will have been acquired by fraud."

"Your optimism misleads you," said I, "besides he would never allow himself to be found out."

"You have no enterprise," said the attendant. "Your great man could be mastered in a week."

"Why not undertake the job yourself," I suggested, "and date from to-day?"

A light came into the brown eyes. A spring of mischief bubbled up from below.

"Agreed," she said, after a moment's hesitancy, "you can act as timekeeper, and 'The Independent Mutual Assurance and Investment Company, Unlimited,' will witness the start."

"An excellent corporation," said I. "Mr. Richards is Chairman, and the dividend ten per cent. How it enters into this affair, though, I cannot see."

The Pure Bread girl dived into her pocket, and reappeared with an embossed card.

"The boy who blushes," she said,—"he lunches at the counter, to avoid having to give orders,—sent it me by post. He is employed at the I.M.A., and the Directors hold a reception to-night at the Strand Hotel. Every clerk has been invited, and given a card for a member of his family; but the juniors have distributed theirs where they go for lunch. The boy wanted to take me as his sister. I hadn't the heart to say no. He was so convinced that he was proposing something magnificently wrong."

"I'd give something to see you," said I.

"Why don't you come?" she said eagerly. "Get there after the presentation, and don't make yourself too conspicuous, and no one will know."

"It sounds feasible," I replied; and an hour after the time upon the invitation, I entered the Hotel. The Directors occupied a temporary platform at the end of the ball-room, and the guests faced them in straight formal rows. My arrival was timed to a nicety. Mr. Richards had just sat down. A clean-shaven secretary was reading a



financial summary, and tossing millions about with refreshing unconcern. The business part of the evening's programme came speedily to an end. The Directors descended from their elevation and wrung strangers and old friends impartially by the hand. A string band entered the orchestra, and to its strains the company promenaded with such freedom as the condition of the room allowed. The scene was very interesting. Golden Grain, Spread Eagle, Aerated girls jostled one another at every turn. The Directors walked about expansive and unsuspicious. The Pure Bread girl, whose manner towards her escort was a charming mixture of reserve and sisterly solicitude, was the belle of the evening. The eagerness to be presented to her was extraordinary. She held quite a levee. There could be no questioning it—the frock was a great success. Here was a detail in which my imagination had been at fault. It had never shown me the maiden otherwise than as she appeared in the shop. There was one day-dream I called to mind, in which the waitress, capped and aproned, had been presented to a family gathering as my chosen wife. I remembered feeling pleased with myself for remaining proud of my *fiancé*, despite my aunts' stares. If these fancies were to be renewed, which was not likely, the picture would have to be altered. Magnanimity was not called for. I came away before the gathering showed signs of breaking up. My last glimpse revealed Mr. Richards in what had all the appearance of being a dangerous flirtation. He was sitting very close beside the Pure Bread girl, and his animation convinced me that he was talking about himself.

"Well," said I, the following morning, "and how goes the great plot? To what undeaconly crime have you obtained the clue?"

The Pure Bread girl shook her head. "Your father-in-law has no faults. He as good as told me so himself."

"I never imagined for an instant," I began, but the waitress cut me short.

"What do people call me?" she enquired, irrelevantly.

"I have heard the Christian name," I replied.

"No, but amongst themselves. How should I be referred to?"

"They might use a diminutive," I admitted, reluctantly.

"Silly! I mean my occupation, wouldn't it be classed with that of girls who serve behind the bar?"

"Possibly," I replied. "In the way of inaccuracy, the common speech is capable of a good deal."

"Would it cause comment in your body for a deacon to be met escorting a barmaid?"

"He had better be seen at your seaside music-hall," I answered. "But why?"

"Only that Mr. Richards takes me this evening to see some curios at the Foreign Mission House in Berners Street. I thought you might meet us on our way there and raise your hat. Afterwards, when Mr. Richards learned what I was, he would be careful to keep you upon his side."

"By Jove!" I exclaimed. The waitress's schemings had seemed purely fantastical. If carried out, this last plan would certainly rob the interview with the stern parent of some of its terror. Making appointments with a barmaid—the offence had a dreadful sound.

I met the couple that evening in Cheapside. Mr. Richards, a trifle more brushed up than I had ever seen him, acknowledged my salute with his customary genial

indifference; but the Pure Bread girl took no notice at all.

I spent the remainder of the evening unprofitably, in pedestrian exercise up and down my room. Unable to settle to anything I retired early, and, as a natural consequence, got no sleep. The spruceness of Mr. Richards, and the Pure Bread girl's coldness (diplomatic coldness, I assured myself a thousand times), worried me all night.

I took my lunch early the following day, in order to have the attendant to myself.

"And how did the expedition go off?" I enquired.

"Oh, splendidly! I was shown a shark's tooth necklace, and——"

"Never mind the curiosities," I said, "tell me about Mr. Richards."

"Oh, he was very kind."

"I didn't mention to you, did I, that Mr. Richards was a widower?"

"No; but *he* did, and more than once. He told me that I was the only person he had ever felt he could confide in."

"He called you dear?"

"He made himself very pleasant."

"I suppose you are going to marry the youth," said I. My temper was certainly gone.

"I am sure I shan't—unless he asks me. Possibly not then."

I tried to repeat some of the things that had come to me in the night, on the dignity of simple living, and what a poor bargain position was in exchange for self-respect; but the Pure Bread girl looked at me steadily, and I broke down.

"I have been an awful snob, Maud," I said, deprecatingly.

It was rather a relief that a beckoning from the boy who lunches at the counter called the waitress away. I could see that he had some bad news to communicate. I learned a minute or two later what the trouble was. Mr. Richards had invited the boy and his sister to a dinner party the following week.

"Well," said I, "you have got your *protégé* into a nice corner. He has to choose between declining Mr. Richards' further acquaintance (a junior snubbing his chief) and introducing an impostor into his employer's circle. Either course will probably end in his getting the sack."

The waitress was full of self-reproach.

"The only hope for the lad that I can see is for us to destroy Mr. Richards' interest in you at once."

I explained how this could be done. The Pure Bread girl raised objections to the plan; but just when I was upon the very point of despair she gave way.

"Rather a sudden change in your sentiments, isn't it?" she enquired, when our compact had been duly ratified.

"Your own have not been immutable," I replied. "It was only yesterday that you were plotting to destroy the one serious obstacle to my alliance with Miss Gwendoline Richards. You would scarcely have troubled to smooth my path in that direction...."

"If I had not wished your choice to be quite free. Besides, I knew from the beginning that you would come to me."

"I suppose we have been pretty obvious," I replied, and the sympathetic grins the other young ladies bestowed upon me when I left the shop, convinced me that this had been the case.





### BENTLEY PRIORY.

IT is the fashion amongst Londoners to ignore the many scenic beauties of the home county of Middlesex, their chief idea being to rush hastily through the midst of them on their journey to more distant destinations. Yet Middlesex boasts many a stretch of picturesque country side, undulating and well-timbered, especially on its North-western border towards Hertfordshire. Bentley Priory lies near Great Stanmore, which, in early times, was a manor included in the forest of Middlesex. At the time of the Norman Conquest this manor was held by the Earls of Moreton. It was taken from them by the first Henry, and, after changing owners several times, it passed, some years ago into the possession of Sir John Kelk, the owner of Bentley Priory. This mansion as it stands to-day is said to cover the site of an ancient priory, of which history tells but little—though it would seem to have been of some importance before the dissolution of the monastic houses under Henry VIII. In 1543 Henry is recorded to have received from Cranmer, in exchange for other property, the Priory of Bentley with all lands belonging thereunto in Harrow and Stanmore. The King granted this estate to Harry Needham and William Sacheverel, from whom it passed to a certain Elizabeth Cole. In the next century it was possessed by the family of Coghill. After changing hands yet twice more, it was bought in 1788 by the first Marquis of Abercorn, who made great additions to the house. Lord Abercorn made Bentley Priory one of the chief centres of the fashion and intellect of the day. The

Duke of Wellington, Pitt, Canning, Sir Walter Scott, and Samuel Rogers were some among the frequent visitors to the house. During the reigns of George III. and the Regency, Bentley Priory formed a constant place of rendezvous for the Tory Party, and is connected with much of the political correspondence of the day. Here George IV. came, during the regency, with the King of Prussia to meet Louis XVIII. In 1848 Bentley was leased by Queen Adelaide, who died there in the following year. It was subsequently bought by Sir John Kelk, the well-known railway engineer, but it is now once more in the

market, and will be sold on June 25th by Messrs. Debenham, Tewson & Co.

The house stands in beautifully-timbered grounds, through which it is approached by different drives from Stanmore, Harrow, and Watford. The structure itself, after the many additions and alterations which it has undergone, resembles the Italian pattern in general effect. One of the chief glories of the place is a beautiful Italian garden, with wide terraces and yew-begirt



BENTLEY PRIORY. THE TERRACE.  
PHOTO BY VERNON HEATH.

parterres and lawns. This lies on the south front, and beyond it a lawn slopes gently to the deer park and the lake.

In one of the summer-houses in the grounds, Sir Walter Scott spent his mornings in writing, when a guest at the house, and in another Samuel Rogers wrote part of his "Pleasures of Memory." Yet another arbour, which is approached through a garden planted with cedars, is known as "Queen Adelaide's Bower." There is an old-world stateliness about these gardens, which makes the visitor forget the bustling present and the nearness of London, and when his day-dreams are broken by departure, he takes with him a fine sense of ancient peace.



BENTLEY PRIORY. THE SOUTH FRONT  
FROM THE PARK. PHOTO BY VERNON  
HEATH.



BENTLEY PRIORY. THE LAKE FROM THE  
SOUTH. PHOTO BY VERNON HEATH.





# 'FAIR CHILDREN' AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES.

THE public have flocked to the Fair Children Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries, and I, like other sheep, spent a June afternoon there. I looked, I listened, I reflected, and, when I came away, a little doubt crept into my mind as to whether such an exhibition could ever be quite successful. The charm of the child is its artlessness, its frank joy, and its franker sorrow—in a word, its innocence. Place this bundle of unconsidered impulses before an easel with a grown, grave man (Velasquez, for instance), watching every movement of its slight limbs, and every intelligent flicker that crosses its face, and the free animal becomes too often either a self-conscious little prig, or sad and civil, like Malvolio. Delightful as Lawrence's "Master Charles Lambton" is, could you ask for a better example of a boy-prig? and for youthful melancholy there are the four children of Catherine de Medicis facing you in the first room

A mother of kings, indeed! But how sad, how austere are these children of hers, with their yellow legs and grave faces, as if the weight of kingdoms were already pressing upon their young brows. Pick them where you like, the children of the elder painters are always grave—"Don Balthazar Carlos, of Spain," by Velasquez; "Edward VI.," by Holbein; or that daughter of Charles I., who died an infant, but not before she had been painted by Van Dyck. No, the child in art is interesting, but not gay.

The Grafton Galleries are not unlike Gower Street. You begin at one end, and you persevere till you come out at the other; and as, in Gower Street, you notice as you walk pretty things and ugly things, and things quaint and things fantastic, and things you have seen before, so it is at the Grafton Galleries. "Bubbles" is there, for instance, and that proud, imperious little woman whom we know as Miss Lawson; and Mr. Calderon's "Captain of the Eleven," who looks better in black and white than he does in the picture; and "Mabel," by Mr. Gregory, who set the fashion in black stockings as regards picture-land; and Mr. Shannon's "Diana," with the fairest of fair hair and the bluest of blue eyes, who might have walked straight out of fairy-land, and that gorgeous "Beppino" of Mr. Carolus Duran's, looking for all the world like a Cardinal. Neither does one miss the incomparable Miss Linley by the incomparable Gainsborough. How easily one could have made love to her when she had put away childish things. Greuze I'm tired of, and Murillo is like soda and milk on a winter's day.

Johann Zoffany, R.A., was not a great painter; No. 143 is his. It's called "Queen Charlotte, with George, Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.), and Frederick, the Duke of York, Bishop of Osnaburgh." The picture might be exhibited to show how a portrait group should not be painted. I am not quite sure which of the boys is George

IV., and which the Bishop of Osnaburgh; but look at the boy with the bow. Did Zoffany ever dare show his face against Court after that? Another Z, that Zuccherro, who died in 1609, had a nice feeling for colour, but he was before his time. His Queen Elizabeth at three ages in three green dresses, and holding three white and yellow fans, might have been shown for the first time at the Grosvenor Gallery.

It was soon after that I made a discovery, which may interest impressionist painters. There is a picture by Sir John Millais on the walls called "An Idyll, 1745," painted somewhat in his pre-Raphaelite manner; for example—the buttons on the soldier's tunic are buttons, you can count the blades of grass, and when the characters laugh you observe that the interstices between their teeth are plainly indicated, and so on. To this picture approached a garrulous and somewhat overbearing uncle, followed by a tribe of weary young relations in jackets of wear-resisting homespun. Then his eyes brightened:—"Ah, look here" he said, "beau-ti-fully finished. They can't get that finish now."

I almost think that the nicest kind of art criticism is that produced by middle-aged comfortable-looking ladies, who are old enough to appreciate the company of their own sex, and not too old to wear cloth boots. They know what they like at once, and they never want to be told anything at all about values, or atmosphere, or aerial perspective, or that blessed word, *chiaroscuro*. Of Van Dyck's Lady Henrietta Maria Stanley, at nine months ("My deare wife at nine months," wrote Lord Strafford), one said immediately and with conviction—"This is a duck." Her companion, more cautious, remarked "What a sweet thing." Before No. 92 "Child in a Blue Dress," they cried in unison "Oh, what a fright."

For myself (I hope it does not sound superior), I found that I came back again, and again, and again, to one portrait, and that an ugly child. I do not think it can be superior to praise this picture at the present, for we move so quickly nowadays, that to admire Whistler is, I suppose, somewhat old-fashioned. It's like saying that the Book of Job is well written or that Mr. Gladstone has a good digestion. But the truth must be told. I came back to her again and again, back to this cool grey-green ugly child—so dignified, so friendly, so welcome. And I sat before it, and stared at it all over, from the square-toed shoes to the plain mouth and the thin hair, asking myself why? What does it mean to you? Why is it wonderful? Why is it the picture for your money? The answer was on the tip of my tongue, when the two old ladies, hot from the trail of Mr. Sant's "Broken Daisy Chain," came along. "No. 207, Miss Alexander, by James McNeil Whistler," said one, and the other replied, "Did you ever see such a thing?"

You will live it down, my dear.

L. H.





H.R.H. THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE,  
H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF FIFE, H.R.H.  
THE DUKE OF YORK, AS CHILDREN.  
FROM THE PICTURE BY CARL BAUERLE,  
NOW ON VIEW AT THE GRAFTON GAL-  
LERIES. REPRODUCED BY KIND PERMIS-  
SION OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.



IT was a lazily hot day, but at last I made up my mind to go out, and, when I started, told my husband I was going to see Druce's. He dropped his paper, and gravely said: "My dear, Druce's average is better than Grace's—I don't mean yours—and he's just made 116 against Dublin University; you'll find him most interesting." Men are strange creatures; for years the dear fellow has not touched bat or ball, and yet the first thing that he looks at in the paper is the cricket intelligence; and I believe that he would rather sit through a performance of "The Lady of Lyons" than hear that Lancashire had lost a match. When I got to Druce's to see their pewters and coppers that a friend had raved about—it sounds, I know, like drink pots and washing tubs, but I really mean old, soft metal decorative utensils I discovered that there was no one prepared to show me everything in five minutes, so I hastened out and went over to—I won't give the exact address, but the place is close—and had a chat and cup of tea with my dear Miss Elizabeth Robins, one of the most charming women and brilliant actresses I know, and came back an hour after, delighted with the chat and refreshed by the tea.

I am bound to say that, when I got to the place, I was fascinated by the display in the window. What a wonderful art is that of window dressing! I should like to write an article on the far-reaching subject far-reaching, since window-dressing runs through the whole gamut of human life. It is the people with "well-dressed windows" that get on in the world. Dress the windows well, and few people will ever ask what is in the cellars. To think that the philosopher could reduce the whole human scheme of the world to a mere question of window-dressing!

However, as I had come to see pots and pans, I came to the conclusion that I could do my moralising as well at home as standing in Baker Street, so I walked in and a few minutes later the philosopher was merged in the *oniomania*, for really Messrs. Druce have very fine specimens of old copper and pewter work at prices almost as low as we paid to the unsophisticated Brittany and Flemish peasant for some of our most cherished *souvenirs de voyage*. An antique round bread oven in copper delighted me—it is about the size of a large bread pan and has a handsome *repoussé* cover attached by hinges; it would do splendidly for coals or waste paper, since it was not invented for the indispensable "Hovis."

Another quaint piece, an old copper salt cup with a fascinating lid, might be fixed to the wall and would be charming for tobacco, the tolerance of which is the firmest bond between husband and wife.

In the same room is an excellent collection of oak furniture. The modern work shown is so good that Messrs. Druce have not feared comparison with the past, and side by side one may see 17th century boldly carved, deep-toned furniture, polished with the inimitable elbow grease that our

ancestresses had the knack of extracting from their domestics' arms, and copies of old pieces, so good in workmanship and finish that, except for the mellowness that time alone can give, they are equal in appearance to their older neighbours.

Among the modern furniture was a carved monk's bench, which seemed to me an ingenious idea for a hall; in the box beneath the seat may be placed carriage rugs—and also umbrellas that one is desirous of saving from change of home and proprietor—and the back can in a moment be let down to form a table to serve as an extra *dressoir* outside the dining room door. Further on is a room full of old Dutch furniture, some of which is very pleasing, though occasionally even in valuable old pieces the marqueterie is so florid and badly finished, and the colouring of the veneers so crude and gaudy, that one takes a dislike to the style on account of the meretricious ornamentation that has brought much of the furniture of Amsterdam and other Dutch cities into ill repute. However, a *commode* *écritoire*, unusually fine in design and finish, reconciled me to a style that has much to charm the eye, and some quaint high-backed marqueterie chairs were really delightful.

Among the many beautiful things that Messrs. Druce have collected, I noticed a remarkably fine example of First Empire work in the shape of a mahogany sideboard, the rich colour of the wood serving as an admirable background to the beautifully-chiselled gilt mounts, of course classical in character. A sarcophagus—successor to the simpler cellarette of Sheraton's time—was elaborately decorated and filled the large space between the legs of scanty proportion which supported the buffet.

One must admit that the charm of First Empire work does not consist in beauty of form, for it is seldom free from the stiffness and ungainliness which then was inseparable from the accepted crude ideas of "classic design," but it rests in the exquisite jewel-like finish of the mounts. Possibly the reason *Premier Empire* furniture is not now more popular in England comes from the fact that many dealers in recent years have bought genuine pieces of simple undecorated furniture dating from the first decade of the century and then have ornamented them with metal casts taken, it is true, from good old mounts, but lacking the elaborate finish and also lovely tone that, in the genuine bits, is due to the process of mercury gilding.

I was getting irresistibly attracted to a charming cosy—or rather, cosy-looking corner. To tell the truth, I am getting very tired of the typical cosy corner—evidently I am in the minority, for up to now it has been painfully popular and very hard to sit upon. I was attracted, not only because it was charmingly arranged with a prettily-shaped couch designed to fit easily in a corner without being a fixture, but also because for over an hour I had been walking through interminable galleries and in and out of



rooms crowded with furniture, and I was longing for five minutes' rest.

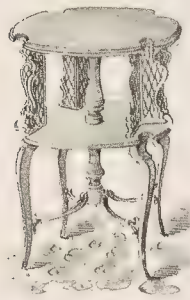
I had scarcely settled down when I was told that the room immediately above us used to be Madame Tussaud's famous Chamber of Horrors! I smiled, for it brought back a very early recollection—the recollection of my first club, I might say my "Pioneer" club, which I formed with three other girl friends, when our total years reached a trifle under half-a-century. It was called the "Penny Club," since all its funds were due to the fact that we put aside from our pocket money 1d. a week and formed it into a general fund. We were not very regular in our payments, so when the amount reached the sum of 5s. we were all approaching marriageable ages, and we resolved to "blue" the funds—my cousin Gontran learnt the expression at college in England and passed it on to me and visit Tussaud's waxworks, and afterwards invest the remaining cash in ice creams and lemonade.

We carried out our programme, and I remember our delight in the horrid wax figures. Then one girl proposed that we should enter the Chamber of Horrors; the very name excited our wildest curiosity, and we eagerly consented, and though we knew that it meant sixpence extra, and giving up ices, tepid lemonade, and sponge cakes, we paid our sixpences. It proved a bad investment, for the sight of Marat in his gory bath sent me, despite the dignity of long skirts and hair recently "done up," out of the room in tears, and though the girlish trio glared at me, it quickly followed, on pretext of scolding me for my lack of spirit.

Sitting there, these schoolgirl memories came back irresistibly, and even excluded later treats when I was taken to a ball at the Portman Rooms, and also the joys of holding a refreshment stall for a charity bazaar given there, and even made me forget the more doubtful pleasure of being a victim at a recent bazaar to stallholders, to whom a stray visitor seemed an event not to be lightly passed over.

As a practical hint, I might suggest a convenient way of arranging books that are in daily use.

Some time ago a poor lone bachelor came to me for advice. Would I be "Grace" to him for five minutes, or must he write to *The Album* to enjoy that privilege? Well, his books were his delight and his misery. He is professional scribbler—pardon, *homme de lettres*—and finds that before the morning's work is over he has collected round him a dozen or more books of reference, and thinks it a great nuisance to "fetch and carry" the whole morning from bookcases that are inconveniently placed. His writing table stands in a large bow window, so I advised him to have three wooden shelves fitted round the window, starting from the ground, and that would give him room for about 250 books. For the top shelf I suggested a strip of fine old brocade or embroidery as covering. On that shelf there is now a collection of pipes and tobacco jars, pens and ink pots—from Mordan's penny bottles to Japan's rarest bronze and treasures such as only a bachelor could collect or appreciate. At any rate he is now a happy man in his little cosy nook, from which he need not stir



REVOLVING MUSIC TABLE.

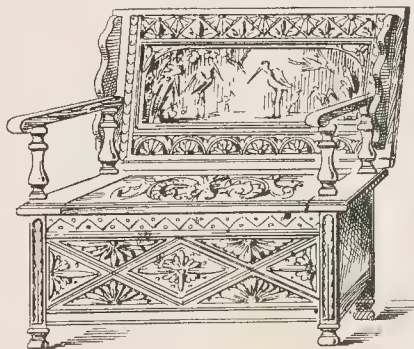
during working hours, for by simply stretching his arm he can reach every book and push it back again without trouble. By-the-bye, he has made a slight alteration in my design; the line of books is now broken by a small curtain, hung on a slight rod. The effect is good, and he smiled with pride when I admired the improvement. Later on my husband also commended the innovation, when he found that a small supply of whisky and soda was hidden there.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"ELLA" wishes to know whether a pierced wooden archway that she Aspinall five years ago, and is anxious to renovate with another coating of Aspinall's enamel, should first be scraped. I think a plan as good, and far less troublesome, would be to wash the woodwork carefully, adding a spoonful of Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia to the water. She will find that the new paint clings to the old as closely as the present Government to office. By-the-bye, despite a recent article in the *Daily Telegraph*, I believe that most girls take a morning "tub." If you have danced late over night, put a little of Scrubb's into the bath, and it will make you feel as fresh as a new laid egg.

"A CANADIAN BRIDE" tells me that an uncle has promised her a grand piano as a wedding present and wishes to know whether I would choose it for her, kindly adding that she has more confidence in my judgment than her own. I am sorry to say "no" to so amiable a correspondent, but I make it a rule never to buy anything for my readers, who, however, are always welcome to my advice. In this case, "A CANADIAN BRIDE's" piano is likely to undergo many changes of temperature, and it seems to me that no piano will stand heat, cold, rain, and draught, so well as Messrs. Brinsmead's. I have been over their factories, and it is impossible to imagine greater care and skill in the choice of well-seasoned woods and materials for the manufacture of musical instruments. Of the strength or delicacy of tone I need not speak—the piano will speak for itself. I strongly dissuade "A CANADIAN BRIDE" from buying a concert Grand. A boudoir Grand is powerful enough for any room—is more graceful in outline and easier to drape prettily. In a few weeks I intend to give hints on the draping and arrangement of pianos, they may be of use to "A CANADIAN BRIDE."

"PARISIENNE" is anxious to have her bed-room walls hung with the same cretonne for the window and bed curtains, as she dislikes the effect of carpets, hangings, and wall papers, all dissimilar in design and very often clashing in colour, and wishes to know whether it is wise in "grimy London" to have the walls in cotton fabric instead of paper. I have found that good silk will stand much ill-usage in the way of smoke and dirt, cotton will not, and so I cannot advise cretonne for the walls. However, does "PARISIENNE" know that it is easy to get the same effect by much simpler means? At Messrs. Waring's in Oxford Street, I noticed last week cretonnes and wall papers evidently



CARVED OAK MONK'S BENCH.

printed from the same blocks and a perfect match in colour. A design called "Basket of Flowers" is very pleasing, and on a wonderful yellow ground might suit "PARISIENNE." Personally I prefer it on a soft tone of greyish blue that would look charming with the white enamelled furniture mentioned by "PARISIENNE."

GRACE.





SIGNORA ELEANORA DUSE has paid her third annual visit to London, and has been received with even warmer enthusiasm than before. Few of us, I fancy, have enough Italian to follow every word of it uttered on the stage, especially when it is delivered with the breathless rapidity of Signora Duse; but this, though perhaps it may take the razor-edge off our enjoyment, does not go so far as to blunt it, for the actress's repertory mainly consists of well-known French plays, and Goldoni's *Locandiera* is so obviously expressed in the mere pantomime of the thing that, if it were performed in dumb show, little of its meaning would escape the attentive spectator. The inattentive spectator need not be taken into account; at one of Signora Duse's performances such a person would be a callous monster. In my own case I confess it is no mere attention that this actress compels; she absolutely hypnotises me, gives me a sense of complete illusion, so that the theatre and the footlights drop out of my consciousness, and I seem to be brought face to face with life itself. This is a rare emotional state in the playhouse, rare for me at any rate, who am not, I fear, by temperament an ardent theatrophil. When I read of the frenzied enthusiasm which a Garrick or a Mrs. Siddons was wont to excite, I am apt to suspect that the chronicler is exaggerating, or else that our forefathers were more susceptible beings than ourselves. But clearly I am wrong, for here am I in the same case with regard to Signora Duse; all the time she is on the stage I find myself enjoying the keenest pleasure, the pleasure of complete absorption, so that when the curtain descends, I have to "pull myself together," and arouse myself from a dream. So long as players can achieve this for us, there is no fear for the art of acting—but, for me, there is only one player at present who can achieve it; and what is one among so many? At Signora Duse's first performance this season, *La Dame aux Camélias* (which I did not see), some of the audience professed to discern traces of flatness and weakness, the result, it was assumed, of the actress's recent indisposition. I could find no such traces myself in her performance of *La Femme de Claude*. This strange play of Dumas the younger is a little out of date now, though it was brought to England for the first time by Madame Sarah Bernhardt last year. Its heroine, Césarine, typifies the Dumasian idea of the incorrigibly bad woman, a creature without a moral sense, "*la bête*," M. Dumas calls her, the beast of the Apocalypse, human vermin to be shot (the famous "*tue la!*" was invented for her) like vermin. The type, due allowance made for dramatic exaggeration, is true enough, I daresay, but the surroundings of the type in this play do not help, so far as I am concerned, to render it more plausible. Claude, the morose, "fatal," monumental inventor, with his

wonderful theories of life and his wonderful instruments—machine guns and the like for destroying it; Cantagnac, the mysterious German spy; Daniel, the aged and prosy Jew, with a mission to lead his race back to Jerusalem; Antonin, Claude's ingenuous and lamb-like apprentice, who falls so easy a prey to the seductions of his master's wife—they are all a queer set, eminently Dumasian, but not eminently lifelike. But in Césarine, as I have said, when you have deducted all the elements of Dumasian eccentricity and ideology, there remains a balance of reality. It is upon this residuum that Signora Duse seizes for reality, sincerity, truth, are of the very essence of her art—and a wonderful thing she makes of it. Three moments have left a strong impression upon my mind. The first is the scene wherein Césarine finds herself under the thumb of the spy Cantagnac. She measures her will against his, revolts, struggles, and, when it is plain that his knowledge of her past has put the ace of trumps in his hand, throws up the game. Here every phase of the contest was reflected in Signora Duse's face as she sat facing the audience, with her back to the enemy. Her rage, amazement, agony, wrung little exclamations from her, little cries as from some wounded animal—indeed, it is as a noxious animal that the actress represents the character, thereby, no doubt, rendering the author's idea with exactness. The second notable moment was the woman's rapid, shameless, almost brutal seduction of Antonin so brutal that, perhaps, the word violation would be nearer the mark. Here is a "young woman in a hurry"; Antonin has to be enslaved promptly, for he holds the secret of the machine-gun, which she is forced to obtain for the spy. Away, then, goes even the semblance of that modesty which, one supposes, the worst women are seldom without. Césarine almost flings herself into Antonin's arms; turns her back to him, so as to screen him from the company, and deliberately thrusts her hand into his. Such a spectacle as this—the spectacle of an experienced woman seducing a young greenhorn—is seldom seen on the stage; to tell the truth, it is somewhat of a shock to public modesty; but in this play the thing has to be done, and Signora Duse does it. The greatest scene of all, however, is that in which the wife tries to lure back her husband to her arms, simulating repentance, flattering and cajoling him, making the sensual appeal; then, when her wiles are of no avail, turning and rending him with her scorn, pouring out on him all the black, bitter flood of her heart. I know the danger of superlatives—but they are sometimes in place, and this is the place for saying that I have never before seen acting so absolutely "felt," so "live" as this. For this scene alone, I am glad that the *Femme de Claude*, little as I think of the play as a whole, has been included in Signora Duse's repertory.

A. B. WALKLEY.



MISS ROSS-SELWICKE.  
PHOTO BY REUTLINGER,  
PARIS.



# ROWDINESS.

THERE is, in the gentlest child, a tendency towards some innocent form of, "low life," or, rather, popular life, which should have its use. The child is inclined to admire the vocabulary and accent of the majority. He more or less consciously finds it a narrow thing to belong to a mere class—the majority is the great world. If he is a London child, this tendency will result in the sound, now and then, of a twang in his talk, and in an almost mysterious quickness to catch the street tune of the very moment.

The parent, made aware of these symptoms, is too apt to take alarm. What, he asks with dread, is this love of vulgarity? How have we or our fathers sinned that a child must needs be born with reversion to the rough and survivals of the rowdy, so that despite all our care, he surprises us with the vowels, the abbreviations, and the tunes of a jolly Bank Holiday? What is this affinity with a Hampstead Heath which, personally, he has never known? How many half hours with the best authors must be inflicted upon a child before he shall be healed of the love of the street lyric? Why does his apprehensiveness immediately quicken, his memory serve, for the odds and ends that come by chance upon the voices of the milkman and of the butcher's charioteer?

The anxious father is afraid that the twang, the tone, may become a habit, may remain, may avenge the great unlessoned and untrained upon the person of his own well-guarded son—nay, incredible as it may be, upon the person of the daughter who has never, except by accident, heard a word mis spoken.

But all this dismay is groundless. The child's rowdiness is nothing but drama. His interest in the larger world is real enough, but his imitation of its ways is purely dramatic. He will not make them his own—unless, indeed, his little drama is thwarted. Thus the parents will defeat themselves by making too much war upon the snatch of popular song and the turn of a popular accent. By far the wiser course is to recognise the drama, to acknowledge it, even—if the parental responsibility can go so far—to applaud it when the mimicry is good, by an appreciative smile. It should not be contraband; for if it be, it will possibly become too serious. The child will be quite reconciled to his own small class if he is not required to shut his eyes and his heart to the majority.

Out of great towns, even such little danger of habit as there may be is much less. Every intelligent child in the country will imitate the accent and the gait of Hodge the ploughman. This is less alarming than the imitation of the costermonger, but it is also pure drama. The child naturally admires the gamekeeper and the gardener; there is some-

thing in the *technique* of their professions that seems to him admirably professional. His little drama—the art of it will perfectly safeguard him from admiring those heroes too seriously.

Needless to say that it is the young child—the little child—who is here in question. A strong inclination for "low company," in any significant sense, in an older boy—a tendency to seek the society of grooms and to haunt the stables inordinately—is quite another matter. An otherwise gentle father has been known to arm himself with that last argument—the whip itself—against such a menace and such a peril as that. But whether this Roman severity or any other form of rigour—is the course of wisdom is a question for fathers of sons and not for the fathers and mothers of little natural girls and boys.

For these the peril of London vulgarity is small indeed, the peril of country vulgarity smaller still, and the peril of foreign vulgarity smallest. An English child runs no risk from his admiration of the technicalities of farm work and field work amongst gentle Tuscans, or from familiarity, under favourable conditions, with the agriculture of a French village.

Anyway, this delight in outside things, popular things, and things belonging to a real life of labour is so general with children that it should be reckoned with. It implies the love of change, the love of liberty, and the love of humour—none of them anything but sane pleasures—and the love of skilled labour, which should surely be useful.

The love of liberty might well be more tolerated and more respected in children, who are bound, against their nature, to live by rule in a manner to which no grown man, not a slave, would ever consent to submit. Well, if the child cannot have liberty for himself, let him at least play at the liberty of others. The love of change, too, should have more indulgence. The rulers of children too often allow themselves to forget what it is to desire change. Change would weary them as monotony wearies children; the latter years of every life fly so quickly as to leave no room for the wish for variety, but children have infinite time wherein to wish for it. If it is impossible to give them all the change they would like in their own lives, it is but just to allow them the change of drama in their mimicry of the lives that are not subject to their own routine.

As to the sense of humour, doubtless it needs a little guidance. Why do children find suggestions of fun in the dreary street songs? It is a pity; but they do. It is something in the race. Let this form of rowdiness be corrected if need be, but do not let it be ignored, and above all do not let it be made a secret of. But what to do with it precisely must needs be a separate consideration with every case.

ALICE MEYNELL.





"LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG."  
PHOTO BY MENDELSSOHN.



"THE RIVAL." BY G. A. STOREY, A.R.A.  
NOW ON VIEW AT THE ROYAL  
ACADEMY.

## Oxford and her Colleges.



MAGDALEN BRIDGE AND TOWER.  
PHOTO BY HILLS & SAUNDERS.





NEW COLLEGE GARDENS.  
PHOTO BY HILLS & SAUNDERS.



CHRIST CHURCH, PECKWATER QUADRANGLE. PHOTO BY GILLMAN & CO.



BALLIOL COLLEGE—THE HALL.  
PHOTO BY HILLS & SAUNDERS.



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.  
PHOTO BY GILLMAN  
& CO.





ALL SOULS' COLLEGE AND ST. MARY'S  
CHURCH. PHOTO BY GILLMAN & CO.





VIEW OF BROAD STREET, SHOWING EXETER COLLEGE ON THE RIGHT AND THE SHELDONIAN THEATRE AND CLARENDON BUILDINGS BEYOND. PHOTO BY GILLMAN & CO.



WORCESTER COLLEGE.  
PHOTO BY HILLS &  
SAUNDERS.



ORIEL COLLEGE.  
PHOTO BY HILLS  
& SAUNDERS.





TRINITY COLLEGE.  
PHOTO BY HILLS  
& SAUNDERS.



TRINITY COLLEGE—THE CHAPEL.  
PHOTO BY HILLS & SAUNDERS.





VIEW FROM MAGDALEN TOWER.  
PHOTO BY HILLS & SAUNDERS.



A VIEW OF THE EIGHTS.  
PHOTO BY HILLS & SAUNDERS.





EXETER COLLEGE—THE HALL.  
PHOTO BY HILLS & SAUNDERS.



THE OLD DIVINITY SCHOOL, FROM EXETER  
COLLEGE GARDENS. PHOTO BY HILLS  
& SAUNDERS.





CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE.  
PHOTO BY GILLMAN & CO.



UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.  
PHOTO BY HILLS &  
SAUNDERS.



CHRIST CHURCH—"TOM QUAD."  
PHOTO BY HILLS & SAUNDERS.





BRASENOSE COLLEGE, WITH THE RADCLIFFE  
CAMERA AND THE SPIRE OF ST. MARY'S  
CHURCH IN THE BACKGROUND.





KEBLE COLLEGE.  
PHOTO BY GILL-  
MAN & CO.



QUEEN'S COLLEGE.  
PHOTO BY GILL-  
MAN & CO.



THE CHERWELL ABOVE MAGDALEN  
BRIDGE—WINTER. PHOTO BY HILLS  
& SAUNDERS.



THE CHERWELL ABOVE MAGDALEN  
BRIDGE—SUMMER. PHOTO BY HILLS  
& SAUNDERS.

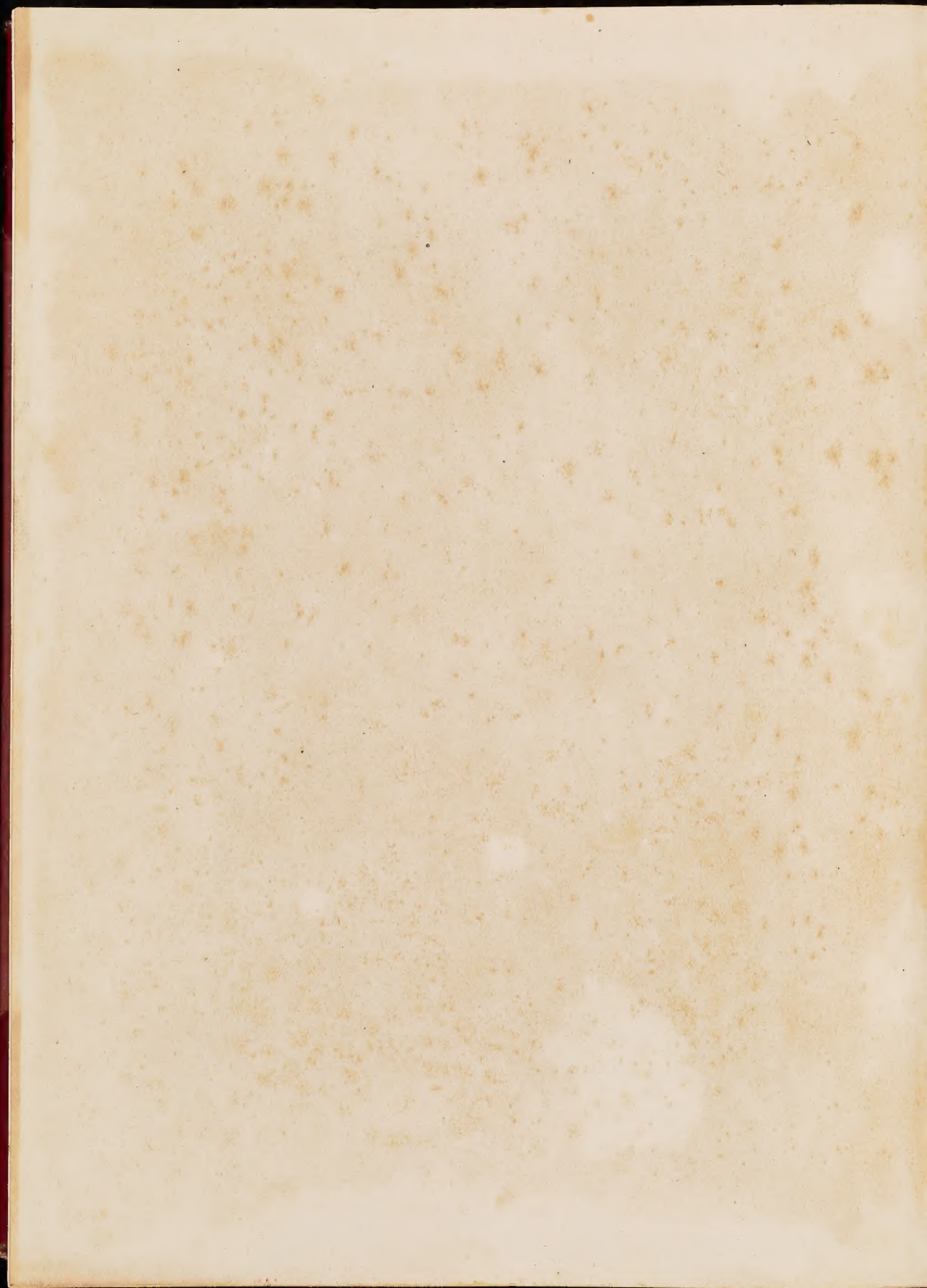




VIEW OF MERTON COLLEGE AND THE  
CATHEDRAL SPIRE FROM CHRIST  
CHURCH MEADOWS. PHOTO BY GILL-  
MAN & CO.









GETTY CENTER LIBRARY



3 3125 00620 4115



